Oct.16,1971

THE NEW YORKER

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WHAT DOES A COUNTRY MAKE WHEN IT DOESN'T MAKE WAR?

The Swiss last fired a shot in anger at an enemy soldier in 1815.

And since 1815, no enemy soldier has fired a shot at a Swiss.

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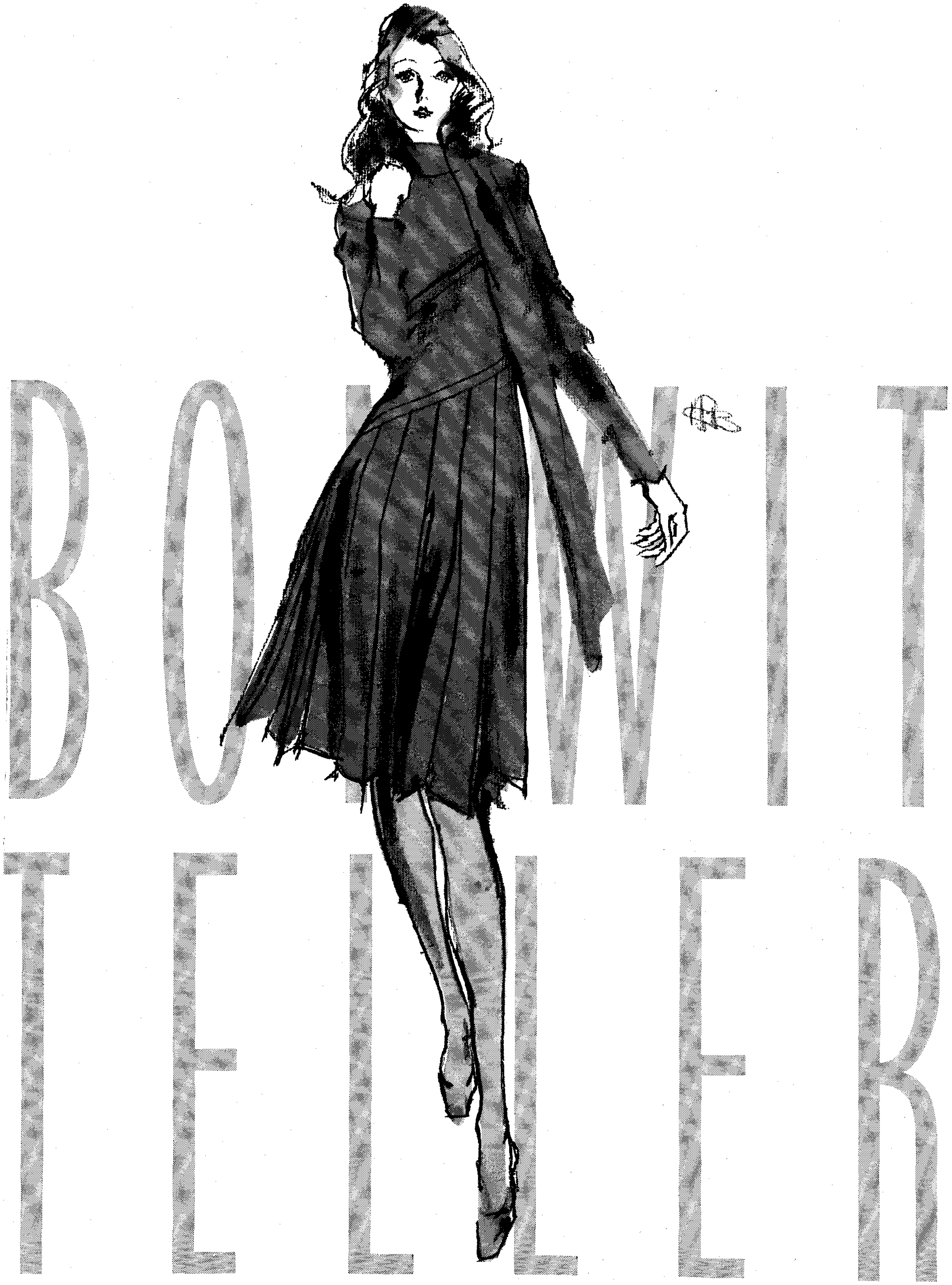

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—A musical play by Melvin Van Peebles, with Barbara Alston, Lauren Jones, and Joe Fields. Gilbert Moses directed. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 20. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Friends and Relations—Grayson Hall and Madeleine Sherwood serve as the whole cast in each of two one-act comedies by Eugene Yanni. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 14, at 7. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Incomparable Max—Richard Kiley and Clive Revill in a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee about the incomparable Sir Max. Directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews through Monday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesday, except Oct. 20, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 21.)

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Jesus Christ Superstar—A musical by Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score), with Jeff Fenholt in the title role. Tom O'Horgan directed. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 13, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 14.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Leaves of Grass—Stan Harte, Jr., has written a varied, melodic score, though not an especially original one, for twenty-one of the poems, and they are sung (well) and danced to (after a fashion) by a company of four. The result is quite a vigorous show, which would be much better off without an intermission. Walt Whitman may not be everybody's poet, but who would have thought the old man to have had so much fun in him? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob

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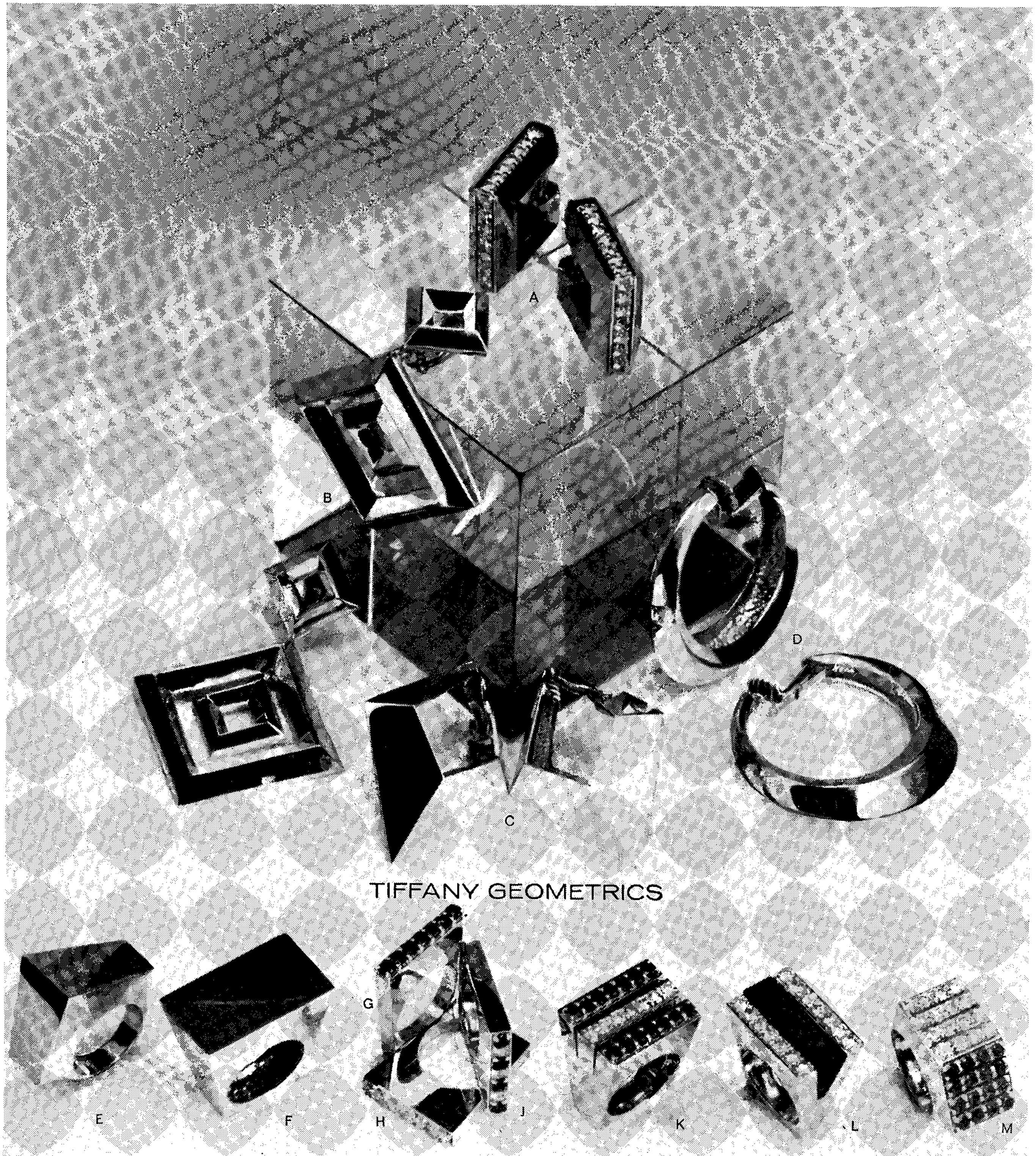

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.)

SOLITAIRE/DOUBLE SOLITAIRE—A couple of sad and funny little plays about marriage and loneliness by Robert Anderson, with Joyce Ebert, Richard Venture, Ruth Nelson, and John Cromwell. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER, TO PASS ANOTHER WINTER—A musical from Israel, with a book by Hayim Hefer, music by Dov Seltzer and others, lyrics by Mr. Hefer and others, and a cast headed by Rivka Raz. The director is Jonaton Karmon. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 21. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining, most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —And twopence, he *said, for a pint. Throw it there.* Stephen threw two pennies on the soft heap. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Dressing, undressing. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lady Russell was fond of Bath, in short, and disposed to think it must suit them all; and as to her young friend's health, by passing all the warm months with her at Kellynch Lodge, every danger would be avoided; and it was, in fact, a change which must do both health and spirits good. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Anne had been too little from home, too little seen. Her spirits were not high. A larger society would improve them. She wanted her to be more known. The undesirableness of any other house in the same neighbourhood for Sir Walter *was certainly much strengthened* by one part, and a very material part of the scheme, which had been happily engrafted on the beginning. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy musical about their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Square Dance," "The Mingus Dances" (première), and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Moves," "Confetti," "Abyss," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Moves," "Reflections," "Solarwind," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Reflections," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Petrouchka," "Abyss," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 17: "Square Dance," "Solar Wind," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 17: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mingus Dances." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 19: "The Mingus Dances," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Kettentanz" (première), "Abyss," and "The Mingus Dances."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Square Dance," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "The Mingus Dances," "The Still Point," "Confetti," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

BELLA LEWITZKY—With her dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2.)

CLASSICAL KHMER BALLET OF CAMBODIA—A one-week engagement by this company of forty-eight girls, accompanied by a traditional Cambodian orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 19-23, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Neil Sedaka will be here through Monday, Oct. 18. On Wednesday, Oct. 20, Oliver will arrive, along with a group called Swamp Water. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—*Blue notes and black-eyed peas.* Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 14-17, Bobby Timmons will head a trio. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. The Buzz Anderson trio will be doing a gig through Saturday, Oct. 16. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Sundays and Mondays, pianist Charlie Williams heads a trio. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—To prove that it intends to live in the eclectic rather than the electronic world, this enterprise now presents, back to back, the boogie-woogie piano of Sammy Price and the Andalusian guitar of Anita Sheer—a small world, but one of the best. This pair is on hand from eight until one every night but Sunday, when Cyril Haynes does a seven-to-midnight session on piano. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

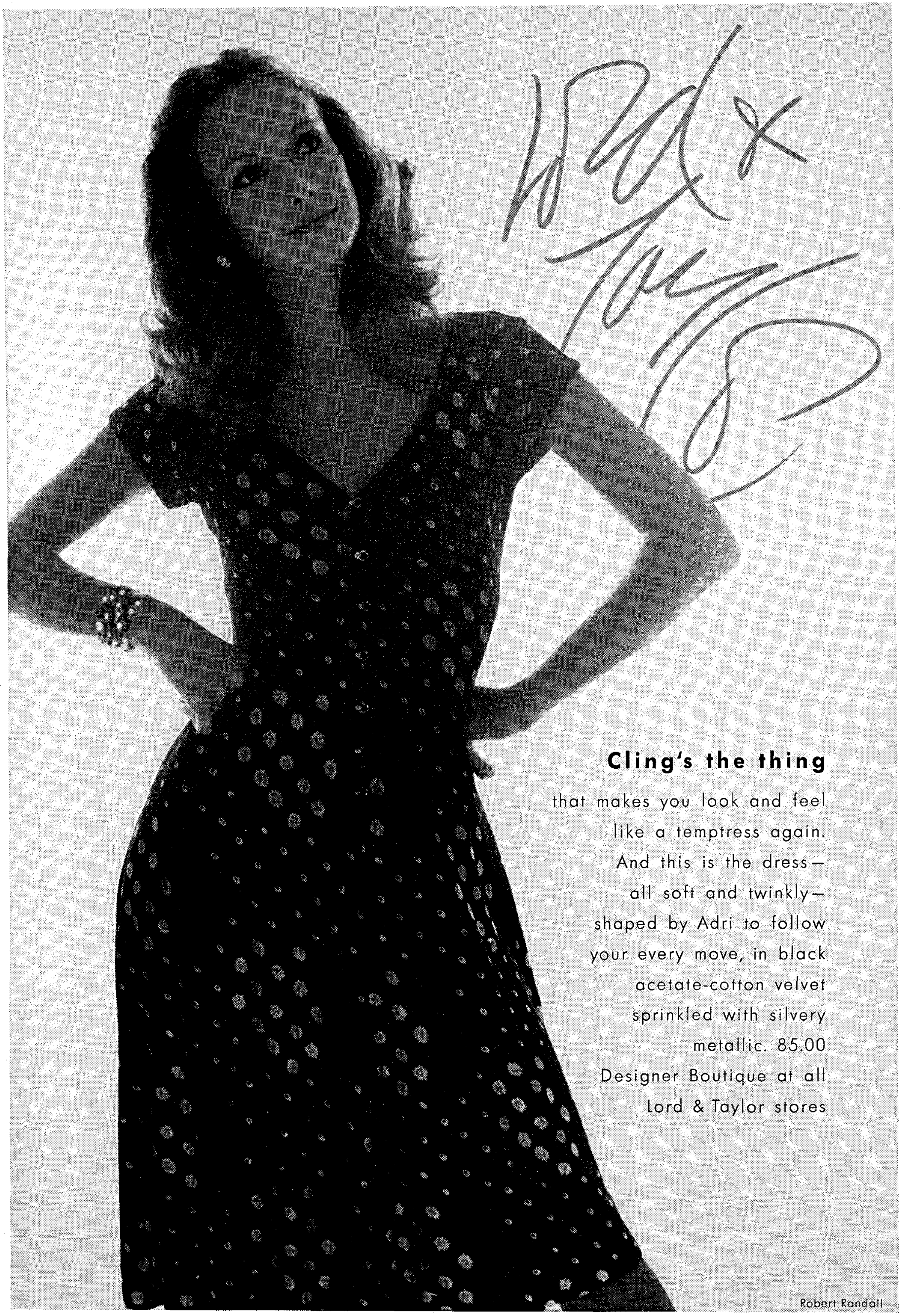
GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Johnny Rivers will sing through Saturday, Oct. 16. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Those who miss hearing Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter will have only themselves to blame ages hence, when nostalgia sets in and they have no memories to call upon. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor player Zoot Sims leads a smooth, generally inventive quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Johnny Williams on bass, and Mickey Roker on drums. Closed Mondays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson keeps them smiling most of the time as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays and Saturdays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie



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Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17, the Eddie Gale quintet will be on the bill. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 21-24, the Roy Ayers Ubiquity will play. Music from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Thursdays through Sundays, the Roy Haynes trio is on the stand. Mondays through Wednesdays, the Sunny Henry trio is on it. Sound from nine-thirty to two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Pharoah Sanders is leading his quintet into various mystical realms, many of them stimulating. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, other performers will move in. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The Bill Evans trio entertains until Wednesday, Oct. 20, when Ahmad Jamal will bring in his trio. These groups play every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. Closed Tuesday, Oct. 19.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Chick Corea leads his far-out foursome here through Thursday, Oct. 14. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17, Alice Coltrane heads a band. On Tuesday, Oct. 19, Elvin Jones, the reigning wizard of drums, arrives with a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Oct. 17, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. *The rest of the week, a banjo entertains* in this squarish establishment, whose theme song ought to be "Ha-ha-ha and a Mug of Beer," or something.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—They also clog the sidewalk who only stand and gawk. But people with dancing in mind manage to get through to the interior, where rattan chairs and potted palms await. Movement to 45s from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—A media mix, involving fairly formal dining, muscle-flexing discothèque, and sets by Chico Hamilton's new crew, which emits the cheery sounds of a computer that has finally learned to talk. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by some entertainers called the Jesters Four. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. Among the *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers; i.e., a great plenty of corn gets husked during the evening. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The feet of the posse designated La Zambra have their ups and their downs, all precisely attuned to the demands of flamenco; Celia Cruz, a dyed-in-the-wild-and-woolly Caribbean, spouts Latin lyrics of earthy and earth-shaking calibre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out on a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dionne Warwicke, a darling of the gods (well, Burt Bacharach and Hal David, surely), is in full voice and full flavor front and center in the old grotto; Lonnie Shorr, the preliminary before her arias, has some jokes too new to have worn out their welcome. The Mayor should not allow this business combine to move out of the city, but, alas, it will, on Wednesday, Oct. 20, so that the joint can be turned over to Jack Jones, young tenor about town whose lyrics promise many hits, many runs, and many Eros. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **café**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dowager queen is in her second childhood, brought about by assiduous redecorators. In the **persian room**, though, it is still easy to recognize Frankie Laine, carted back to town by his mule train. He sings at ten Mondays through Thursdays and nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Burt Farber and Mark Monte remain recognizable, too, and so do their ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **plaza 9** (PL 9-*3933*), *the revue called* "Look Me Up," which sets to at seven-thirty and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **green tulip**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty, and a guitarist known only as Miguel is on point duty from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—From far, far away (the sweet, sweet land of Goshen, most likely) comes the band of Guy Lombardo to play the safest and sanest of listening music and a couple of long spots of dance music. As before, the Lombardo tempo never fugits. Sundays are dead ducks.

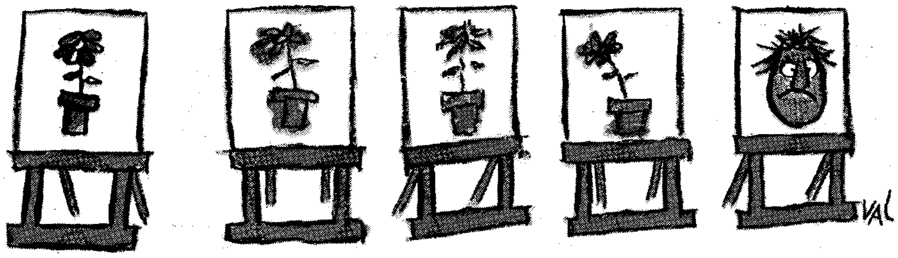
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette**, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by Mel Tormé, whose affection for the songs he sings is exceeded only by his fondness for making the melodic lines turn skillful handsprings. He withdraws on Saturday, Oct. 16; on Monday, Oct. 18, Erroll Garner becomes the demon keeper of the keys, playing the mighty pianoforte arrangements that so often sound four-handed. The dance band is George Cort's. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **la boite**, whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **st. regis room**, George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

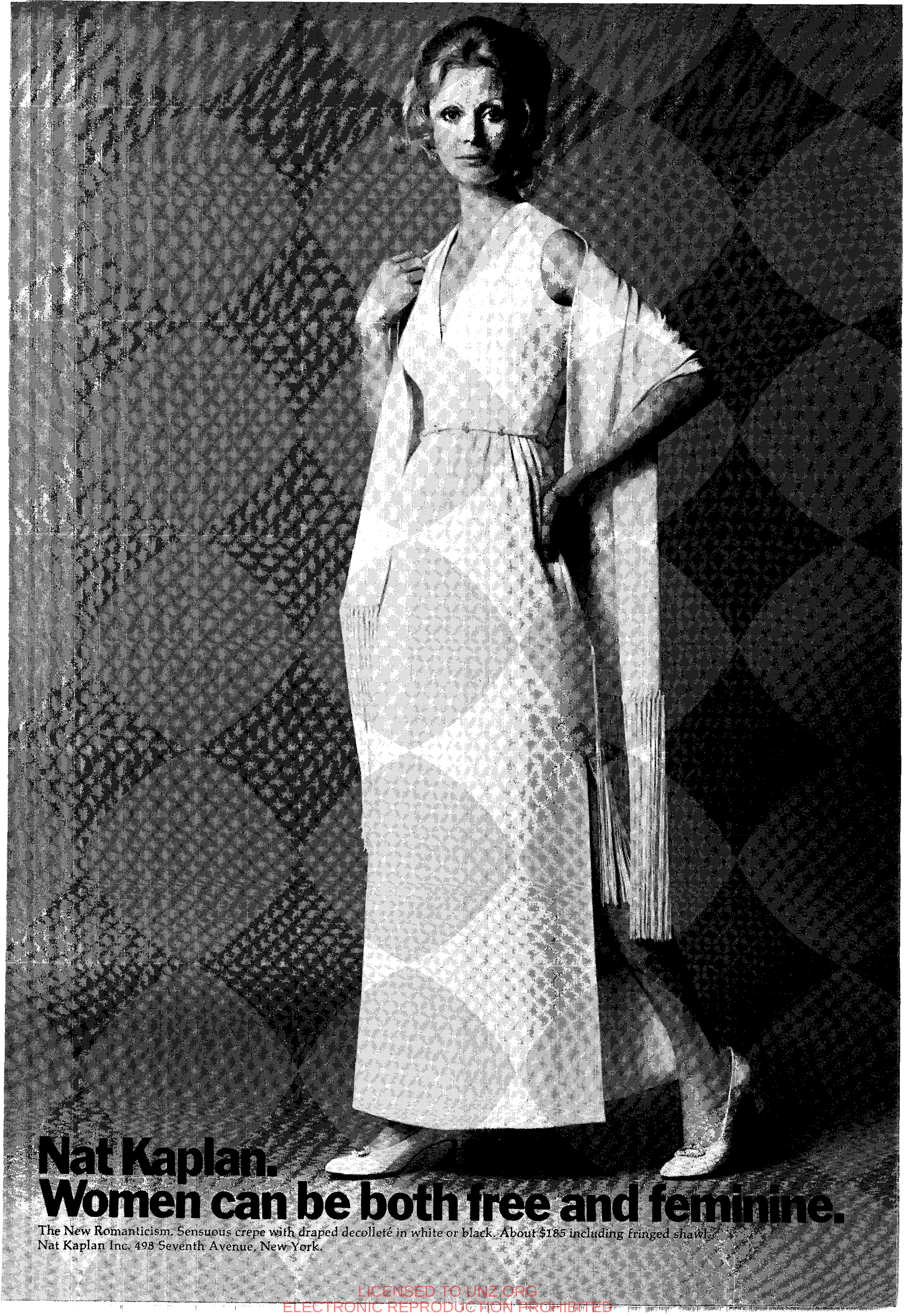
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **empire room**, there are dinner and supper song festivals by Shirley Bassey, who sounds less Welsh and more American every time she hops the Atlantic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It's a big, wide, wonderful world that Bobby Short sings about—charming, gay, heedless, even headless and headlong at times, and it does sound great while it lasts. Mr. S. is, naturally, on piano; Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his faithful running mates. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **dangerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary in all this, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **adonis**, *1230* Second Ave., at 64th St. (*249-2773*): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner,





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood. Now, fresh every evening out of "Follies," she is as good as ever. Her pianist is the laudable Billy Roy; her companions can be almost anyone now working in the Broadway showshops. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maitre d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sounds by Bette Midler, a young cat who has two lives—one as a straightforward and most appealing singer of anything from ballad to bop, one as a mocker of all girls who do songs of these sorts straightforwardly. Bafflingly funny is about it. Mondays through Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A watering place in the New Spain, as grand in its tiny way as Marienbad before the Fall. Guitar, naturally—this between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, but now armed with Lynn Richards, a girl about town and about piano-and-lyrics for a long, long time. She takes Sundays off, but Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists have a seven-day week. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace and at dinner in the Gold Room, Mondays through Fridays. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Residents made homeless when Goldie's New York expired will find Wayne Sanders, half of the piano duo that ruled that roost, in session from nine until two, every night but Sunday, in the same sort of refuge.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Fifteen new paintings and eight large polychrome aluminum sculptures, plus three painted wood-and-canvas wall reliefs by this European Expressionist whose works are familiar in New York; starting Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Marble and bronze sculptures by this celebrated Dadaist; through Oct. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Nudes in interiors and still-lifes by a painstaking realist; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ED BAYNARD—Drawings in blue pencil on canvas of plant and tree forms; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNDA BENGLIS—Abstract paintings in wax and one polyurethane wall sculpture built in sections; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Humorous animal cutouts done this year, some with mobile parts; plus gouaches. The show is running concurrently with his show of tapestries at the Whitney Museum. Through Nov. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GEORGE CERNY—Sculptures of the female figure, most of them in wood and stone, done since 1938; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

ROLLIN CRAMPTON (1886-1970)—Paintings by a pioneer in American monochromatic canvases; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Paintings and drawings from the forties and fifties; through Nov. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings by this landscapist and illustrator; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract oils of interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

AARONEL DEROY GRUBER—Clear and colored plastic sculptures that move; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

IAN JOHN HORNAK—Landscapes and portraits by a realist who works from photographs; through Oct. 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JESS—Paste-ups with fantastic motifs by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSHUA JOHNSTON—Portraits by this black artist who worked around the turn of the eighteenth century; through Oct. 30. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN KAHN—Paintings and drawings of contemporary life; through Oct. 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH—Conceptual matter; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

LEONID—Shimmering views of Venice by a lyrical Romanticist; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SOL LEWITT—Three large structures of baked enamel on steel and four drawings done on the walls; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Watercolors by the German-American famous for his threatening uniformed females; through Nov. 24. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

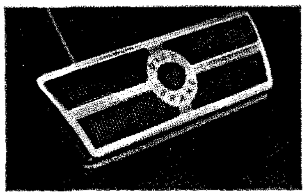
JOHN LITTLE—Recent paintings and collages by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAT MAINARDI—The first one-woman show of landscapes, political compositions, and symbolic still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920)—Fifty-two paintings, including portraits and a few nudes, from private museum collections, representing all phases of the artist's development; starting Thursday, Oct. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, and drawings by this intellectual-

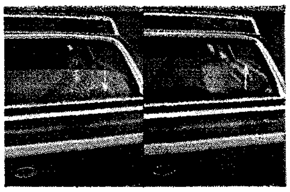
For 1972 nobody's wagons stop, store, hold, haul, clean, make room, swing up, down, and out like Ford wagons.

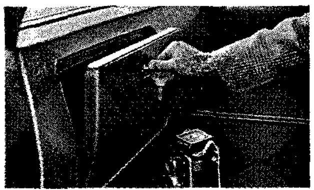

STOP *with power front disc brakes.*

HOLD *4x8 panels flat on the floor.*

SWING *the Doorgate 3 ways.*

MAKE ROOM *with LTD's dual facing seats.*


CLEAN *with LTD's rear washer option.*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The Pre-Columbian figure is from the famed Kahlúa collection.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly refined American abstractionist; through Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Recent works by this well-known painter of colored stripes; through Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Overstreet—Compositions of geometrically shaped sections of brightly painted canvas attached to the ceiling and floor at different angles from the wall; through Oct. 31. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

David Pease—Paintings suggesting toys, cutouts, and building blocks; through Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Perlis—Large realistic nudes; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Picasso—A joint benefit exhibition of a hundred and ten oils and works on paper in honor of the artist's ninetieth birthday: from 1901 to 1924 at the Saidenberg (1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and from 1924 to the present at the Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through Oct. 30. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Gregorio Prestopino—New bright paintings of vivacious nudes by this veteran social realist; through Oct. 30. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Constructions made of corrugated boxes; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Reichner—The first one-man show in New York of this West Coast artist's geometrical paintings with sections of mirrors; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth and Jesus Raphael Soto—Horizontal and vertical bars of brilliant color by the former and ten Optical kinetic reliefs done between 1964 and 1966 by the latter, a leading Latin-American artist; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Twenty sculptures in rust-covered steel based on the artist's bizarre box drawings; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emilio Sanchez—Paintings and drawings of sunlit Caribbean structures. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. Through Nov. 7. . . . Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Also graphics at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Through Saturday, Oct. 16.)

Martin Schreiber—Paintings and painted sculptures by an artist who favors chromatic arrangements of tones; through Oct. 28. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William Steig—Drawings; through Nov. 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Collages by this celebrated "color" painter; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Stokes—Abstract compositions in disappearing hues that radiate from a central point of light; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Oct. 30. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—Constructions, drawings, and prints by this inventor of strange images; through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki—Nine large monochromatic paintings in a concentric pattern that creates an effect of woven textures; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **emmerich**, 420 West Broadway: Noland, Frankenthaler, Liberman, Natkin, and other gallery artists; through Oct. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Monet, Laurens, Picasso, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans; through Friday, Oct. 15. . . . **hundred acres**, 456 West Broadway: About seventy designs for peace posters by outstanding American artists (Calder, Fahlström, Katz, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, and Youngerman, to name several), also glass-and-mirror constructions by Sam Wiener; through Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lisistzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans such as Hopper, Burchfield, Sloan, Demuth, Marin, and Shahn; through Nov. 4. . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Gallery artists—Dali, de Kooning, Duchamp, Gorky, Kandinsky, Moore, and fifteen others; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **krugier**, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Indian erotic miniature paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth; through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: An exhibit of three young artists—Richard Channin, Ron Lusker, and Arne Magnuson; through Friday, Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.) . . . **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **nordness**, 236 E. 75th St.: New paintings from Hong Kong; through Thursday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Nov. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **rené**, 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode by, for example, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy; through Oct. 30. . . . **shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century French academicians as Gérôme, Couture, Tissot, Bouguereau, and Cabanel; through Nov. 6. . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Oils and mixed mediums by Morris Broderson, Cristóbal Toral, and Mary Bauermeister; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **terrain**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three followers of "aesthetic realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; starting Monday, Oct. 18. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6.) . . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings by ten Westbeth Housing Project artists, including Robert De Niro, Robert Fabian, Fred Farr, Leatrice Rose, and Anne Tabachnick; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 2 to 6; Fridays, 4 to 8.) . . . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; starting Saturday, Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **zabriskie**, 20 W. 57th St.: Twenty Impressionist still-lifes on paper by Turku Trajan, plus paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, who include Agostini, Frank, Nadelman, Rose, and Hill; through Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

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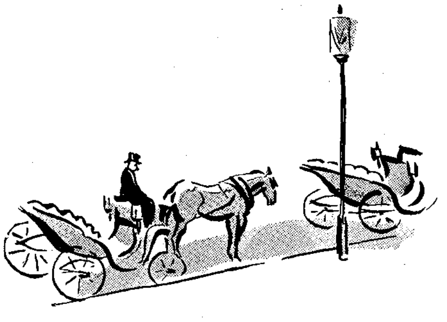

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A special collection of thirty-five paintings by artists ranging from a pupil of van Eyck to Hopper, showing the use of light for expressive purposes; through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A fifteen-by-thirty-foot shaped canvas by Jasper Johns, in paint, collage, and encaustic, based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Airocean World Projection; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Oct. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-one works, of which a hundred and sixteen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, unfamiliar in New York, who are recipients of awards from a foundation; through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty-six paintings, drawings, and etchings covering the entire career of Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the collection bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's widow; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Twenty tapestries executed in the past two years from designs by Alexander Calder; through Nov. 4. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Abstract compositions with an aura of landscape by Charles Schucker; through Sunday, Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by eight contemporaries; through Nov. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and the Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), including stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and poetry by Sonia Sekula, a figure in the New York art world during the forties and fifties; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school, which dates from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, woodblock books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A

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construction in transparent fibre glass, aluminum, and stainless steel by Audrey Hemenway Garfinkel, representing a "Sukkah" associated with the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles; through Tuesday, Oct. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Photogravures, most of them portraits, of the North American Indian done by Edward S. Curtis in the early twentieth century, along with supplementary material by other observers that dates back to 1524; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Six large watercolors and drawings by John James Audubon, dated between 1841 and 1843, of an Eastern woodchuck, a skunk, and other New York animals; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Oct. 31. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Over three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The H. L. Mencken papers: typescripts of reviews and editorials and a ream of letters to and from this American writer and editor; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Faust," with Renata Scotto, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Fidelio," with Ingrid Bjoner, Edith Mathis, James McCracken, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Barry Morell, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaivanska, Ludovic Spiess, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 18: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Blegen, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 19: "Fidelio," with Ingrid Bjoner, Edith Mathis, Robert Nagy, Morley Meredith, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 20: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 21: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 22: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Maria Bieshu, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 23: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, James McCray, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Pauline Domanski, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Franco Marini, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Carol Neblett, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Michele Molese, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Giulio Cesare," with Beverly Sills, Joyce Gerber, Robert Hale, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Robert Johnson, and Spiro Malas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Michael Gielen conducting on Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 15, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (all with Reri Grist, soprano, and Ken Remo, tenor); and Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 22, at 2 (both with Sheila Armstrong and Margaret Price, sopranos; George Shirley, tenor; and the Schola Cantorum of New York). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30 (with Earl Wild, piano).

London Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8: Bernard Haitink conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: Bernard Haitink conducting, with William Masselos, piano.

World Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting an orchestra made up of musicians from sixty nations. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 6:30. For free tickets, call 675-2686.)

Empire Sinfonietta—Oscar Shumsky conducting an all-Haydn program and acting as violin soloist, with Warren Lash, cello; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and Richard Henzler, bassoon. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:30: With Kyu Do Park, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano;

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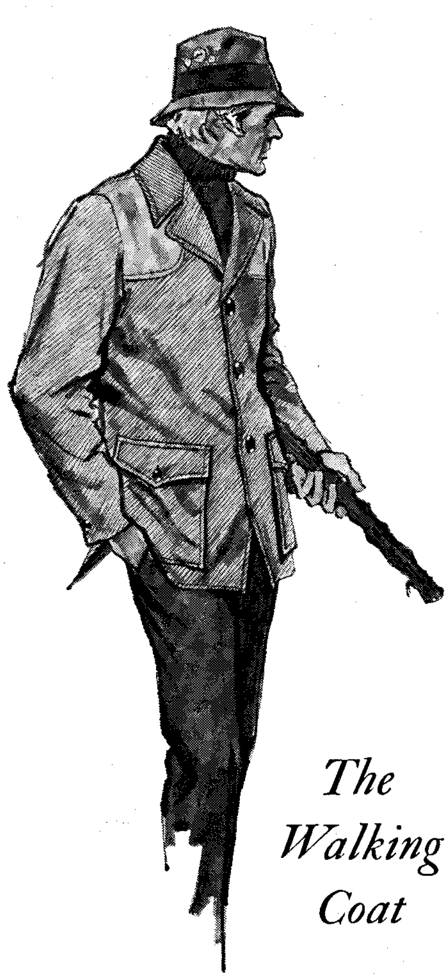

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leo Goeke and Sidney Johnson, tenors; and Thomas Paul, bass.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: With Stanley Ritchie, violin; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. All seats have been sold for the last concert, and only standing room is left.)

Concentus Musicus of Vienna—Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducting his baroque chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting the second performance of a program with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30.)

Bulgarian Children's Chorus—Hristo Nedyalkov directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Blue Danube Choir of Vienna—Erwin Weiss directing an all-Strauss program with Irmgard Beck, soprano; Gerhard Cary, tenor; and the Wienerwald Instrumental Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Orpheon Chorale—Dino Anagnost directing a program of chamber works. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Jerome Rose—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Grete Sultan—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Alan Mandel—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

New Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:15.)

Blanca Uribe—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:30.)

Rodrigo de Zayas and Anne Perret—Vihuela and mezzo-soprano, in the first in a series of three lute-song programs, this one devoted to music of the Spanish Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Thomas Schumacher—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Composers in Performance—LaMonte Young and Marian Zazeela in a program of ragas, with Pandit Pran Nath. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Drolc Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Mildred Miller—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Santana, Booker T, and Priscilla—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 10 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 6:30 and 10.

Maynard Ferguson's Orchestra—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, Oct. 15, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.... ¶ Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.

Taj Mahal and Jackson Browne—Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.

Lightnin' Hopkins and Holy Modal Rounders—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.

Jethro Tull—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.

David Amram and Odetta—With David Bromberg and others, discussing and illustrating "Music in America." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Buddy Miles—With Exuma. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Jim Hall Trio—Jazz Center. Friday, Oct. 22, at noon.

Aretha Franklin and the Sweethearts of Soul—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Deep Purple, Fleetwood Mac, and Audience—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 22-23, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 23, at 8: Knicks vs. Atlanta.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 16: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2.... ¶ Manhattan vs. Georgetown, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2.... SATURDAY, OCT. 23: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2.... ¶ Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Colgate vs. Brown, at Hamilton, at 2.... ¶ Fordham vs. Alfred, at Fordham, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Holy Cross, at Syracuse, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Baltimore Colts. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1.)... ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Friday, Oct. 15, through Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.)... ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 17, at 3:30.

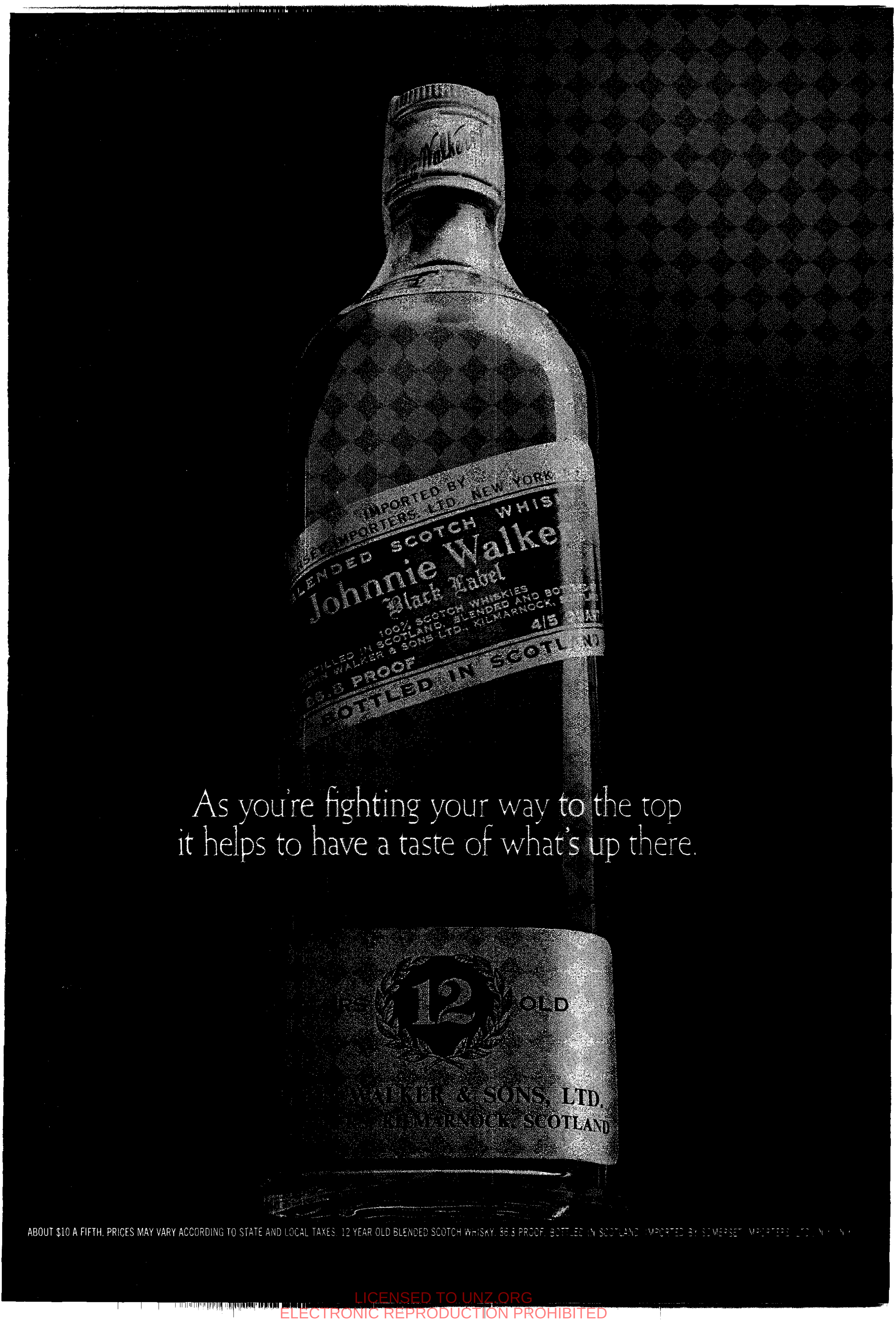
Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:45, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:45.)... NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 15. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.)... AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 18, through Wednesday, Dec. 15. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 23.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Tuesday, Oct. 19, through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Princeton Handicap, Tuesday, Oct. 19, and the Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 23.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 23.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14.... YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, Oct. 15, through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

Yachting—A schooner race, starting from a point near the Statue of Liberty and racing beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back, for the Mayor's Cup and the Plymouth Yachtsmanship Trophy. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 16. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30....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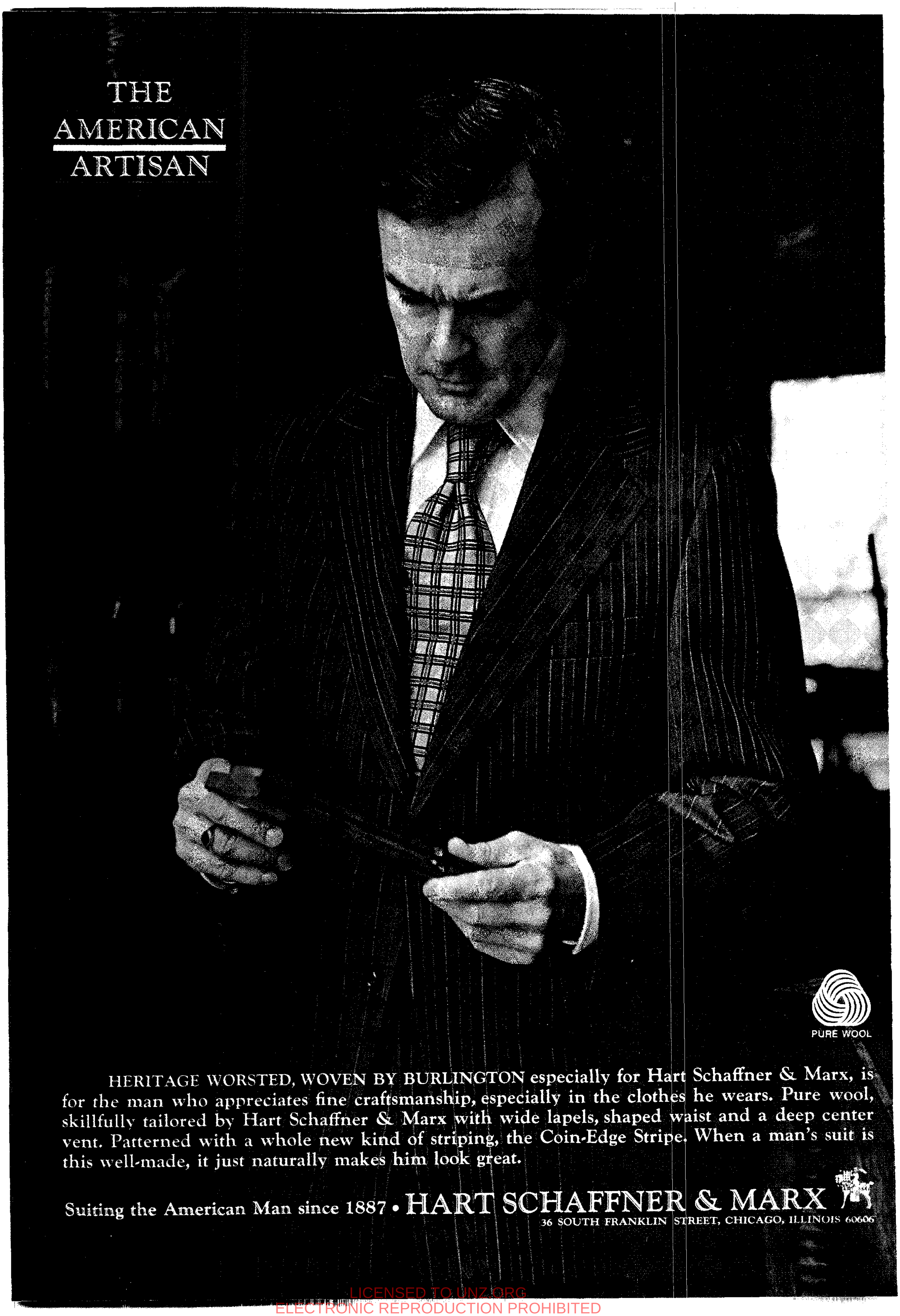

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, Oct. 17, and Saturday, Oct. 23, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Behalf of the Laugh." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Mother Goose a Go-Go." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... **TEN PENNY PLAYERS:** "Yes, Yes, Boniface!" (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 989-0630. Saturday, Oct. 23, at 1 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Interplanetary Travelers." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.)...¶ A half hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Child's Garden of Art," an exhibition of paintings and drawings by children from Iraq, Jordan, Kuwait, Lebanon, Morocco, Sudan, and Saudi Arabia. Through Oct. 25. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 2; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

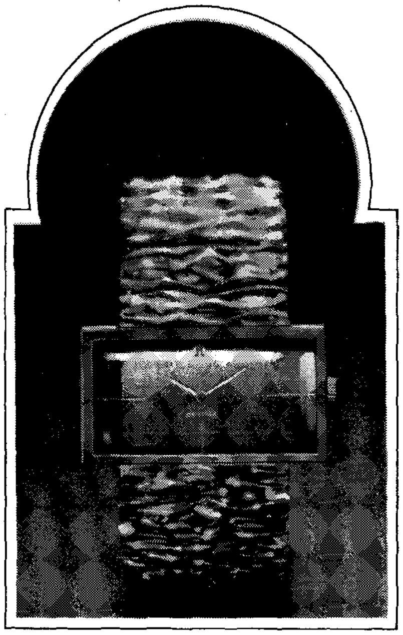
POETRY READINGS—Clayton Eshleman and Sandra Hochman reading from their own works. (South Lobby, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the readings.)...¶ John Hollander reading from the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and from his own works, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-6140.)...¶ Tomas Tranströmer reading from his own works, in Swedish, with English translations read by Galway Kinnell. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (362-7616)—Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: "W.R. Mysteries of the Organism" (Yugoslavia). ...¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 6: "Bonaparte and the Revolution" (France)....¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: "A Safe Place" (United States). ...¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 9:30: "Le Souffle au Coeur" (France).... **NOTE:** A series of discussions will follow some of the film showings. Wednesday, Oct. 13, "Socialism and Capitalism: A Filmmaker's Point of View," with Dusan Makavejev and Ivan Passer, and with Antonin Liehm as moderator. Friday, Oct. 15, "Hollywood: The Establishment and the Challengers," with Jack Nicholson, Henry Jaglone, Dennis Hopper, Kit Carson, and Otto Preminger, and with David Steinberg as moderator.

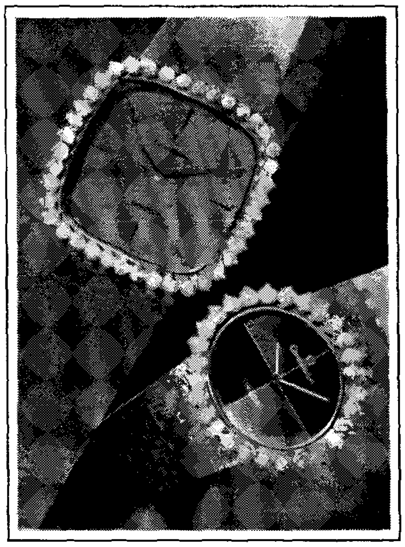
NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—Among this year's exhibits is a display of original patent models, dating from 1790 to 1890. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 13-16, from noon to 9:30, and Sunday, Oct. 17, from noon to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 14, at 2: Chinese Export, English, and Continental porcelain; from the estate of Martha Baird Rockefeller....¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 10:15 and 2: English furniture and decorations, belonging to the estate of Martha Baird Rockefeller....¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: Georgian furniture, English silver, and *objets de vertu*; from the estate of Martha Baird Rockefeller....¶ Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including a large collection of modern illustrated volumes, Oriental miniatures, and illustrated books from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; from many owners....¶ Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 8: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, and Klee; from the Solomon Guggenheim Foundation. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 15....¶ Thursday, Oct. 21, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, among them works by Kokoschka, Cassatt, and Rousseau; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 15.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Odd Man Out" (1947), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason and Robert Newton....¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946), directed by Michael Powell, with David Niven and Kim Hunter.... ¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard....¶ Oct. 14 at 8: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946)....¶ Oct. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Thunder Rock" (1942), directed by Roy Boulting, with Michael Redgrave....¶ Oct. 16 at 11:30: "Ten Days that Shook the World" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov; no English titles....¶ Oct. 16 at 3 and 5:30: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1949), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness and Valerie Hobson....¶ Oct. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Henry V" (1946), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier....¶ Oct. 18 at 1: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway....¶ Oct. 18 at 6 and Oct. 19 at 2: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune....¶ Oct. 19 at 5:30: A program of films by Andrew Noren....¶ Oct. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man in the White Suit" (1952), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness and Joan Greenwood....¶ Oct. 21 at 2: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1959), directed by John Boulting, with Peter Sellers and Ian Carmichael.... ¶ Oct. 21 at 5:30: "Genevieve" (1953), directed by Henry Cornelius, with John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan....¶ Oct. 21 at 8: "I'm All Right, Jack" (1959). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Oct. 15: "Strike" (1924), directed by Sergei Eisenstein....¶ Oct. 16-17: "Potemkin" (1925), directed by Sergei Eisenstein....¶ Oct. 20-21: "By the Law" (1926), directed by Lev Kuleshov. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)...¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly....¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.



The bracelet's irregular gold waves lap against the heavy sapphire crystal. 18 K gold. Ref. BC 711'1688.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Conformist."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 13: "Born to Dance" and "The Pirate."
Oct. 14-16: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Hollywood Revue."
Oct. 17-20: "Strike Up the Band" and "Babes on Broadway."
From Oct. 21: "Colleen" and "Ready, Willing, and Able."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Klute" and "Something for Everyone."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 19: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Oct. 20: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 14: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Oct. 15-21: Mary Pickford Festival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 19: "Death in Venice."
From Oct. 20: "War and Peace."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 14: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Oct. 15: "Rebecca."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Conformist."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Millhouse: A White Comedy."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Last Movie."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Oct. 13: "Monterey Pop" and "Gimme Shelter."
From Oct. 14: "WR—The Mysteries of the Organism."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Oct. 19: "The Steagle."
From Oct. 20: "T. R. Baskin."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"King Kong" and "Son of Kong."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 19: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Alice's Restaurant."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 14: "The Red Tent."
Oct. 15-19: "Bunny O'Hare" and "The Velvet Vampire."
From Oct. 20: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 19: "Friends."
From Oct. 20: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 19: "The Stewardesses."
From Oct. 20: "The Devils."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Skin Game."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 19: "Night of Dark Shadows."
From Oct. 20: "The Organization."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Oct. 13: "The Anderson Tapes" and "The Deadly Affair."
Oct. 14-20: "School Play."
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 19: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Alice's Restaurant."
From Oct. 20: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" and "The Boys in the Band."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Clowns."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 19: "Friends."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 14: "Lola Montès" and "Cartouche."
Oct. 15-17: "King of Hearts" and "That Man from Rio."
Oct. 18-19: "Diary of a Country Priest" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne."
Oct. 20-21: "Belle de Jour" and "The Milky Way."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 19: "Shoot Out" and "Winning."
From Oct. 20: "Soul to Soul."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Oct. 20: "Freaks" and "Night of the Living Dead." (No performances on Sunday, Oct. 17.)
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 14: "$1,000,000 Duck" and "The Boatniks."
From Oct. 15: "Sleeping Beauty."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Kotch."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 17: "Klute."
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 16: "The Devils."
From Oct. 17: "Murmur of the Heart."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Début."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Telephone Book."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"It Only Happens to Others."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
A festival of John Ford films, programs to be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 19: "Night of Dark Shadows."
From Oct. 20: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 14: "Walkabout" and "Escape from the Planet of the Apes."
From Oct. 15: "Bunny O'Hare" and "The Velvet Vampire."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 19: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium."
From Oct. 20 (tentative): "Death in Venice."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Millhouse: A White Comedy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 19: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "The Great Bank Robbery."
From Oct. 20: "Plaza Suite" and "Waterloo."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 18: "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight."
Oct. 19-21: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "It Happened One Night."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 19: "Friends."
From Oct. 20: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 14: "Splendor in the Grass" and "Shock Corridor."
Oct. 15-17: "Giant."
Oct. 18-20: "Rock Revival of 1964" and "The Young Savages."
From Oct. 21: "The Gladiators" and "One Plus One."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Juliet 1 and Waverly; through Oct. 19.)

The Anderson Tapes—An energetic but coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is the gang leader; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Babes on Broadway (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland's solos. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17-20.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 20-21.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Sutton; through Oct. 14.)

The Boatniks (1970)—From Disney: Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers, and Phil Silvers in a comedy about the Coast Guard and a trio of crooks. (Guild; through Oct. 14.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. She danced the way José Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In the finale to this musical she tapped on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Waverly; starting Oct. 20.)

Bunny O'Hare—With Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Gerd Oswald. (Regency; starting Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; Oct. 15-19.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 14.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that

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Mrs.
EDWARD MARSHALL BOEHM
reports on
the 1971 activities of the
Boehm studios:

In March of 1971, after a two-year intensive effort by our artists and craftsmen in our American studio, we completed the life-size Mute Swans sculpture, the new 'Bird of Peace.' It was shown at the United States Embassy in England and is scheduled for an outstanding series of exhibitions and events through the remainder of 1971 and into 1972.

"In April we introduced the annual hard porcelain collection of our American studio. It is comprised of three limited editions, 'Flicker,' 'Western Meadowlark' and 'Mute Swans,' and a single marvelous addition to our fledgling collection, the Mute Swan 'Cygnet.'

"Also in April we announced the exciting opening of our new English studio, 'Boehm of Malvern England Limited.' This is of historical importance since Boehm of Malvern is the first trans-atlantic porcelain art studio of an American firm. It comes almost 300 years after the establishment, in 1685, of a softpaste studio in the town of Burlington, New Jersey, the first recorded ceramic atelier in the New World (started by an agent to the Queen of England on assignment to the colonies).

"The English studio brings to fruition an often-expressed desire of my late husband, Edward Marshall Boehm, to form an association in England for the purpose of creating sculpture in fine bone porcelain. He admired the English tradition of artistry and craftsmanship in ceramics and looked to the added challenge presented by the flexibility of the bone porcelain medium.

"I want to explain why we are calling our English ware 'bone porcelain' instead of 'bone china.' The term 'china' is ambiguous but has continued in use since the first shipments of porcelain from the Orient to the West in the 15th and 16th centuries. Historically it has been loosely applied to a variety of ceramic wares having little in common except that they are made of white-firing ingredients.

"In 18th century England, for example, its use encompassed white pottery as well as porcelain, while in the 19th it covered translucent porcelains only. Presently 'china' is applied to all kinds and qualities of ceramic wares having white-firing ingredients. Further, when the nomenclature 'bone china' is used, indicating the addition of calcined animal bone to the ceramic composition, it particularly calls to mind white tablewares.

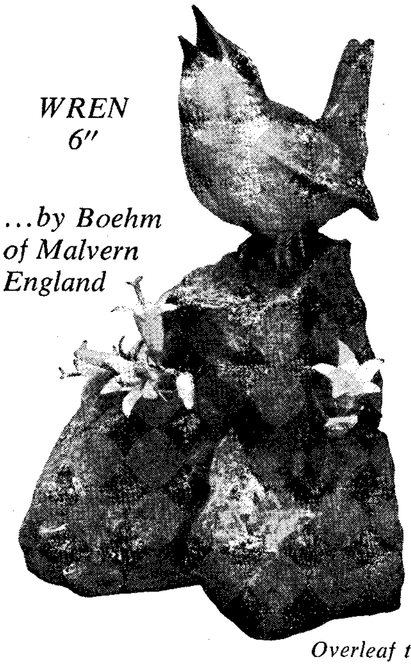
"For descriptive accuracy, therefore, it is correct that our new English collections be specifically defined as bone porcelain.

"Porcelain flowers have been a desirable, but elusive, subject of ceramics through the ages. Sought after by Kings and Queens, early studios devoted great time and attention to them. During the reign of King Louis XV, the great Sèvres factory, under the direction of Madame Pompadour, created an extravagant winter garden of spring and summer flowers of porcelain as her gift to the King. And Sèvres became famous for its flowers. But, historically, few other artists and craftsmen have managed a delicacy of design, perfection of form and true color required to achieve realistic porcelain flowers. Our Boehm of Malvern artists and craftsmen combine these skills and have attained such perfection. They present flowers in bone porcelain that are botanically accurate and truly magnificent. These delicate and lifelike flowers have been created to be used imaginatively in horizontal displays, particularly in your favorite cabinets.

"The colorful centerspread of this issue of *The New Yorker* magazine presents porcelains from the 1971 collections of both our American and English studios."

Maker's-marks of both studios are shown above.

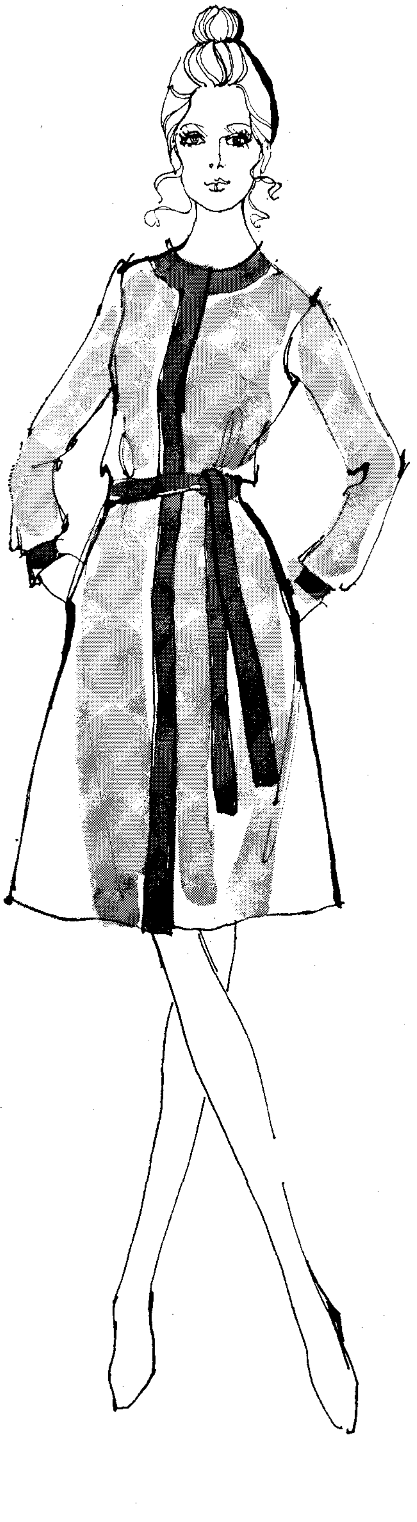
Boehm porcelains are represented internationally in 32 museums.



WREN
6″

...by Boehm
of Malvern
England

Overleaf to
centerspread



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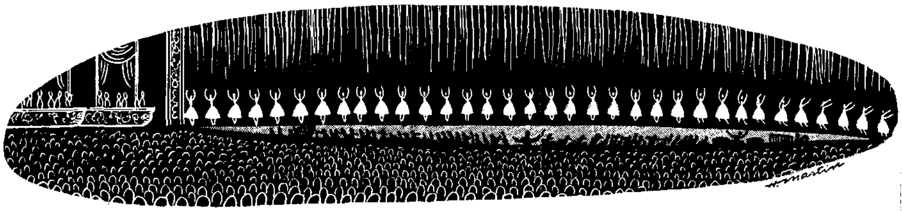
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Colleen (1936)—A Warner Brothers' musical, with a bunch of the regulars (Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert) and an addition—Jack Oakie. Not exactly a dazzler. Al Dubin and Harry Warren have written better songs; Alfred E. Green directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 21.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Art and Trans-Lux East.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Robert Bresson's film was defended at the time of its release by Jacques Becker, to his credit; not by many others. It is highly stylized, artificial on purpose, with a degree of photographic chic that Bresson later cast off. Cocteau wrote the dialogue; Maria Casarès plays a diabolical sophisticate called Hélène who is engaged in a revenge drama. The presence of Cocteau and Maria Casarès makes the film glamorous, histrionic, and not typical of Bresson, though glimmers of his reserved sensibility show through. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 18-19.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped"). He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Sutton; through Oct. 14.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, and Lynn Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (34th St. East; through Oct. 19.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 20, tentative.)

The Début—Directed by Gleb Panfilov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 16.... ¶ U. A. East; starting Oct. 20.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 18-19.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Thalia; through Oct. 18.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millennium. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent, English-speaking, fond, and seduced by lousy spangled clothes, as the greatest left-wing minds often are. They land by spaceship near Los Angeles and, after a stint in the zoo, eventually stay at the Beverly Wilshire. The thoughtful wife chimp, a psychiatrist, is pregnant, and rather upsetting things happen in the end. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (Regency; through Oct. 14.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema; through Oct. 20. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 17.)

The French Connection—With Gene Hackman, directed by William Friedkin. (Orpheum.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Oct. 19.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this big, handsome, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel, and James Dean ran away with it. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn. (Olympia; Oct. 15-17.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II; Oct. 13.)

The Gladiators—A Peter Watkins film. (Olympia; starting Oct. 21.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the

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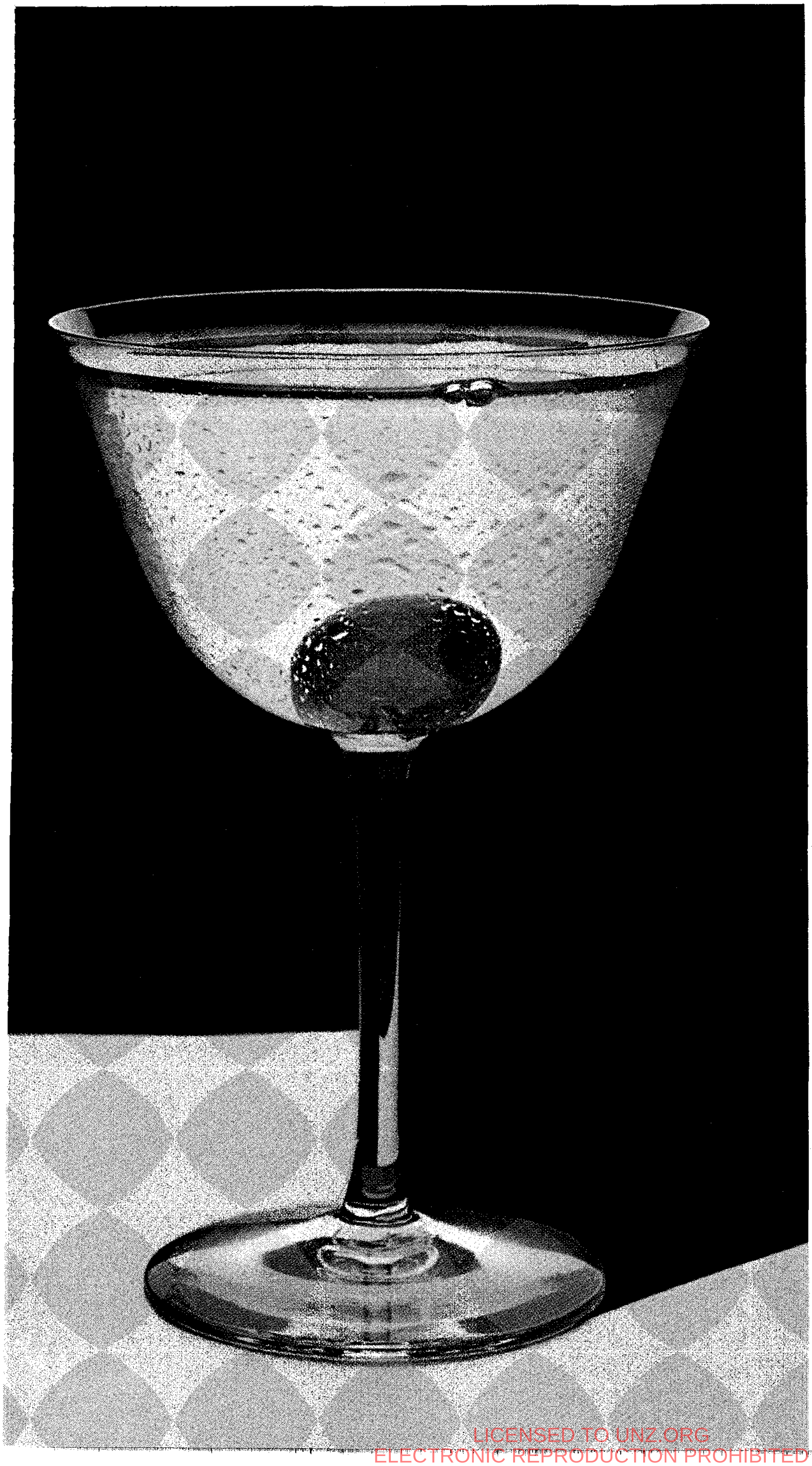

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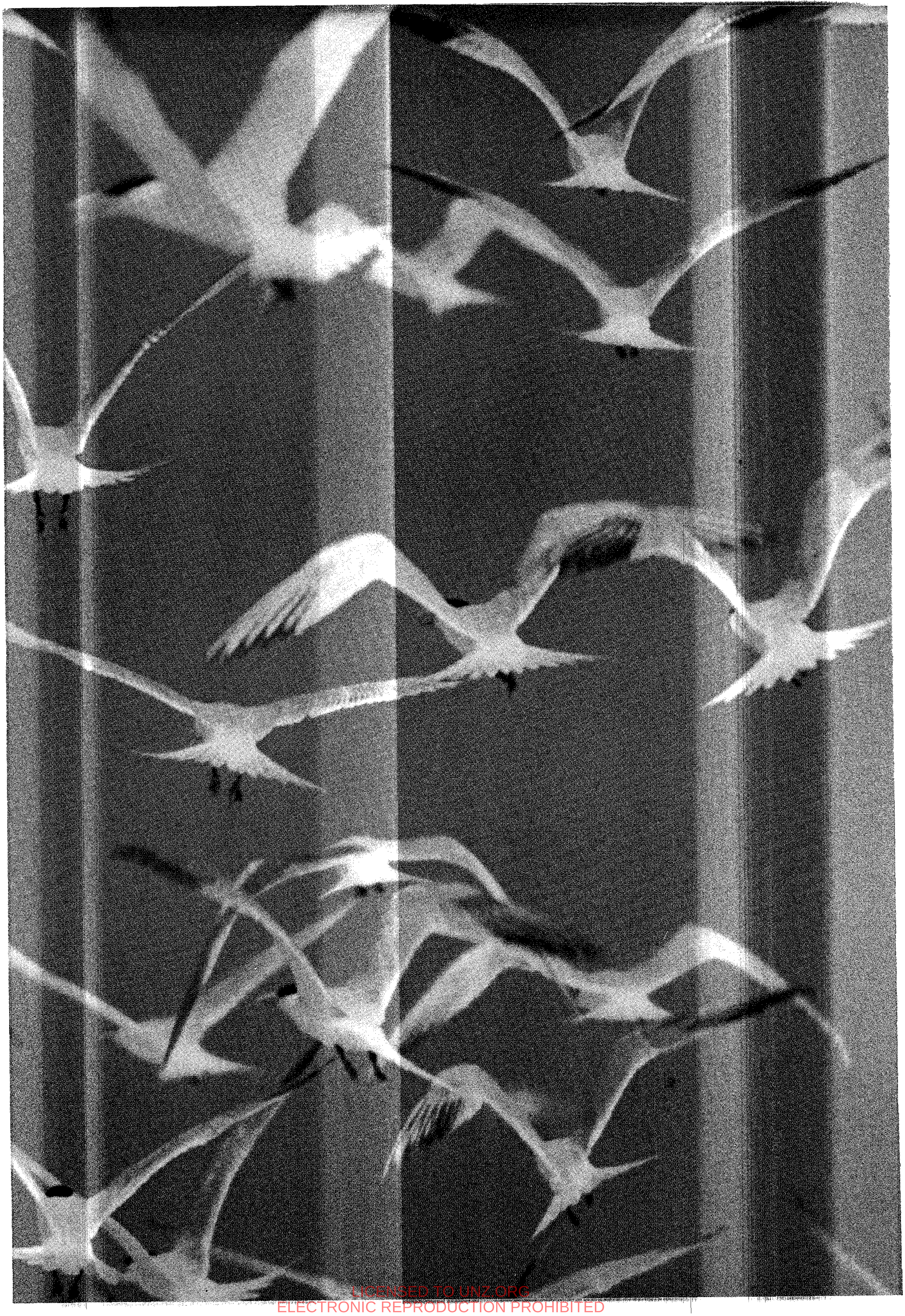

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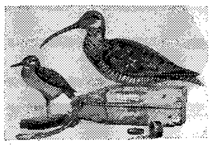

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stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia; through Oct. 18.)

The Great Bank Robbery (1969)—A haphazard mixture of two genres—the big heist and the Western spoof. It isn't as funny as the people engaged in it try to convince you it is: you keep remembering earlier movies that did these jokes better. Hy Averback directed. With Zero Mostel, Kim Novak, Clint Walker (who's pretty good), Akim Tamiroff, Ruth Warrick, Larry Storch, and Elisha Cook, Jr. (Symphony; through Oct. 19.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Murray Hill; through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Midtown; starting Oct. 20.)

The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Jack Benny and Conrad Nagel (always pallid but peculiarly prestigious) were the masters of ceremony. Joan Crawford sings; Marie Dessler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet," and so on and on, with minstrel choruses and the Albertina Rasch Ballet. The quality is extremely variable, but it contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Reisner directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14-16.)

If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium (1969)—Said to be the first cartoon caption ever made into a full-length movie. Suzanne Pleshette and Mildred Natwick are among the stereotyped American tourists; Ian McShane is their guide. The director, Mel Stuart, keeps everything moving cheerfully and there are a few passable one-liners, but the comedy is low-grade, and you feel as if you've seen the picture before. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 19.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Thalia; Oct. 19-21.)

It Only Happens to Others—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Oct. 15-17.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through Oct. 17.)

Kotch—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. Dreadful. (Music Hall.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Thalia; Oct. 19-21.)

The Last Movie—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Ciné Malibu and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Embassy 72nd St., and Symphony; through Oct. 19.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Juliet 1 and Waverly; through Oct. 19.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 20-21.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon (Richard *Milhous* Nixon, that is), directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Plaza and New Yorker.)

$1,000,000 Duck—From Disney: Dean Jones, Sandy Duncan, and a duck that lays gold eggs. (Guild; through Oct. 14.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Cinema II; Oct. 13.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 14.)

Murmur of the Heart—With Lea Massari and Benoit Ferreux, directed by Louis Malle. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 17.)

Night of Dark Shadows—For those who don't get enough of the series "Dark Shadows" on television. With David Selby, Lara Parker, and the ever-tormented Grayson Hall. Directed by Dan Curtis. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; through Oct. 19.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending he doesn't have talent. (Bijou Cinema; through Oct. 20. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 17.)

One Plus One (1970)—Godard's film about rev-

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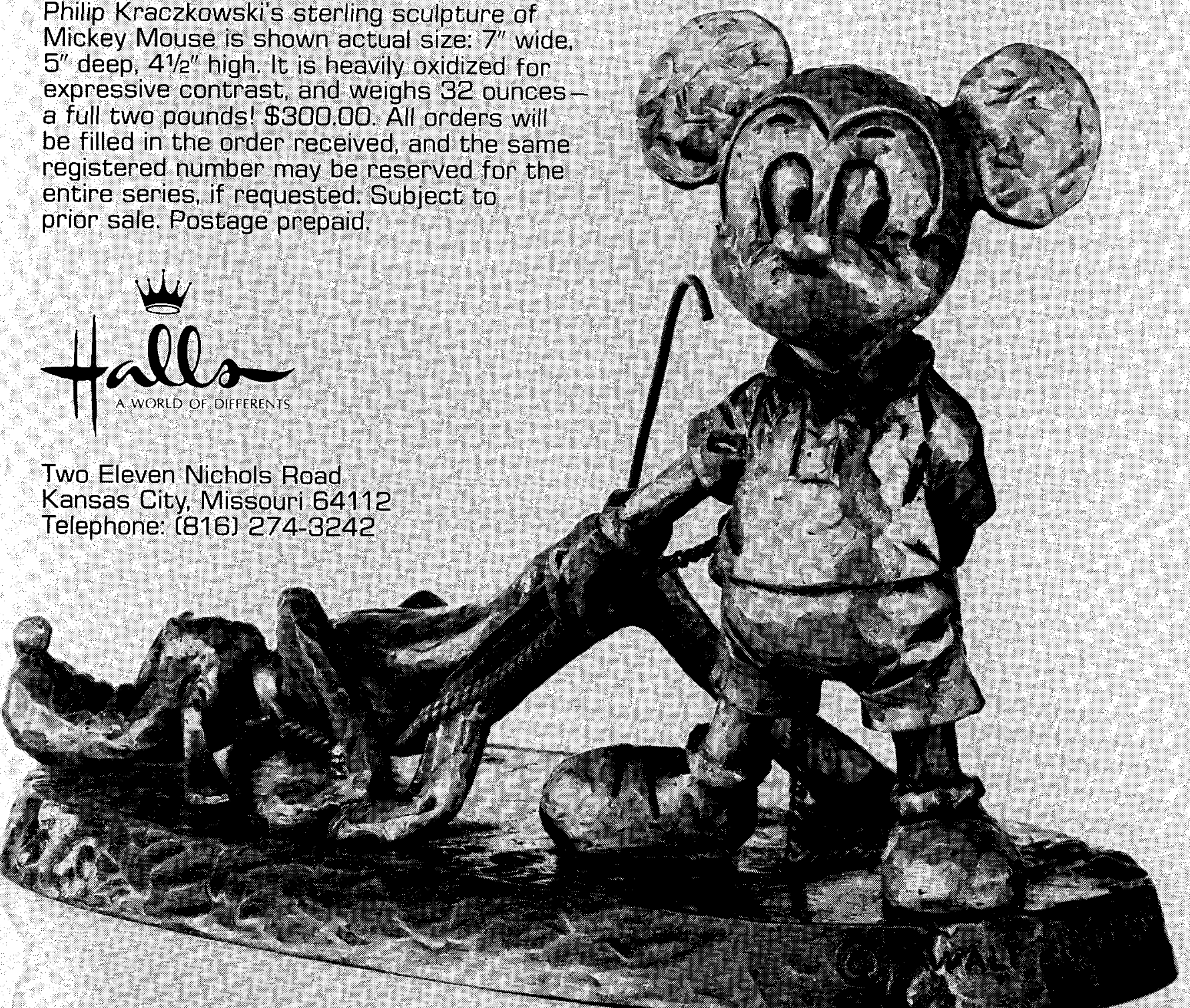

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olution's coming to the crux. The Rolling Stones rehearsing a song, changing it, making something rise to a boil are reported as a metaphor that is deliberately jarred by Godard's own sort of interruptions—interviews with Black Panthers, readings of cant in a bookshop, shots of casual modern carnage. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (Olympia; starting Oct. 21.)

The Organization—With Sidney Poitier, directed by Don Medford. (86th St. East; starting Oct. 20.)

Mary Pickford Festival—A collection of ten silent films and one sound. Oct. 15: "My Best Girl" (1927) and "Pollyanna" (1920). Oct. 16: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921). Oct. 17: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (1917) and "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1917). Oct. 18: "Little Annie Rooney" (1925). Oct. 19: "Taming of the Shrew" (1929) and "The Birth of a Legend." Oct. 20: "Sparrows" (1926) and "Stella Maris" (1918). Oct. 21: "Daddy Long Legs" (1919) and "Pollyanna" (1920). (Murray Hill.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts had performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Symphony; starting Oct. 20.)

Ready, Willing, and Able (1937)—One of the lesser Warner Brothers' musicals. With Ruby Keeler, Louise Fazenda, Allen Jenkins, and Teddy Hart. One good song: "Too Marvellous for Words." Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 21.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare, vintage poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. Academy Award as Best Picture of 1940. (Sutton; starting Oct. 15.)

The Red Tent—The old-guard Russian director Mikhail Kalatozov, who made the marvellous "The Cranes Are Flying," here sinks into the mud of international co-productions in a dopey adventure story about General Nobile stuck in the Arctic in 1928. Peter Finch, Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale. The cliff-hanging about the rescue is an agony to small children. (Juliet 2; through Oct. 14.)

Rock Revival of 1964 (1964)—The Teenage Awards Music International, with such performers as The Rolling Stones, James Brown, Chuck Berry, the Beach Boys, and The Supremes. (Olympia; Oct. 18-20.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

School Play—Directed by Charles Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14-20.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Olympia; through Oct. 14.)

Shoot Out—With Gregory Peck and Pat Quinn, directed by Henry Hathaway. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14-16.)

Skin Game—Lighthearted and charming story of con artists in the Old South. Very enjoyable. With Lou Gossett, James Garner, and Susan Clark, directed by Paul Bogart. (Loew's Ciné.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Guild; starting Oct. 15.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Cinema Village.)

Son of Kong (1933)—With Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack, directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

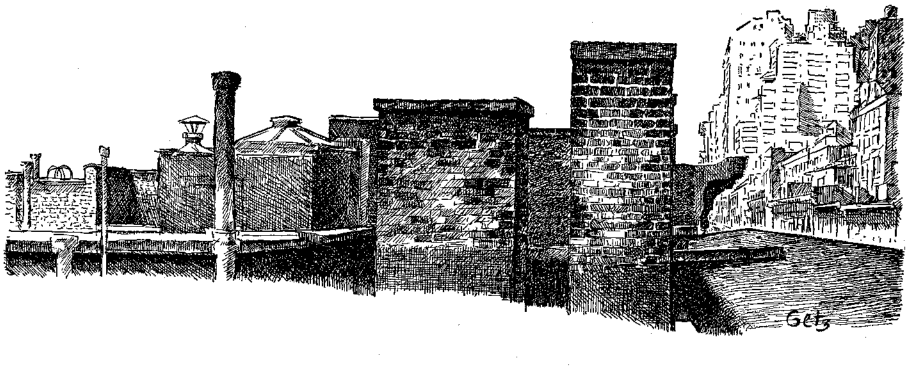
Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 20.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote this primer-Freud story about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, set in a small town in Kansas in the nineteen-twenties, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture is often beautiful, but it's hard to separate its beauty from its hysteria. The parents of the adolescents are loaded down with so many meannesses that the movie becomes Freudian baroque. Natalie Wood is the high-school girl who flips out when she loses Warren Beatty. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller, and Inge himself. (Olympia; through Oct. 14.)

The Steagle—Crass stuff about a don with fantasies in the middle of the missile crisis. With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Tower East; through Oct. 19.)

The Stewardesses (1970)—One of the half-dozen top box-office successes of the year—maybe because men have shifted their fantasies from nurses to stewardesses. Written and directed by Alf Silliman, Jr. In 3-D. (U. A. East; through Oct. 19.)

Strike Up the Band (1940)—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, hard-to-forget June Preisser, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra in an M-G-M



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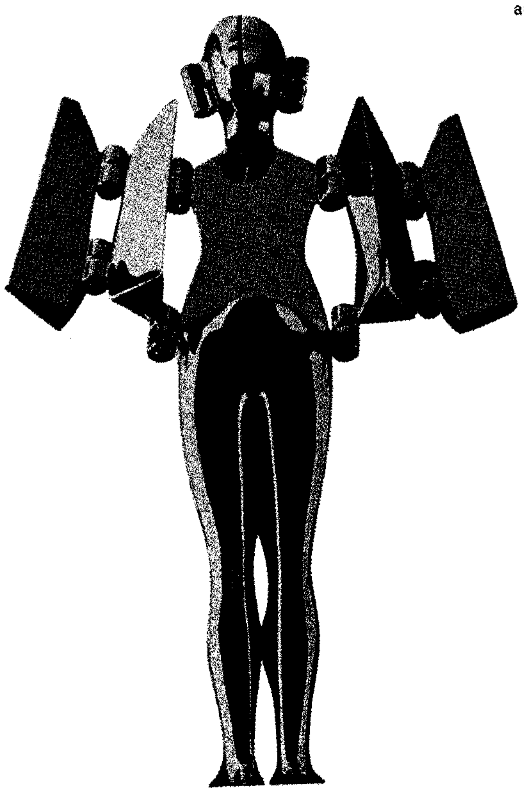
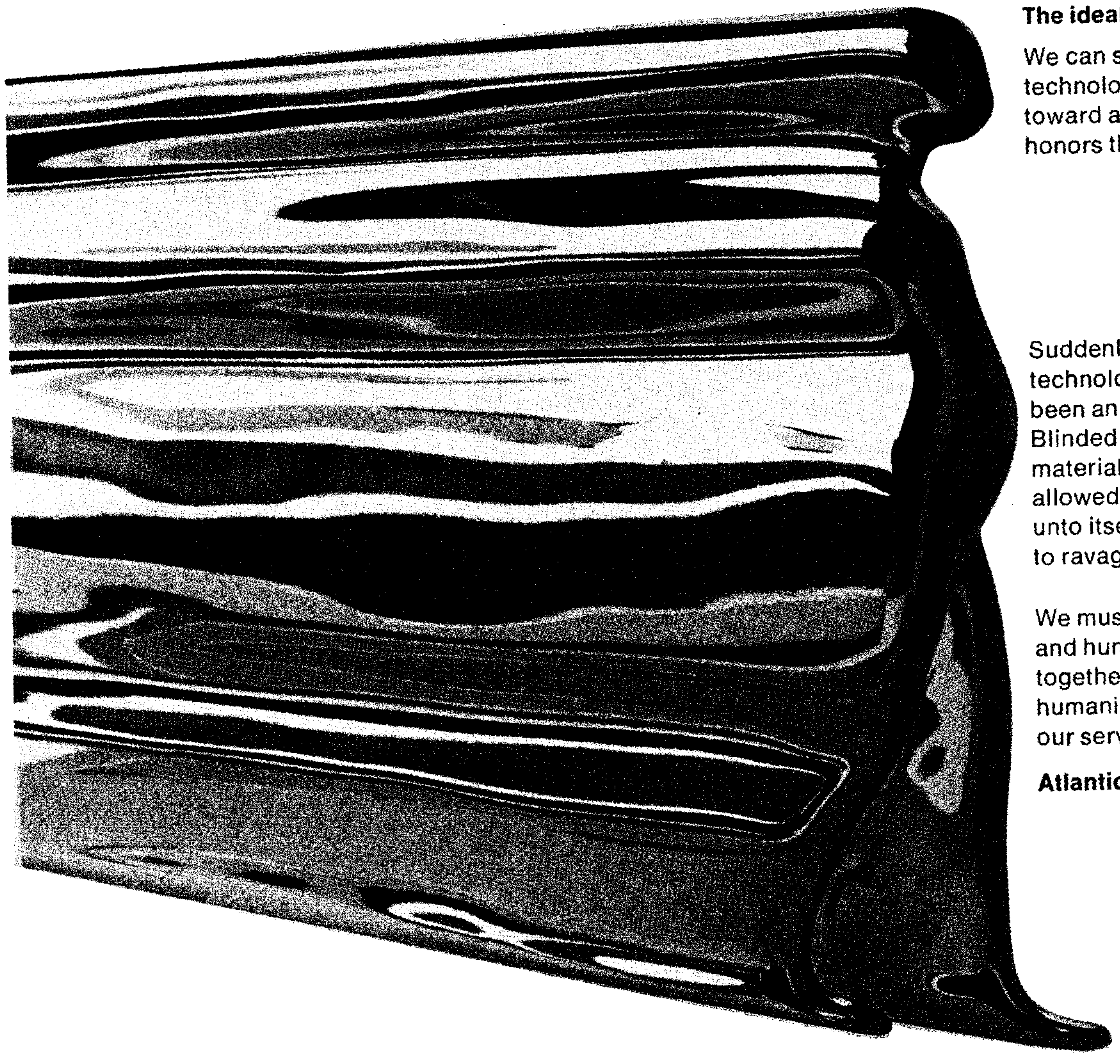


The real

Man has created a technology that distorts his humanity.



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Suddenly, we know man's technological genius has not been an unmixed blessing. Blinded by its power to create material abundance, all of us allowed it to become an end unto itself and, in the process, to ravage the environment.

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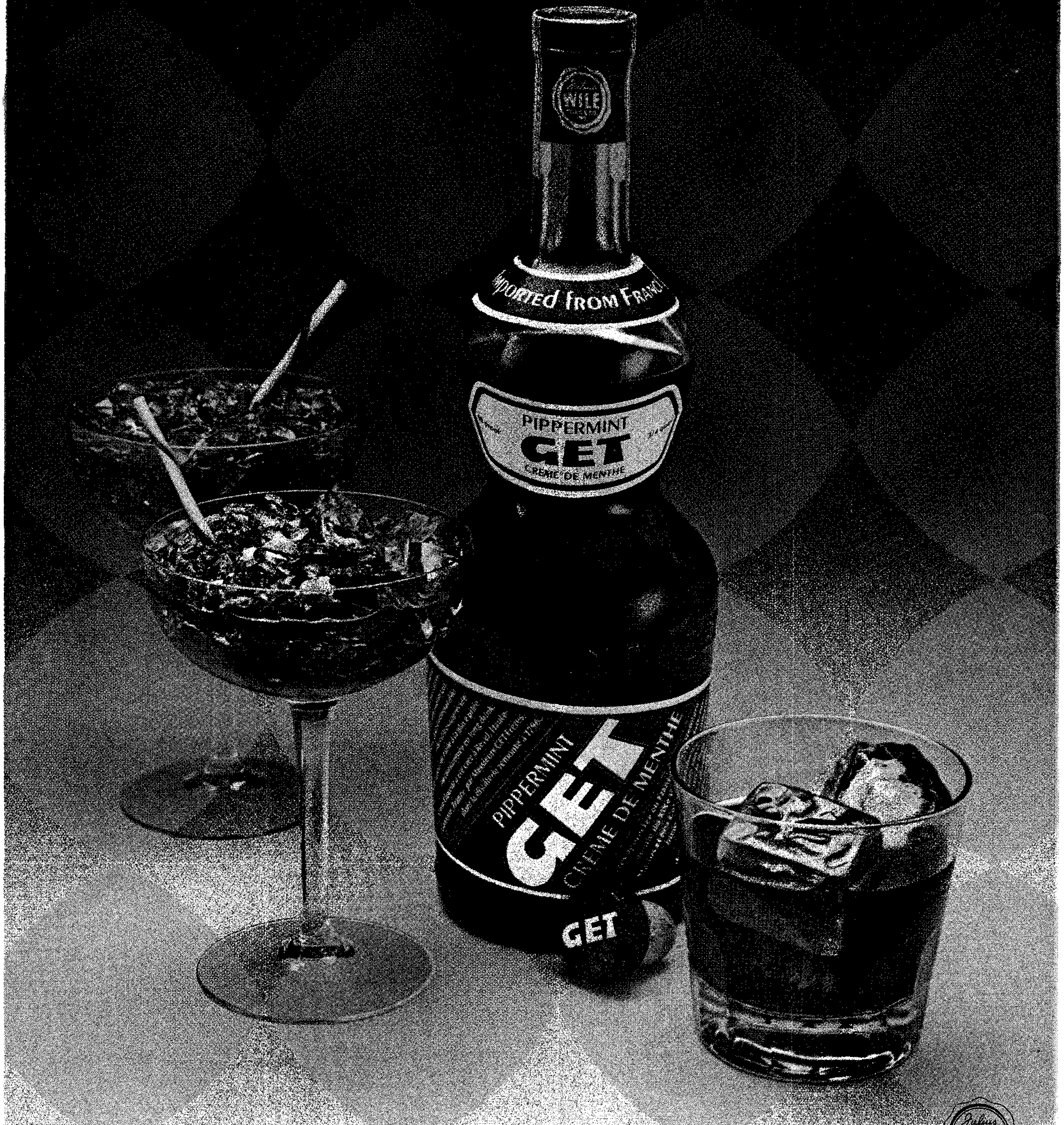
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The creme de menthe the French have been sipping since 1796 is here. France, you've done it again.

60 PROOF

WILE
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

musical, directed by Busby Berkeley. He shot the works in a bizarrely extended number called "Do the Conga." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17-20.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

The Telephone Book—With Sarah Kennedy, directed by Nelson Lyon. (Lincoln Art.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 15-17.)

T. R. Baskin—With Candice Bergen and Peter Boyle, directed by Herbert Ross. (Tower East; starting Oct. 20.)

The Trojan Women—With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Velvet Vampire—With Michael Blodgett, directed by Stephanie Rothman. (Regency; starting Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; Oct. 15-19.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Regency; through Oct. 14.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel. (34th St. East; starting Oct. 20.)

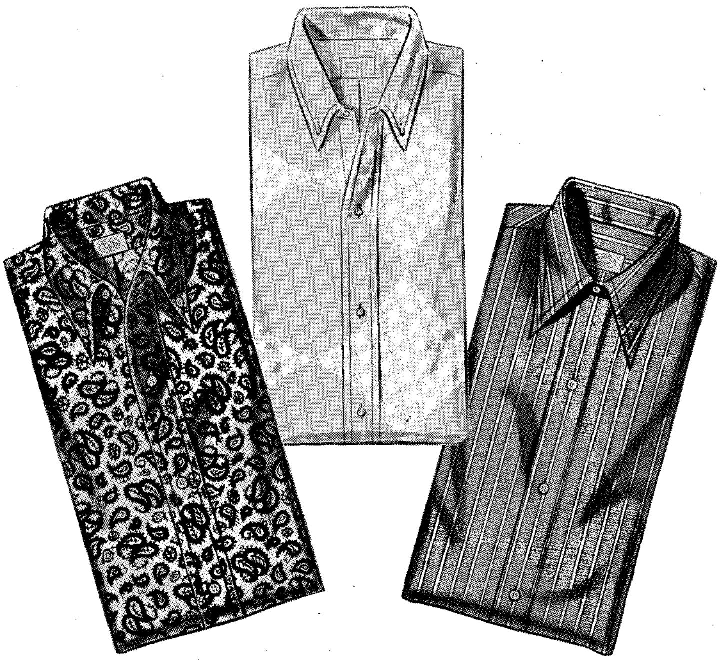
Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Symphony; starting Oct. 20.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Juliet 2 and Waverly; starting Oct. 20.)

Winning (1969)—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 19.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II; starting Oct. 14.)

The Young Savages (1961)—John Frankenheimer directed this melodrama about juvenile gangs in Spanish Harlem, recruiting some of the boys on location. You're awfully conscious that the picture means to be hard-hitting, but it sometimes succeeds. Burt Lancaster is the assistant D.A. who came out of the slums and has now got himself married to Dina Merrill, no less. Others involved include Shelley Winters and Telly Savalas. (Olympia; Oct. 18-20.)



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THE NEW YORKER

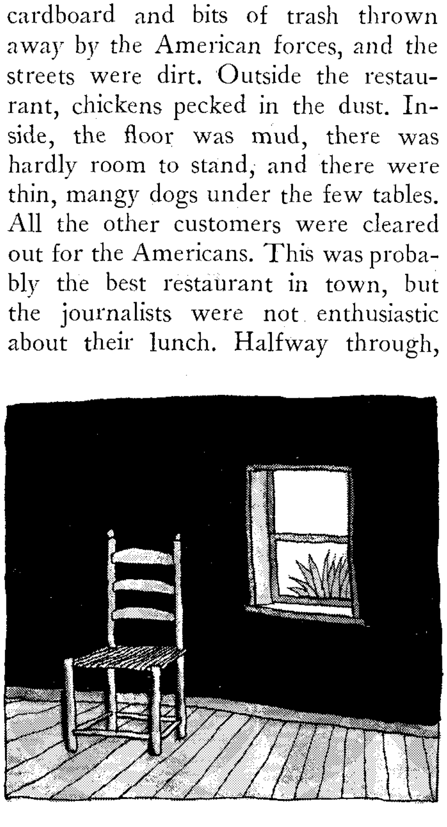
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SHORTLY after the recent "election" in South Vietnam, we received a letter from a friend who happened to have been in Vietnam during an earlier election—an election held in the autumn of 1967 for President and Vice-President and for delegates to the National Assembly.

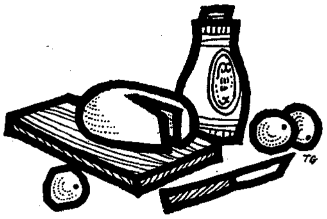
"One day, as I was walking through the center of Saigon, I came upon an odd scene," he wrote. "A dozen or so men in elegant dark suits and white shirts were standing on the steps of a government building taking turns speaking into a microphone. The usual wartime crowd of street urchins, street venders, soldiers, prostitutes, and students on motor scooters was flowing past. But no one was stopping, or even pausing, to listen. I asked a uniformed guard stationed nearby who these men were, and he answered, 'They are candidates for the National Assembly.' In the 1971 election, there weren't enough candidates (just one candidate, in fact), but in the 1967 elections there were too many (about seventeen hundred). Eleven candidates were running for President, and a television 'debate' between them was set up to help the voters sort things out. The election itself was an American idea, and I suppose this television debate was also an American idea. The trouble with it was that almost no Vietnamese had television sets.

"Having seen a bit of the campaign in Saigon, I then had a chance to see—or almost to see, as it turned out—part of the campaign in the northern provinces. The South Vietnamese government offered the use of two planes—one for ten or twelve candidates, and the other for about twenty-five journalists, who were all American. I found myself on the one for the journalists, flying up the coast to a village in one of the northernmost provinces. The heavily cratered coastal landscape was passing beneath us, and every once in a while we could see puffs of smoke rising from air strikes or artillery strikes on the ground. After landing, we were conducted to the headquarters of a province chief. An election rally was planned for the afternoon, but right then it was hot and it was way past lunchtime. The journalists, hungry and thirsty, were getting peevish. None of them spoke Vietnamese, and only one, a man from the *Times*, had an interpreter along, so there was really nothing to do but sit around in a large office and complain. The *Times* man did interview the province chief, and for a minute all the other journalists took notes. The province chief said the election would be fair. Eventually, the province chief arranged for lunch to be served at a Chinese restaurant in a nearby town. In the neighborhood of the restaurant, most of the houses were the kind made of old pieces of cardboard and bits of trash thrown away by the American forces, and the streets were dirt. Outside the restaurant, chickens pecked in the dust. Inside, the floor was mud, there was hardly room to stand, and there were thin, mangy dogs under the few tables. All the other customers were cleared out for the Americans. This was probably the best restaurant in town, but the journalists were not enthusiastic about their lunch. Halfway through, a small voice was heard outside, making an announcement. All twenty-five journalists rushed out to see what was going on. The voice was that of an extremely old man, no bigger than a child, who had a huge megaphone—it was almost as large as he was—strapped to his mouth by means of a sort of harness that went over his shoulders. He was the town crier, and he was announcing the election rally. This was the first thing of interest that had happened all day. The press went into action. Twenty-five pencils came out of twenty-five pockets and moved across twenty-five tiny pads. The *Times* man got his interpreter on the job, and the others crowded around, straining to hear. Still cameras clicked and television cameras whirred. Cameramen ran around the old man taking shots from different angles, and almost knocking him over. One went down on his back in the dust to get a shot from that angle. But, apart from the journalists, the street was empty. Millions of Americans might see and hear on television the old man's announcement of an election rally, but the Vietnamese were indifferent. Later, the newsmen moved on to the site of the rally. Martial music was being played across a dusty lot where several hundred people had gathered, most of them white-shirted civil servants let out of work for the day by the government. But when the time came for the rally to begin, the candidates failed to appear. It turned out that while the province chief had been arranging to get the American newsmen to their restaurant for lunch, he had been omitting—perhaps deliberately—to send transportation to the airport to pick up the candidates, who had arrived by then. Someone had decided that it was more important to get the American journalists to lunch than to get the candidates to the rally. After a few hours, transportation was finally sent to the airport, but the candidates had



taken off for Saigon in a huff. And it was just as well, because by that time there was almost no one left in the dusty lot—no one, that is, but the twenty-five American newsmen. They had been sent to Vietnam to cover an election, but there were no candidates and no voters here. There were only the American newsmen. They were the election campaign."

NOW we have all been through another election in Vietnam. Our leaders still tell us we are in South Vietnam to defend freedom. But there is no freedom in South Vietnam. The American people know this. Henry Kissinger knows it. The South Vietnamese people certainly know it. The North Vietnamese, the Chinese, the Russians, the French—everybody knows it and has known it for years. And everybody knows that everybody else knows. What's more, since the publication of the Pentagon Papers everybody has known that freedom for the South Vietnamese isn't our aim anyway. Knowing all this, one finds it hard to get very angry about President Thieu's recent failure to hold a fair election. There is something about the whole charade that might stir anger, but it isn't that the election wasn't fair. If one tries to get angry about this, a false note creeps into one's voice. For instance, in an angry editorial some weeks before the election the *Times* asserted that if the election had only one candidate the United States would be disgraced and her sons would have died in vain. The trouble here was the implication that if there were three candidates the disgrace would be lifted and the sons' deaths would become meaningful. In a later editorial, the *Times* suggested that President Nixon might use American leverage to force the South Vietnamese Supreme Court and the National Assembly into "reopening" the election. Our allies in Vietnam weren't interested in having freedom in their country, so the *Times* wanted the President to ram freedom down their throats. But although you can force people to do many things, you can't force them to be free. The *Times'* position on the election said a great deal about the pure strangeness of our current policy in Indo-China. Here was a mighty American newspaper urging the President of the United States to meddle in a rigged election in another country by coercing its dictatorial leaders into putting pressure on its own Supreme Court and National Assembly, and the newspaper was urging the President to do this not in order that the regime's people might live in freedom but in order that Americans would not have to feel the full futility and horror of a military venture that the same newspaper regarded as misguided.



In one sense, the elections in South Vietnam are red herrings. They were created for the sake of appearances, and appearances are all they can produce. Nothing real, for us or for the Vietnamese, can ever come out of them. Our anger when the fraud stands exposed is as fatuous as our satisfaction when the fraud maintains some plausibility. But it's probably better for us as well as for the South Vietnamese when the elections openly fail, since what is failing is not democracy but a lie. The important thing, in the end, is for Americans not to take sides, not to want more candidates to run, not to want reform of any kind, but to see these elections for what they are: phantoms of our own minds—the sentimental side of a violent ritual enacted by the armed and powerful on the bodies of the unarmed and helpless.

Commune Information

THE People's Information Center, a high-spirited commune out in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn that devotes itself to encouraging an alternate culture, is holding a series of meetings for people interested in communes (Washington Square Methodist Church, every other Wednesday, 8 P.M.). There are about a thousand communes in the city at the moment, of which at least five hundred, like the P.I.C., are in Brooklyn, where, on the edges of Bedford-Stuyvesant and other ghettos, there are a number of streets of neglected, cheap brownstones. Last Wednesday night's meeting—the second in the series—drew a crowd of almost a hundred people, among them us.

Two members of the P.I.C. conducted the meeting: Brent, a young Englishman in a green corduroy jacket, and Kamau, a young American in an Army jacket. They had set out on a table at the back of the church some literature and some salad (both free), and they encouraged all of us to pull the church's big wooden benches into a circle up front, under the organ. Brent opened the meeting by talking about some of the projects the P.I.C. has devised: a Free Store, a People's Press, a People's Hitchhiking Station, a People's Yellow Pages, and the New York Switchboard, a new venture that will man telephones to answer questions, he said, "about everything in New York and the nation, with emphasis on the alternate culture and non-rip-off people's institutions." He also said that he thought people entered communes to achieve any number of purposes, but that "whatever else they're into, they get fed up with the competitive environment."

A boy in an Army shirt stood up and asked, "What's your commune going to do?"

Brent said, "We're not here to set up a commune. Our purpose is to encourage you to say what kind of commune you want."

The boy in the Army shirt said, "Jesus has already told us what the perfect commune is, like, in Acts."

"O.K.," said Brent. "Dig it."

"How can you set up a perfect commune if you're not free in spirit?" the boy wanted to know.

"We're trying to be free in spirit," said Brent.

Someone else said he wanted to hear about failures, and Kamau said, "Almost all communes are failures. They're not built to last. They're learning experiences."

"Ah," said the man. "You think of communes as a movement with growing pains?"

"I don't know anything about movements," said Kamau. "Like anything else, a commune is what you make it. On our block, there's one commune of teachers, another mostly of people on welfare who are into having a party, another that is into filmmaking, and ours, which is into trying to spread an alternate culture. What you get out of a commune is what you put into it."

Brent said, "I'd like to say some more about failure. It's really very important to avoid thinking in terms of value judgments. If a commune breaks up, it doesn't mean it hasn't been a success. The experience must be a success, because it's an added experience to your life you wouldn't otherwise have had."

Then some people began to talk about communes they knew about or had heard of, and others mentioned parts of the country where, they had heard, land was still cheap. Brent said he would like to see a show of hands by those who really felt like living in a commune. About seventy-five hands were raised.

A number of people wanted to know what New York communes had openings. Brent told them that most of the available communes were not together communes but more like boarding houses, and that the best bet was to form one's own. A man with a beard asked whether you had to like the people you lived with in a commune. There were several snickers, but Brent said it was impossible to be dogmatic. "There was a commune of what I would call together people, who really love and care for each other like a family," he said. "That commune just broke up, which shows how heavy it is."

Ambassador

George Herbert Walker Bush, the man in charge of shepherding President Nixon's two-China policy through the procedural jungles of the United Nations, is a lanky Republican from Texas who has unlimited energy, abundant persuasive powers, and a breezy, informal manner. He is a seasoned politician (two terms in the House, representing the Texas Seventh District, which is part of Houston; and an unsuccessful race for the Senate in 1970), a self-made oil millionaire (offshore drilling), and an enthusiastic Middle American, who regards the New York life style with a cool and critical eye. Paradoxically, the Ambassador—his official title as head of the United States Mission to the United Nations—is a charter member of the Eastern establishment that he has spent much of his life trying to avoid. He grew up in Greenwich, Connecticut; his schools were Andover and Yale; and his father, Prescott Bush, is an international banker (Brown Bros., Harriman & Co.) and a former United States senator.

We had observed the Ambassador on several public occasions—politely deploring Israeli intransigence about Jerusalem in the Security Council, beaming at a circle of Asian diplomats during an official reception, explaining our sudden turnabout on Communist China to a dinner meeting of investment bankers—before we made arrangements to have a private talk with him, on a Saturday morning, at his official residence, in the Waldorf Towers. We arrived at nine o'clock to find the Ambassador and Mrs. Bush—a handsome woman with blue eyes, curly gray hair, and a warm smile—finishing breakfast at one end of a vast mahogany dining-room table.

"We're an outdoor family," said the Ambassador, who has a long, thin face, an aquiline nose, and straight, heavy eyebrows, "and we're in the process of adjusting to all this opulence. There are many redeeming features to life in New York—especially the cultural side of things—but we're used to space and athletics, and in that sense I find the city confining."

"The first thing I did when we moved in," said Mrs. Bush, handing us a cup of coffee, "was to figure out where we could put all five children when they're home on holidays." The Bushes have four sons—three in school and one working in Houston. Their daughter, Dorothy, lives at home.

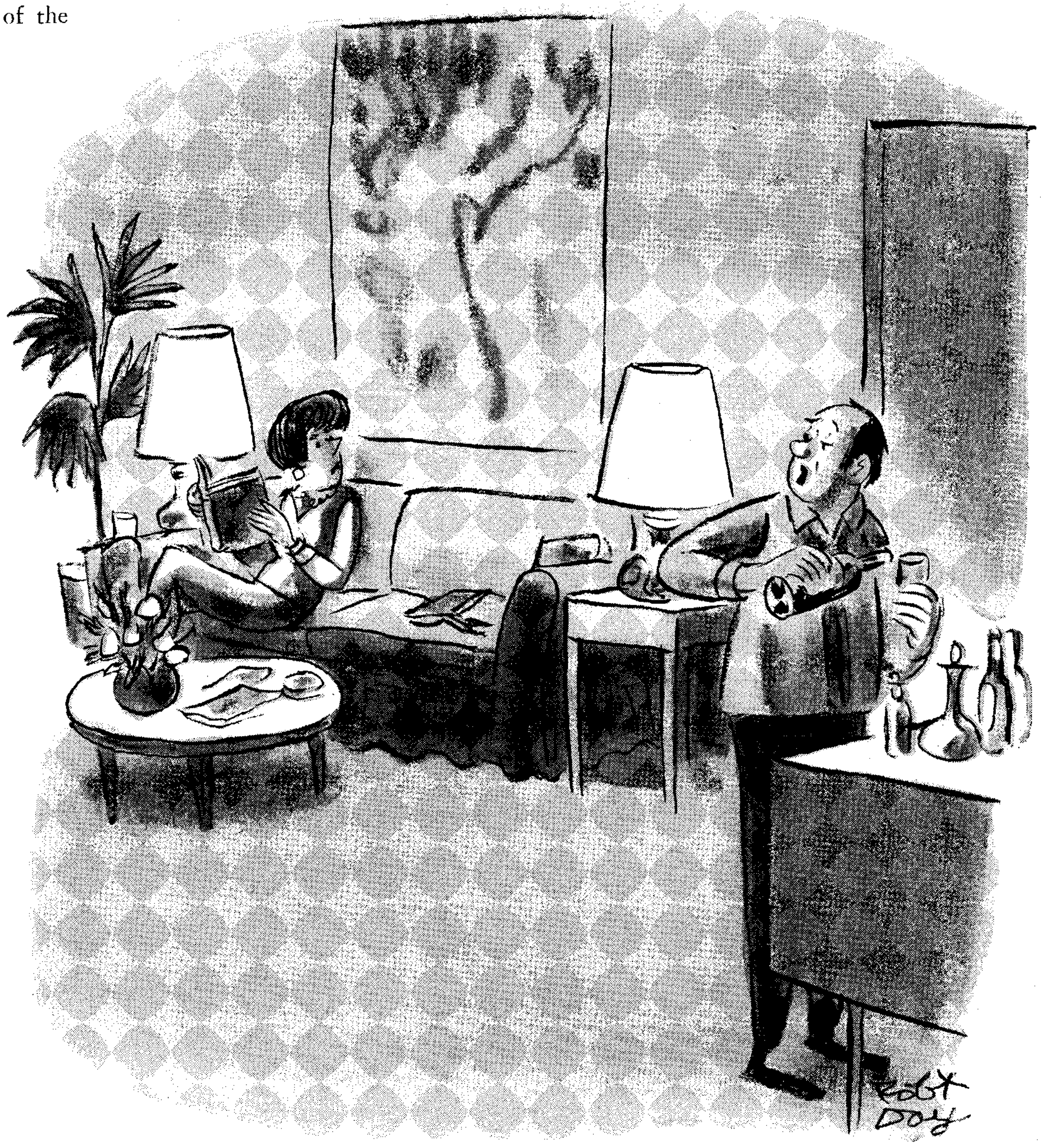
"The second thing Barbara did," said the Ambassador, "was to redecorate the library, so we would have a place to relax."

"Why did you make your home in Texas?" we asked.

"I'd been down there in the Navy, and when I graduated from Yale, in '48, I had the old-fashioned urge to strike out on my own," the Ambassador said. "What I knew I *didn't* want to do was to live in the shadow of a most beloved and industrious father. So I went into the oilfield-supply business in Odessa, and we've been in Texas ever since."

"Do you consider yourself basically a politician?" we asked.

"Yes," the Ambassador replied. "I



"What you ecology-minded ladies don't realize is that before a bottle can be recycled it has to be emptied."

have great respect for the elective office, and I view myself as a politician who is, I hope, somewhat knowledgeable in foreign affairs. The big difference is that in Congress you are free to say exactly what you think. In this job, there are understandable restraints on public statements, because the President makes the major decisions on foreign policy. My job is perhaps to have an input on some of them but mainly to execute them."

"You've been mentioned as a Vice-Presidential possibility," we said.

"That is as wild a speculation as I've ever heard," the Ambassador said. "Let's talk about what I'm doing at the United Nations. China is our No. 1 priority, because there will be a vote on the question of representation at the end of October."

"You've been critical of the U.N. in the past," we said.

"I still am," the Ambassador said. "It's inefficient, and to some degree unrealistic. There are severe financial problems that must be solved. But the fundamental problem in terms of U.S. support is the fact that the U.N. is not a mirror image of the real world. One nation, one vote is a good principle, but it doesn't reflect either power or population as it exists today. So I'm critical of the mini-state situation, and of the fact that sometimes our national interest isn't served as well as I would like to see it served. On the other hand, I'm a supporter of the U.N., because there are many areas—narcotics, population, environment, refugee aid—where we are better served in terms of multilateral involvement. And, clearly, we need a forum for consultation, a place where bargains can be struck."

"What kind of bargain is being struck with regard to China?" we inquired.

"Our policy is to accommodate existing reality," said the Ambassador. "We offer representation and a seat on the Security Council to Red China, a nuclear power that controls a quarter of the world's population, and a country that has, in our view, recently indicated that it wants to be in the family of nations. At the same time, we feel that Nationalist China, with a population of fourteen million, should continue to have representation in the U.N. They've been good members, they've supported U.N. efforts to help developing countries, and we think it's an extremely dangerous precedent to expel a member nation. Our opponents, the Albanians, offer membership to Peking on its own terms, which means kicking out Nationalist China."

"Where do things stand at the moment?" we asked.

"It's a cliff-hanger that can go as close as one vote either way," the Ambassador said.

"Why are so many nations prepared to vote against us?" we asked.

"The root of the problem is that when a country sets up diplomatic relations with Peking, it is obliged to break relations with Taiwan," said the Ambassador. "Secondarily, there is the feeling that the admission of Peking is almost inevitable. Our opponents say, 'Peking won't come in under the U.S. formula. Get on with it, and solve the problem once and for all.' We say that if the U.N. is to be a realistic political body it must make *both* political accommodations. Tactically, it appears that the Albanian resolution, which offers the Security Council seat to Peking and expels Taiwan, will be debated simultaneously with our resolution, which makes the expulsion of Taiwan an 'important question,' requiring a two-thirds vote. Since the Albanian proposal is inscribed as Agenda Item 93 and our proposal is Item 96, we have attached a draft of *our* resolution to *their* agenda item. We feel that the General Assembly should consider the entire question of China as one subject."

"But if you win will the Nationalists accept representation without a Security Council seat?" we said.

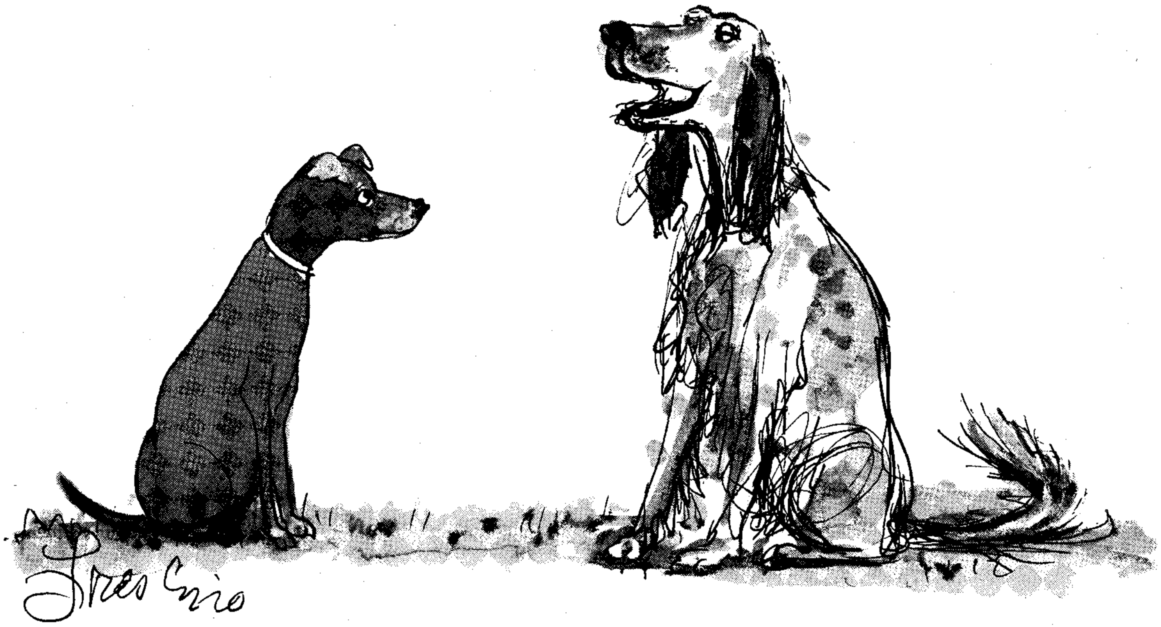
"There has been surprising flexibility from Taiwan," the Ambassador replied.

"What happens if you lose?" we asked.

"If the Albanian resolution passes, the U.N. will have desperately weakened the concept of universality and set a very dangerous precedent," said the Ambassador. "There would be a terribly adverse reaction in this country and great disappointment in Congress. But could we live with it? We'd have to, because of treaty obligations. But it wouldn't be easy."

"How about the possibility of a stalemate?" we asked.

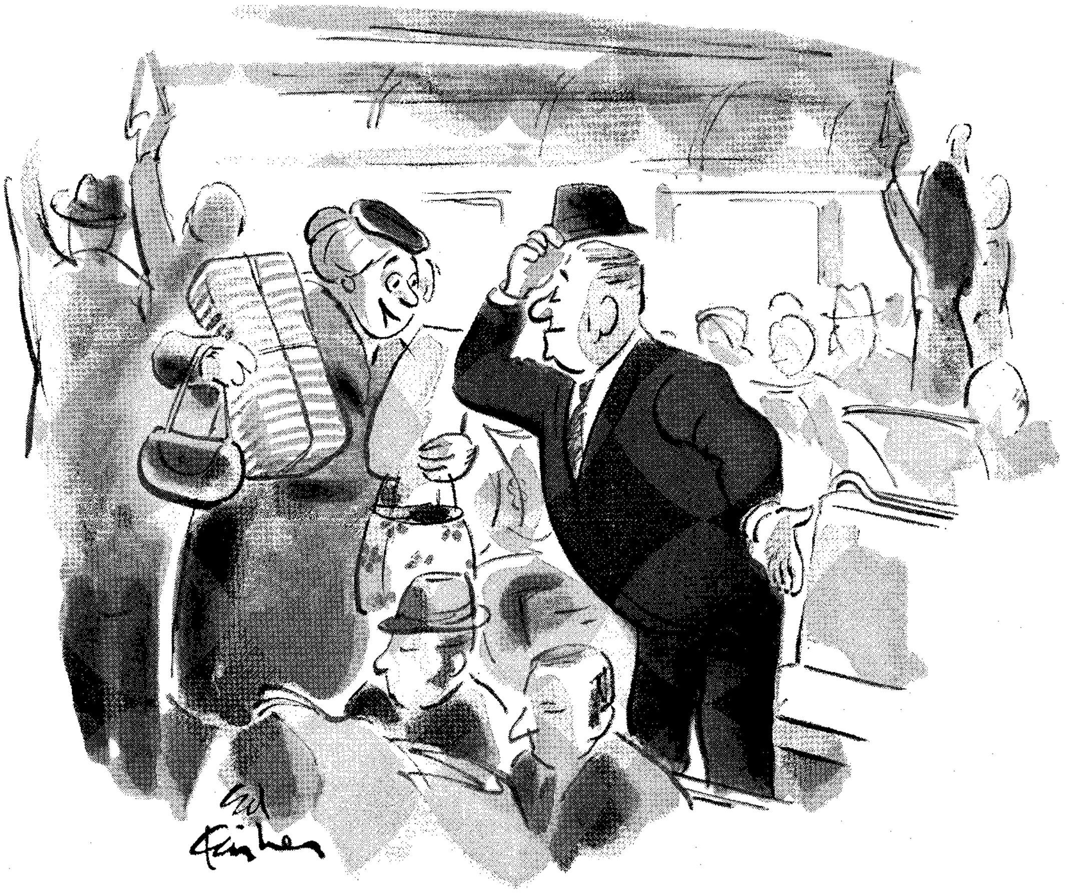
"I sometimes think that it's hard for us to understand that life can go on without some consideration of the China question," the Ambassador replied. "But it will. Think of the other problems coming up this session—the Middle East, Pakistani relief, a new Secretary-General, a replacement for Ralph Bunche. We'll keep busy."



"They never pushed me. If I wanted to retrieve, shake hands, or roll over, it was entirely up to me."

Flowers

WE took a one-block walk last Wednesday afternoon to go to the benefit preview opening of the third annual Bryant Park Flower Show, in a big blue-and-white striped tent in the Public Library's back yard. At one of the Forty-second Street entrances to the park, a jolly-looking girl in wire-rimmed spectacles



"A male chauvinist! Thank God!"

was selling roses, chrysanthemums, gladiolas, carnations, and dahlias from a bright-yellow pushcart. We paused to ask, "How's business?"

"Terrible, man," she said, and she gave us a sunny smile. "I do better farther uptown. Around here, flowers are not where people are at. I mean, a guy just came up to me and said, 'You could make a lot more money selling other things than flowers, baby.' "

Inside the tent, however, it was apparent that flowers *were* where people were at—flowers in vases, flowers in flowerpots, great banks of flowers in impressive displays, and flowers pinned to the dresses of matronly ladies. We introduced ourself to one of the ladies, Mrs. George Dalziel, of the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, and asked her how the tradition of a flower show in Bryant Park had started.

"The impetus came from a few women who realized that the International Flower Show was getting too commercial and was just not accessible to most people," said Mrs. Dalziel, who is on the board of the Bryant Park show. "Here there are no commercial exhibits, it's supported purely by voluntary contributions, all the workers are volunteers, and it's free. We had fifty thousand visitors the first year and sixty thousand last year, and we hope to break that record this year. Most of the people involved in setting it up live outside the city—I live on Long Island—and yet it's for the people of New York. You have to do things for people. It's not enough just to sit around saying that New York City is going to pot."

We picked a plastic champagne glass off a passing tray and wandered into an adjoining tent, where various smaller horticultural societies had set up exhibits. Near the display of the Metropolitan Chapter of the Indoor Light Gardening Society of America, a portly gentleman seated behind a folding table was in animated conversation with a lady.

"Do you know how much of this stuff I'm involved with?" the gentleman demanded. "Besides being president of Indoor Light, I'm secretary of Begonias and treasurer of African Violets."

"Ugh, I can't bear African violets," the lady said.

"Neither can I, actually," the gentleman said.

We moved along, and nearly tripped over what appeared to be several brown-paper bags full of garbage. On closer examination, they turned out to be an artfully arranged display showing how to separate refuse properly for recycling. We came across Alexander W. Allport, the secretary of the Bryant Park Flower Show, and asked him if there was a greater than usual emphasis on ecology this year.

"There is, but the plant people feel that all plants are a direct part of ecology," said Mr. Allport, who was dressed entirely in brown except for a very wide flowered tie, and looked very autumnal. "The more plants the better is the general idea. It doesn't matter what kind. They all make oxygen."

We joined a small group that included Mary Lindsay, the Mayor's attractive wife, and Mrs. Benjamin M. Belcher, a formidable-looking lady dressed in dark green. Mrs. Lindsay was the honorary chairman of the show, and Mrs. Belcher was the presiding chairman.

"The tents are a little larger this year, and there's a more airy feeling throughout," Mrs. Belcher was saying. "We've tried to make sure the exhibits are related to each other—not by telling anyone what to do but by coordinating what the various organizations are planning. If we didn't do that, we might have nothing but chrysanthemums, and that would be boring. Everybody that's involved is so interested. We're all amateurs, and we all love it."

"That's part of why it's successful," Mrs. Lindsay said. "People can come and say, 'They're amateurs and they do it, so why can't I?' "

"We've tried to emphasize the simple plants, the hardy plants, the plants that city people can grow easily," Mrs. Belcher said.

"That's good for people like me," Mrs. Lindsay said. "I have nowhere to go but up. I kill everything, including cactus."

As we left Bryant Park, the girl in the wire-rimmed glasses waved to us. "Business is picking up, man," she said. "I still prefer uptown, but this area could be a lot worse."

ONE OF OURS

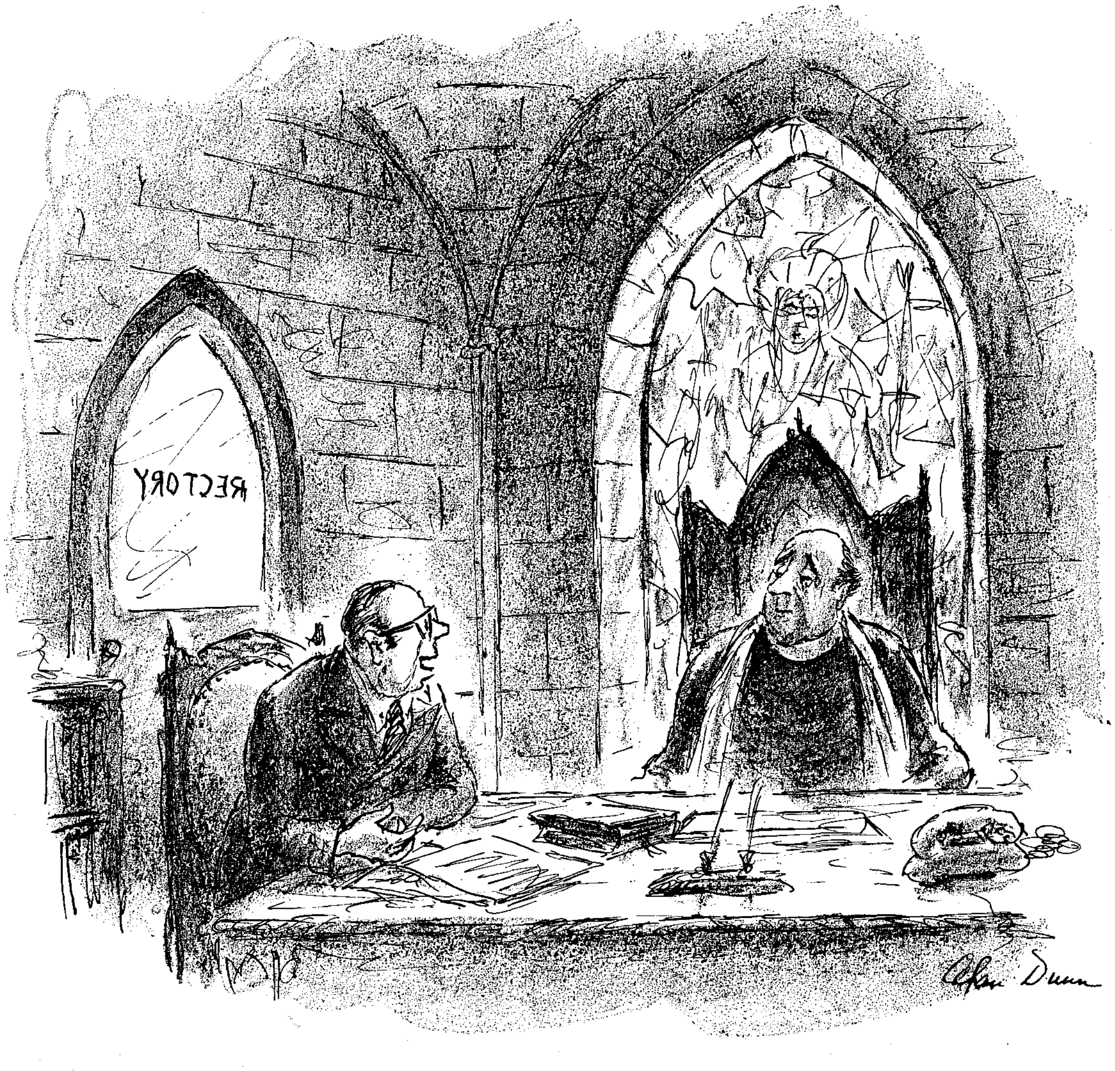
Of all my early boyhood friends, only Jacko Keating still bothers to keep in touch. Twice or three times a year, generally of a winter Saturday, he invites me to bring my gun and walk his fields and the parcel of mixed woodland he owns beyond the river boundary of his farm. We shoot a few of whatever wood pigeons might be flying, and sometimes in the final daylight we get a rabbit or two that he skins and cleans for me to take home. The birds we leave wherever they fall, once we are sure they are dead. They are a serious pest to his crops, and he has to keep them down; but though he grumbles about them, as a good farmer must, I know he always likes to see a reasonable number of them about his land. Half a dozen pairs or so are worth their keep, he reckons, for the pleasure their strong, direct flight gives him after the summer birds have gone; he wouldn't be without that soft-throated cooing among the spring branches, or those sudden arisings out of the dark crowns of elms, like the clatter of hail on a shingled roof.

It's Jacko's own trees that harbor his birds. They glide down to gorge themselves on his peas and grain and the tender watercress that grows in the bluish shallows under his banks; and then, their chests ballooning, they browse, half hidden in pasture or the clover leys. That is in summer, when they do most harm and when he leaves them alone. Just before Christmas, or in the first weeks of the new year, we thin them out as they fly up from the bright-brown shives. "You'd never be able to get them all," he says. But I know he could. Jacko's one of the finest shots in Sussex—the only man I know who's ever taken a right and left of woodcock—and, if he wanted to, he could wipe out every last wood pigeon on his farm. He's content, though, if we pick off a pair between us out of each dense gray cloud we flush. The rest make for cover; we see where they settle, and then we close on them again.

It's the birds that come in from neighboring properties he shows no mercy for. "That's never one of ours," he'll say. His gun arm swings in a graceful, economical arc, the safety catch double-clicks, his left heel jabs hard into the earth before the bird has time to jink or dip or climb, and he fires, and I see the wings stopped in mid-beat and the bundle drop fast as a brick. Jacko nearly always kills cleanly; when his pigeons fall, they look as though they could never have been alive, so far off do they seem in their stillness. They appear for all the world like those realistic decoy pigeons that sit on cartridge belts in gunsmiths' windows. But mine are no fakes. Sometimes they limp wounded into some bush, where they hang twitching, pathetic, unbearable to look at, like bits of a sodden pillow that somebody has left to rot and collapse in wind and rain; underfeathers fall, snagging on thorns. We run clumsily along the furrows to put an end to them.

And it's then, lumbering out of breath behind Jacko, that I recall most vividly those wartime Saturdays we seldom talk about. Nearly thirty years fall away as I see him jump down from a stile, both arms outstretched for seconds after he's steady again on his feet. It's a mannerism he's never lost. For the rest of the day, as we trudge together through his hollow lanes of black leaves and up the slippery paths of exposed chalk, I shall be thinking of Little Jacko (as he was while his father was alive) and myself, aged eight, nine, ten, and of another time that would come years later. Jacko, I am sure, is remembering, too. There are signs I notice, things he says, that make me certain.

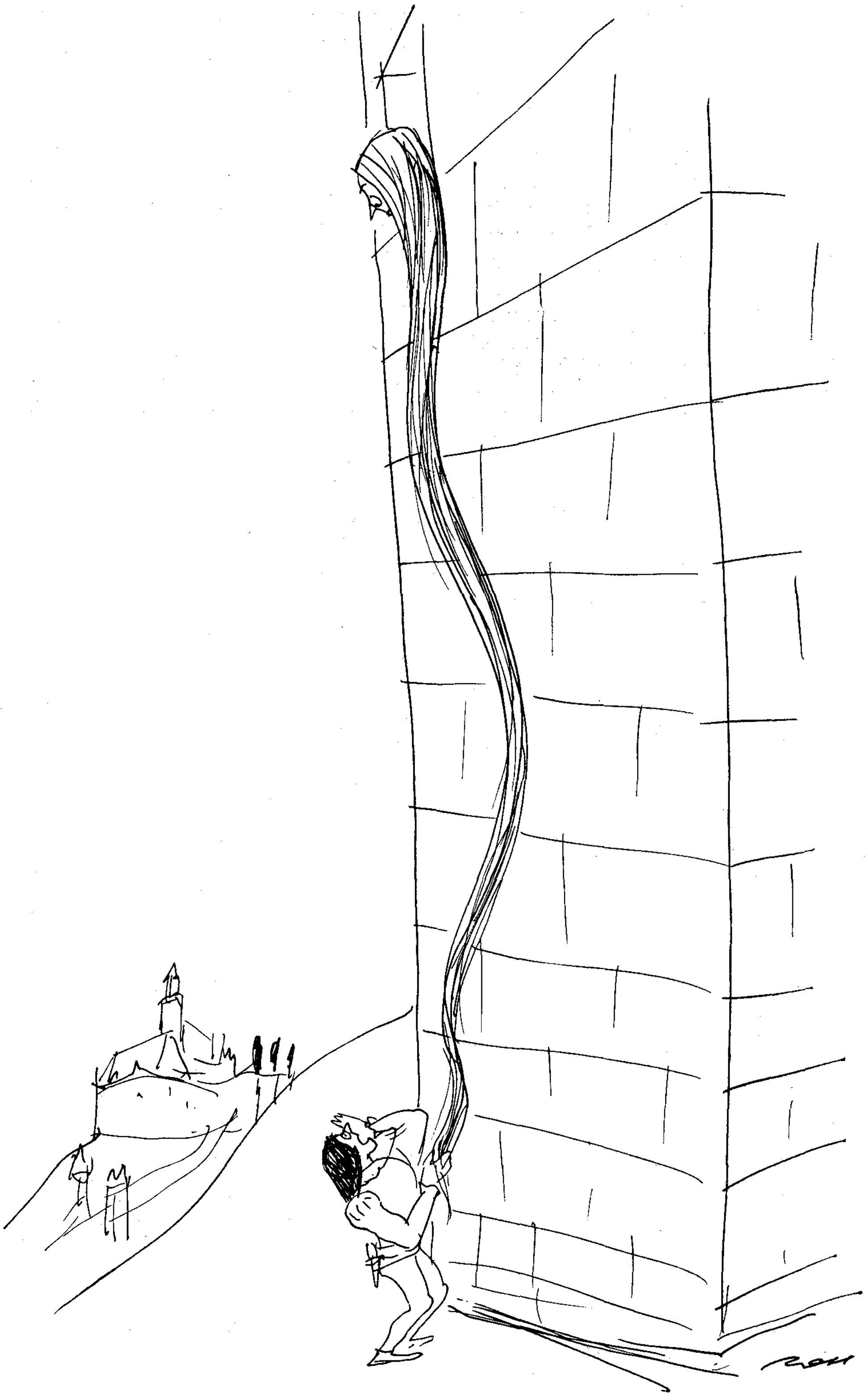
These are the same folds in the South Downs that we scoured after the Battle of Britain for scattered bits of crashed planes. We carried our wooden rifles, always, and fought the war in the make-believe way of boys, our pockets full of jagged ends of metal we'd found, and strands of scorched cable. Sometimes now, if a Beverly transport plane drones overhead toward Tangmere, Jacko will grin and raise his gun toward it



"*Why don't you* pray *for the money? You have the clout.*"

and make the dry keh-keh-keh noise in the back of his throat, the way we did when the Dorniers came. I wonder whether to make him grin some more by taking cover under a holly or by lobbing a flint as though it were a grenade; but before I have a chance to, he's lighting his pipe or reloading or moaning about his subsidies. Certainly, though, he's still remembering as we pad along close to his hedges toward the next party of birds, and after we've put them up and shot into them. A few years back, when cartridges started to be packed in plastic cases, it became my habit to pick them up after they'd been ejected, smoking, from the breech; they wouldn't disintegrate in the wet like the old cardboard ones, and I didn't like to leave the bright-pink, indestructible cylinders littering up his trim headlands. But, "Let them lie," he said to me one day. "The kids like to find them and take them home to play with—you should know."

Sometime I must ask him if he still has any of those pieces of Spitfire and Messerschmitt we used to hoard away—misshapen lumps that Jacko and I and dozens of small boys like us rummaged out of long grass sometimes several fields away from where the crippled planes had spun down into their flames. Have *all* our treasures been thrown out, I wonder; or do some of them still lie in rusting tin boxes in cupboards that are never opened, or in the unswept corners of disused yards? In my memory, they shine as bright and mint as the mornings we scrabbled them out of brambles or a fox's earth and polished them against our jerseys—curlicues of pitted aluminum that wore holes in our pockets, a rusk of charry rubber to take out and smell during the mental-arithmetic test, a severed bolt with a Whitworth thread that rattled in a pencil box. Were we made to throw them all away, every one of them? Mrs. Ashe, our teacher, told us it was wrong to scavenge where men had died, and taught us a new word, "ghoul," which she wrote on the blackboard and made us learn to spell. We couldn't expect her to understand how, in our imaginations, those ugly tokens were lucky talismans for us. Strangely comforting, they grew warm in our palms and their rough edges were smoothed with long rubbing. We fashioned crucifixes out of windscreen Perspex with our penknives, and when we'd polished the sharpness away (there was a special wall of an air-raid shelter we used for this) we bored a hole with a red-hot needle for a necklace of fine wire. Are there any mothers still alive who have one such in a trinket box? And how many hearths are there left where poker and fire tongs are placed in gleaming brass shell cases that the likes of Jacko and me brought down from the hills? There have never been such unfussy, practical receptacles. And what perfect head scarves we made from the little silk parachutes that floated down some nights, lost, gently depositing flares onto the sheep runs!



"Have you noticed how your ends have the frizzies?"

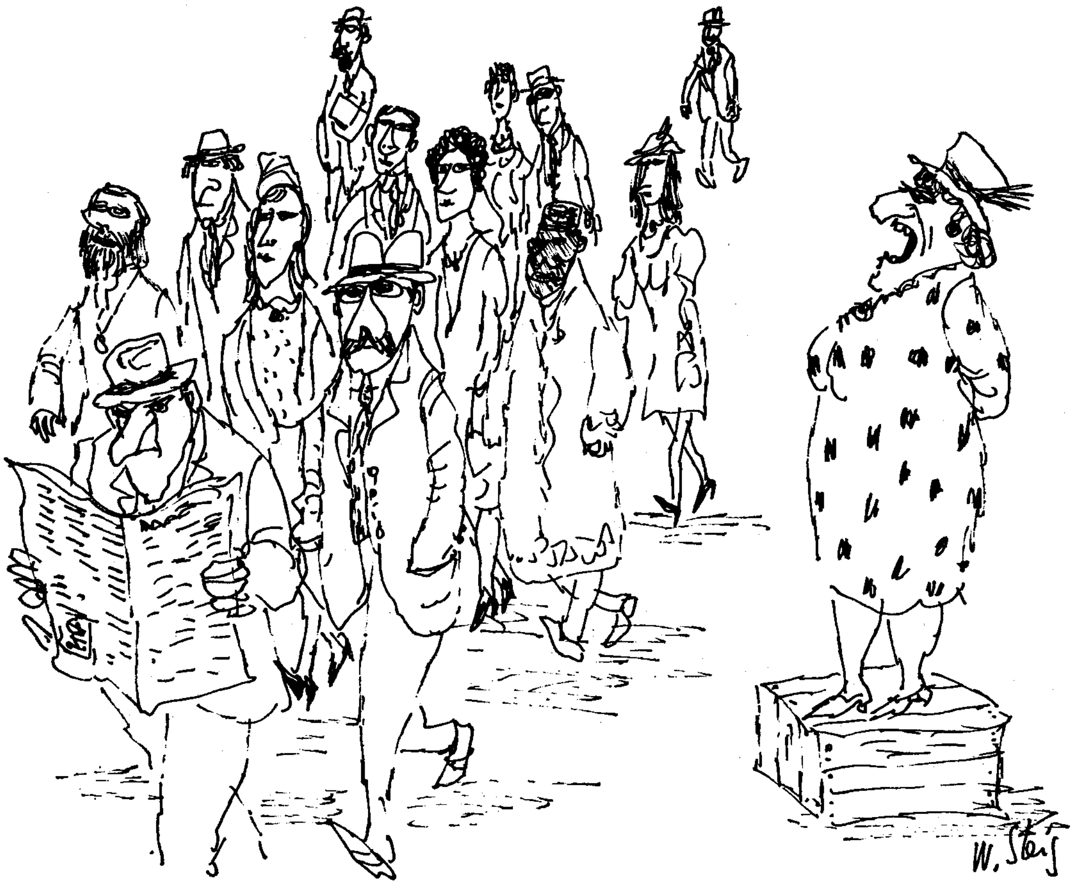
BY early afternoon, we've usually reached the top of Jacko's woods. He's got a small wooden hut up there, where he keeps a few tools and fence posts. Inside it we find enough pieces of timber to improvise a table and a couple of seats, and we spend an hour over our lunch, exchanging news. The hut serves as a useful hide. While we eat and talk, we keep an eye open for birds that fly down, and our guns lean, loaded, against the door. Not that we've ever disturbed ourselves to do more than put down our bread and cheese and sit alert and silent for a moment, staring out. "Let him be for another few minutes," Jacko says. "Look at the fat thing, begging to be shot at. Well, he'll just have to wait till I'm good and ready." It soon becomes warm and snug, and we delay going out into the cold again. We count how many shells we have left between us and divide them equally. Jacko falls asleep. I watch for any flocks of other people's wood pigeons that might be moving from field to field up the hill toward Jacko's land, so that we can go after them when he's awake.

As far as I can see—across the valley and up the next slopes, and for another stretch beyond that—all once belonged to the Keatings. It was sold when Old Jacko died. It's become half a dozen holdings now, all owned by people I don't know. They grow salad crops and mushrooms, and some of them have started raising broiler chickens. Only twelve years ago, it was entirely woodland, just the same as the densely thicketed acres that Jacko wouldn't sell. It broke his heart when the bulldozers moved in. One whole winter, there was nothing to hear but the low moanings of buzz saws. We killed more pigeons that season than ever before or since; there was nowhere for them to live. It took me a long time to get used to the sight of the brutal, treeless terrain that was left. During Old Jacko's lifetime, the wood had scarcely been touched—oak, ash, beech, and yew it was, mainly, and they'd not been thinned for a century. In parts, it was impenetrable. At Christmastime, when I went with Jacko and his father to gather bundles of holly and mistletoe and a young spruce to send to the church, I used to help beat a way through the briars that choked the rides where nobody ever came. There, where you can't see one solitary sapling now, we hacked each year a little farther into the dark, airless press of ancient trees, dragging a heavy cart behind us.

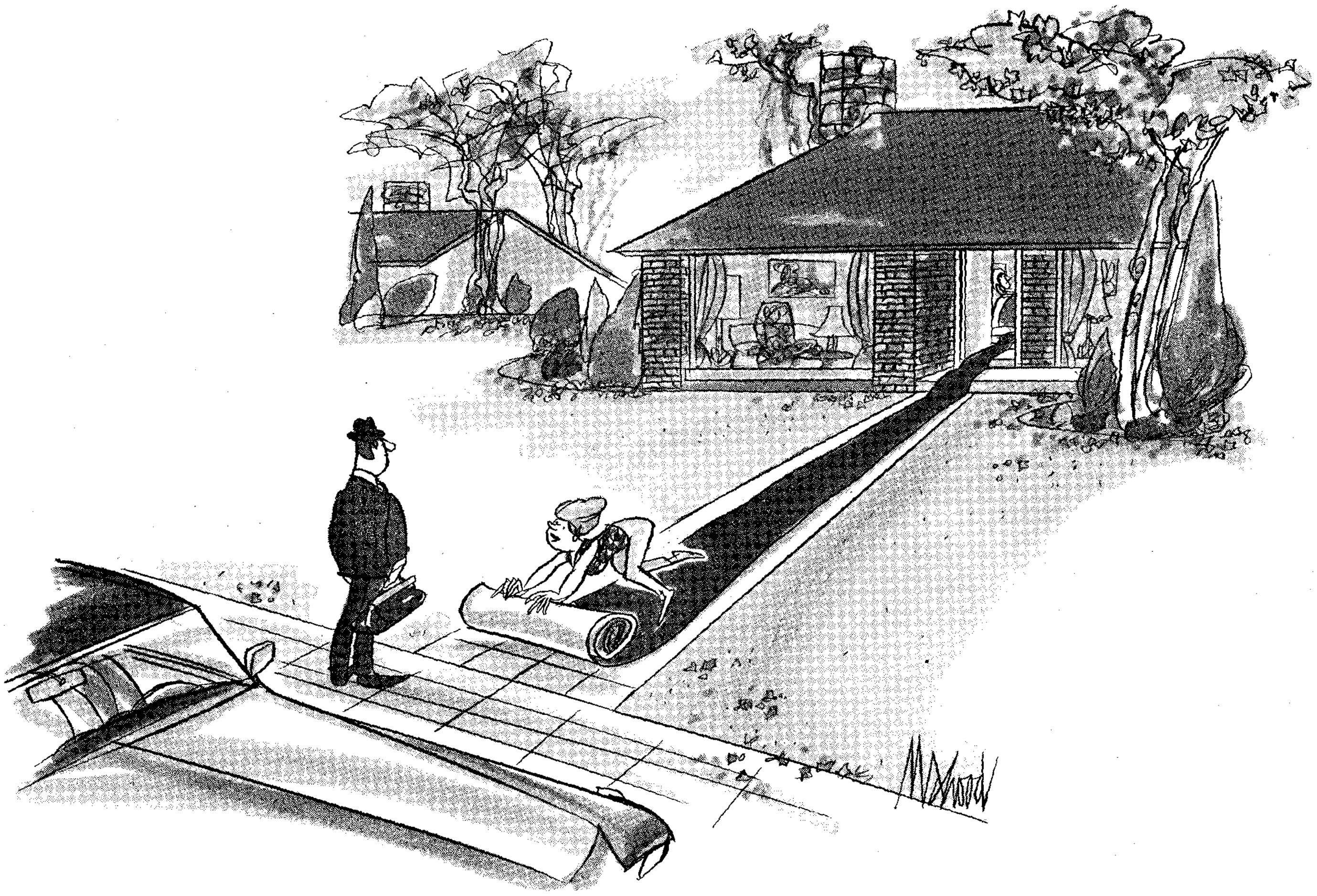
From the hut window, while Jacko starts and mumbles in his sleep, I gaze out over the wide, unhedged fields that have begun to look less raw, and wonder if he ever takes time out to visit his neighbors. The land has healed and is in good heart. Has he forgiven them yet for what they did to what was once his? It is theirs to do with as they please, and they are making it in every way their own. What do they know? What has he told them? The person who lives in that smart new farmhouse, close to his glinting, futuristic silo—how much has he learned from this graying man I still think of as a boy? The land endures; the bare facts of its history are set down in archives and title deeds that are all but meaningless without handed-down memories. Whenever I dig in my garden, I recall old Diddler Collins telling me of how his great-grandfather worked for an angry Scotsman who kept a kennel of greyhounds in the corner where my buddleia grows. It's a fact I'm glad to know. I think of a sharp-boned figure in a plaid coursing for hares on a summer morning and swearing bitterly about the wall that came to be built where neither he nor I would have wished it: it's in the way of his hounds and it hides my view of Halnaker Mill, but it served somebody to grow figs against at the end of the eighteenth century. I hope that Jacko will tell the newcomers about the Christmas we were eighteen. They ought to know.

We'd got deep into the wood, as far as where the ground begins to slope up. Old Jacko held the shafts, and Little Jacko and I shouldered a wheel each. Inside the cart, our axes were rattling with the knives and shears. It wasn't very late, but the day was dark and lowering, and we could scarcely see fifty yards into the trees right and left. That year there wasn't much berry. All we had was a small bunch of sparse stuff we couldn't offer as a gift. Jacko cursed his father for neglecting the woodland for so long; he'd just finished his first term at the agricultural college, and was full of his new knowledge of forestry and ecological science. They ought to have a tractor, he said, and take a saw to some of the diseased stands of hardwood. When the old man could take no more of it, he dropped the shafts and plunged into the tangled darkness. He carried a billhook and a ball of string.

Jacko and I beat a path through the ride until we came to an eight-foot spruce that would do for the church. It was spindly, having grown without its share of light, but we hadn't the time to go for



"Ladies and gentlemen . . ."



"It was good of you to come, Doctor."

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anything better. I trimmed the lower branches and started to cut into it while Jacko went back to the cart to get some cord to tie it. It was only a matter of a few strokes. I sat down to wait. My hand was bleeding from a long, shallow cut; I'd tried to pull a rose briar out of the way, and it had torn open the flesh between my thumb and forefinger. I sucked it clean and watched the slow blood oozing. When it stopped, and Jacko had still not returned, I got up and ambled back to look for him.

It was a wild place. As the cart came into view and I saw that Jacko wasn't there, I guessed he'd gone to help his father reach up for mistletoe. But then I heard him calling my name, his voice pealing weirdly among the dank trunks. It's Old Jacko, I thought. He's fallen down and broken his leg. As fast as I could, I followed the trail of flattened underbrush toward Jacko's shouting. "Come on, come on, for Christ's sake come on!" he yelled.

And when I reached them they were looking up into a massive yew. Old Jacko was all right. I thought they were playing some trick, to bring me rushing there when nothing was amiss. It wasn't until I stood right next to them, and could see through the gap in the sombre masses of needles, that I understood the urgency in Jacko's cries. Lying along the broad crook of the tree, where five vast branches divided to make him a platform, a skeleton lay in the last shreds of his clothes. Lichen had grown, bright yellow, on the corroded remains of boots. We guessed that his flying helmet had rolled somewhere out of sight. I could just see the top of the mound of needles that had accumulated inside the rib cage, and though the light was failing, I could easily trace some bits of harness and a few ends of cord that hung down, like vines of bryony, from the upper limbs. I fancied I saw, too, dirty folds of the cowl, but when we returned next day, with policemen and the press, I found it was some white disease of the tree—a fungus.

WHEN Jacko wakes up, we padlock the hut and then work round the skirt of his wood and down to the river. Usually we lay off the pigeons until he's bagged my brace of rabbits, and then we see the lights being turned on in his house. By this end of the afternoon, I've decided against asking how his neighbors treat him. They are irrelevant, forgotten, out of sight behind the hill where his own trees still grow. He is my host, and I don't want to pry into his affairs; he'll tell me what he wants me to know in his own good time, the way countrymen do. If a bird should come from behind his barns in the last light, flighting toward the bones of his winter beeches, he leaves it to me, his guest, to have the last shot. If I wing it, and it stumbles down into a hedge, he empties both barrels into it and reaches up to shake out the tatters. Like Old Jacko, when he fingered the identity tag and rubbed it clean with his spittle, "It's one of ours," he says, "poor dab."

—TED WALKER

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During his life, the average American consumes 26 million gallons of water, 10,000 pounds of meat and 28,000 pounds of milk and cream while yearly junking seven million cars, 100 million tires, 20 million tons of paper, 28 billion bottles and 48 billion cans.—*Austin (Texas) American-Statesman.*

In short, he's quite a man.

COMMUNICATING WITH YOUR HEAD

Introduction

LET'S begin simply. (Do not worry about high-density pulse-packing, bit-parallel outputs, delay-line distributors, core-shift registers, fetch-controls—all that will come later.) Start with a look at you and your head.

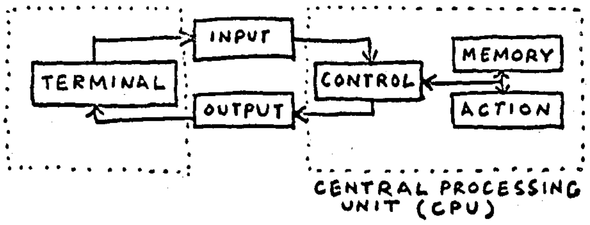

FIG. 1. *A Simple System*

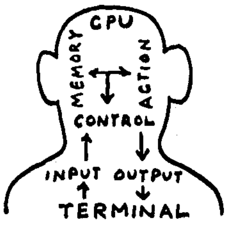

FIG. 2. *A Simple System with You Around It*

Note how closely your terminal is connected to your CPU.

Using the arrows, say hello to your head.

Ready to move on?

THERE are a few easy terms you should know. Let's begin with:

Software & Hardware

Memories stored *within* your head are called "software," as opposed to "hardware," which is *external*, such as your ears.

The Three Types of Memory Storage

(A) *Cores* (high speed but low capacity). Example: Somebody asks you, "What's your name?" Without a moment's hesitation, you reply, "Herbert!" (Note the speed here; the low capacity is indicated by the fact that you were not able to "come up with" your last, or family, name.)

(B) *Drums* (low speed but high capacity). Example: A friend inquires, "Who was it that said, '*Je veux que la mort me trouve plantant mes choux*'?"* Two years later, you call him back and say, correctly, "Michel Eyquem de Montaigne," perhaps throwing in, "1533-92, *n'est-ce pas?*"

(C) *The Third Type of Memory Storage.* (Unfortunately, this has slipped my mind.)

Constants & Variables

Specific concept-retentions, or memories, are called *constants.* Memory locations for the storing of these constants are known as *variables.* Every constant should be kept in the correct variable, and not permitted to "float." An example of a "floating" constant in my own personal CPU is the lyric to the song "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" ("Is it true what they say about Dixie?/Does the sun really shine all the time?/Do the sweet magnolias blossom at everybody's door?/Do folks keep eating possum till they can't eat no more?") I am unable to find a proper variable for this constant.

Binary Representation

A thought is represented by an X, the absence of a thought by an O. A short-run program might look like this: OOXXXXOXOOOOXXX.

As a general rule, excessive X's in a program run may cause hypertension; an overabundance of O's, on the other hand, can result in loss of income.

Programming Your Head

THERE are two (2) basic techniques for programming your head: batch-processing and time-sharing.

(A) *Batch-processing.* You take one (1) thought and see it through from beginning to end.

(B) *Time-sharing.* You work on many thoughts at once, doing a little bit on each, then recycling. Beginners will generally prefer this method to (A), batch-processing, which can cause dizzy spells and migraine.

Some gifted people are able to time-share and batch-process simultaneously, but this can result in damage to one's software. Kenneth W. Huggins, executive vice-president of Techlux Corp., executed a tour de force of his head last October, when he presided over a three-day panel on ORSATUREC (Orbiting Satellites to Survey Ecology) in Rochester. Huggins demonstrated an astonishing mastery of batch-processing during the complex discussions of multi-spectral scanning, high-resolution images, return-beam vidicons, agribusiness, and movement of shrimp, and in addition proved (privately) his genius at time-sharing: throughout the entire three-day session, Huggins was *also* thinking intently about Irene (Smokey) O'Hara, of the Techlux typing pool. (At the conclusion of the conference, however, Huggins was unable to remember what city he was in, and had to be escorted to the airport.)

Flowcharts

FLOWCHARTS are useful for operating a program, or programming an operation, or both. Symbols are used as follows:

Ovals: starting and stopping
Rectangles: arithmetic
Trapezoids: input and output
Diamonds: questions and decisions

It is sometimes convenient to carry a sketch pad (18″ x 24″ should be ample for most occasions), pencil, and eraser. With these aids, a rapid flowchart can be drawn, and you will be able to communicate with your head in an orderly fashion. Example: Mr. Brown is driving in the left-hand lane of the New York State Thruway at 74 m.p.h. during a heavy downpour when he suddenly realizes that his exit is roughly 350 yards ahead and recalls that the braking distance under normal conditions for the average automobile at this speed is 270 yards. Should he attempt to turn? Glancing in the rearview mirror, Brown observes a large trailer truck 50 yards behind him, coming up in the right-hand lane at approximately 77 m.p.h. At the same instant, Brown observes thick gray smoke coming out of the car radio and through the windshield sees a twin-engine Beechcraft coming in for a landing on the median divider just ahead. Brown now wisely decides to draw a positive-negative flowchart and, picking up a handy pad and pencil, lightly sketches one in (FIG. 3).

In the case of highly charged emotional scenes, you may not have time to create a proper flowchart. Example: Let's return to Mr. Brown. The situation is the same as in the previous example, except that Mr. Brown is now accompanied by Mrs. Brown. As smoke pours out of the car radio and Mr. Brown attempts to avoid the incoming Beechcraft and the trailer truck and to complete his flowchart, Mrs. Brown informs him that three weeks ago she lent his American Express card to her seventeen-year-old dropout nephew, Ron, who was hitchhiking West with eight friends, ostensibly in search of a good pottery school in the San Francisco area (FIG. 4).

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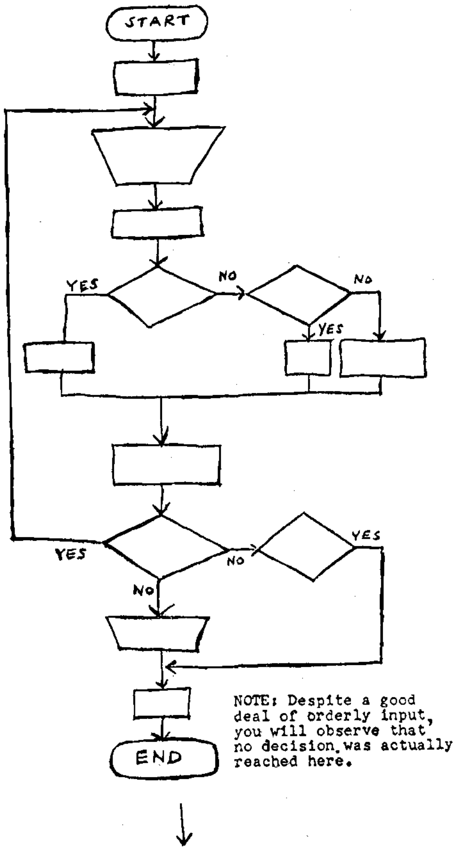
*"I would let death seize upon me whilst I am setting my cabbages."



NOTE: Despite a good deal of orderly input, you will observe that no decision was actually reached here.

FIG. 3. *A Positive-Negative Flowchart*

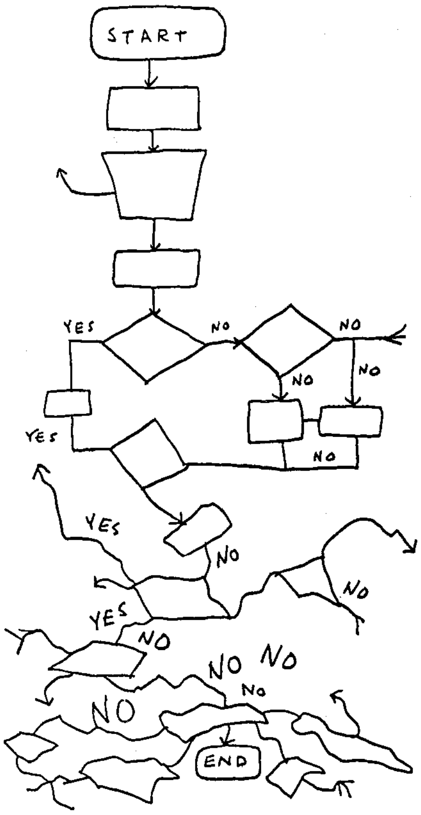


FIG. 4. *A Positive-Negative Flowchart Created During Highly Charged Emotional Scene*

In such a case, you will simply have to "wing" it. —JAMES STEVENSON

THE SLEEPWALKER

He is at the very tip of the edge of the top step
and now he takes the first step

down through the tall ferns of the burgundy
carpets, hanging on tight as he can to the burgundy

bannister, one hand held out, you know, like the monster
you see on the late late show, but the other, unlike the monster,

gripping the bannister tight because, of course, he is a man
and not something driven by strange forces, which a man

cannot understand and which cause fear. It is simply
a case of a sleepwalker. After a few hours the body simply

rises, looking for nothing in particular; it thinks
it is in the library, the birds blowing in the window, it thinks

it wants to be in the study, writing with the orange pencils,
and so it goes there, or perhaps it is leaving now with the pencils

and is going into the kitchen. Sometimes the fantasy
is less ordered, the walker tumbles, believes he is in a fantasy

even—such knowledge is possible—and this brings on
the helplessness; but usually childhood returns; on

a warm beach late at night, the walker stands stained
with the tears of a young girl; trembling, rain-stained,

he stumbles back up the road to a campfire, in front of which
two old people sit, toward which

he does not want to go. His heart is all summer,
and he wants it to keep on staying summer

so that his mouth shapes again another adjective.
When we wake him sometimes he clings to this adjective

and will not see the orange juice, or the sweatered family
kneeling near him. Perhaps he is one who has no family.

The danger is that he will fall downstairs, or lapse
in his mind into something which becomes, through the lapse

of consciousness, his reality. This is the real danger
of a sleepwalker, although there is one other danger—

that in going wherever he goes he improves the arrangement
so that he will prefer always to be walking in the arrangement

free of the stairs he walks daily, which lead nowhere,
or the smooth surfaces of other peoples' lives, which lead nowhere,

but this must be risked. You must let him go his way
for the first few weeks, in case he discovers along the way

something better than we have. This is why perhaps in the past
these types were always held in awe; in the past

people looked for messiahs in unusual conduct, the children
of sleepwalkers watched carefully for years, until these children

themselves some night go out onto the terrace and walk
themselves dead against a tree. Who is to say if such a walk

is not as valid as sleeping all night tormented by guilt,
or living the day through aware of this guilt?

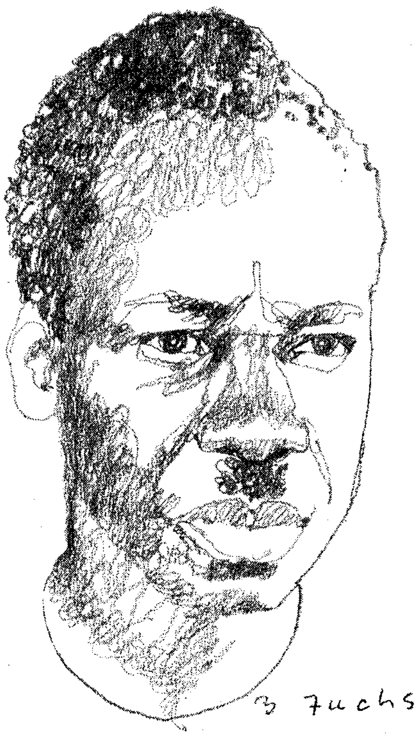
—GREG KUZMA

PROFILES

PRESIDENT

I—WE CAN'T GO TO THE MOON!

Julius Kambarage Nyerere, the President of the United Republic of Tanzania, is forever reminding his countrymen that they cannot go to the moon. "Our tools are as old as Muhammad; we live in houses from the time of Moses!" he may cry, as he once did to a group of Chagga tribesmen, who grow coffee on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro. "The Americans are going to the moon! The Russians are going to the moon! *We* can't go to the moon!" Or he may lament gently, "While the Americans and the Russians are going to the moon, we Africans are dancing," or shout angrily, "Our friends are using their brains while ours sleep and grow fungus! They are sending rockets into outer space while we are eating wild roots!" One might suppose that the thirteen million citizens of the United Republic of Tanzania scarcely need to be reminded of these facts, but Nyerere, who is known to his countrymen as Mwalimu, or Teacher, harps on them relentlessly nonetheless. "I should have been a preacher in a pulpit instead of the president of a republic," he once remarked to a friend, and, indeed, his talks upcountry, where he travels as much as half the time, are less like political speeches than like stern adjurations, or even haranguing sermons. Nyerere never seems to tell his listeners exactly what they want to hear. "Look!" he once shouted, in staccato Swahili, to the peasant farmers of a new tobacco settlement. "In the United States, farmers get twenty-four hundred pounds of tobacco to the acre, and here you get six hundred! But over in Urambo, not many miles from here, they are already getting fifteen hundred pounds to the acre! This is something we can do! It's not like going to the moon. We can't go to the moon! But *this we can do!*"



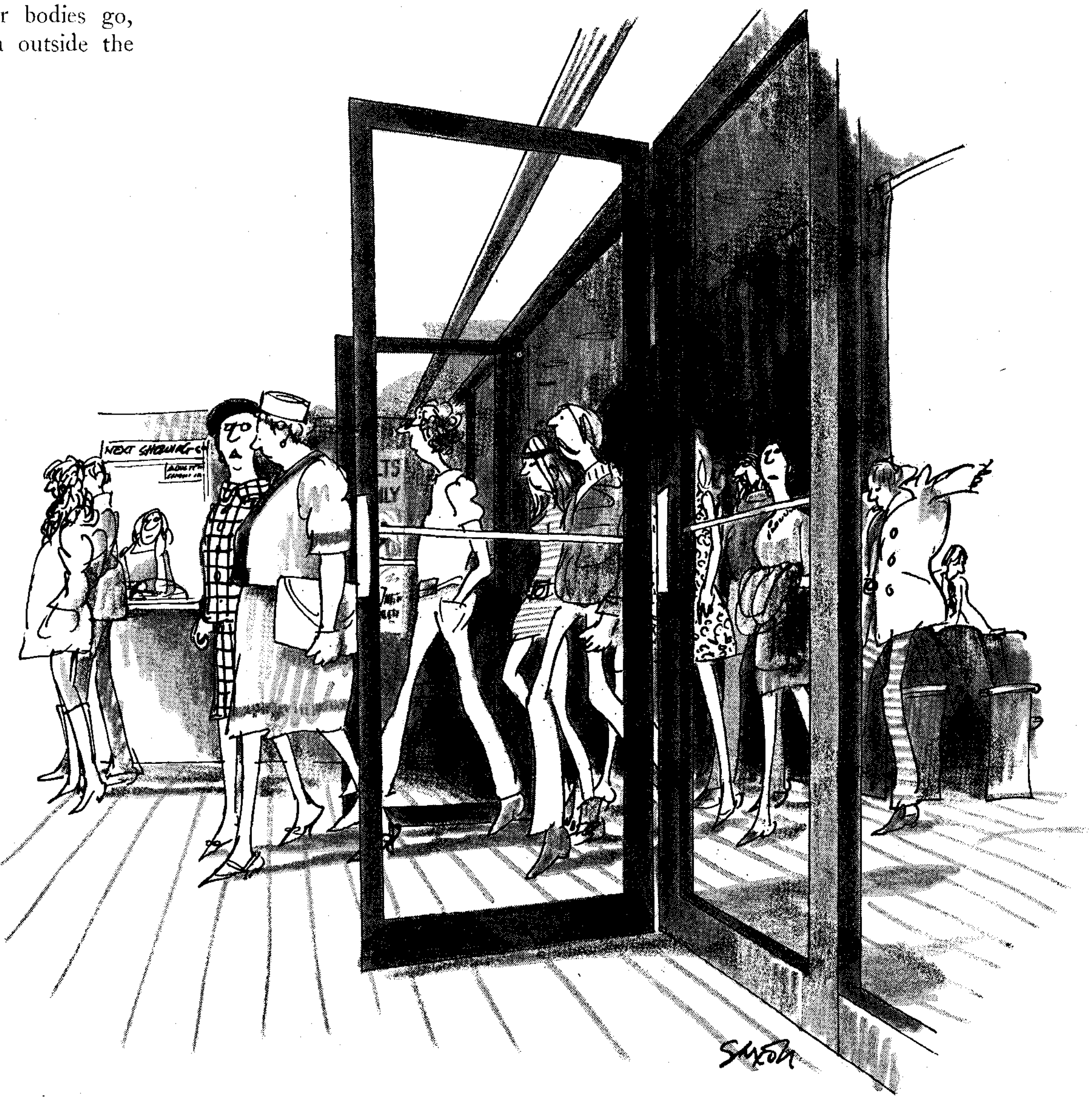
Nyerere was preoccupied with such comparisons long before 1961, when his country, which was once a German colony and later a British trusteeship territory, became the independent nation of Tanganyika. (Tanzania was not formed until 1964.) "The problem of independence was overwhelming," he told a foreign visitor one day three years later, a short time after an Army mutiny had nearly destroyed his government. "You do not just say 'independence.' It must mean many things. And it is not good if the people become overinterested. The problem becomes *formidable* if they see it too quickly. Do you see? It's 1964 for everybody in the world, *including* the Masai"—the tall, lean spear-carrying warriors of the East African plains. "And the pressure for all to live in 1964, including the Masai, is fantastic. People tell me, 'The Masai are completely happy.' I tell them, 'It's not a question of whether they are happy. That's a philosophical question. I'm not trying to make them *happy!*' But there is a difference between clean water and dirty water. My problem is to get a woman clean water. My problem is to get her a healthy child. Happy! I'm not involving myself in that." He gave an ironic shudder. "I don't know if my own family is any happier than the Masai. The question is: What kind of water are the Masai drinking in 1964?" He was sitting on the veranda of State House in Dar es Salaam, looking down across a yellow-green lawn toward the glistening turquoise Indian Ocean. A slight, wiry man with a high forehead and a toothbrush mustache, Nyerere looked in those years far more like an earnest graduate student than like a *baba wa taifa*—father of a nation. He wore khaki slacks, a bright sports shirt, and leather sandals. "In the twelfth century, this problem perhaps would not have been formidable," he continued. "But today the standard of living in the United States of America is part of Tanganyika. Sometimes I wish I could put Tanganyika on another planet. Then we could give it a hundred years to catch up. But we can't do that, we can't isolate ourselves. The Masai *know* that these things are possible—milk for children, clean water, good houses. These things are desirable—necessary. But the Masai don't easily accept the discipline required. Clean water requires piping. That pond must be drained. Work! And it requires knowledge—technical know-how. Germany was virtually razed and so was Japan, but they had the attitudes and the skills necessary for reconstruction. So I have to build these attitudes. But I can't wait to train Masai doctors and veterinarians, so I have to borrow the skills. But borrowing is difficult, because certain attitudes of resistance have been created. That same fellow who wants clean water piped to his village would say, 'Hey! Why are you getting an Englishman to do it?' And if I tell him, 'Because there isn't a Masai engineer,' he will ask, 'Why not?' " At this, Nyerere burst out laughing, apparently as much at the stubbornness of the Masai as at the ridiculousness of the situation. "You see?"

Gradually, in the role he has chosen as the national teacher, Nyerere has managed to influence the views of not only the stubborn peasant but also the ambitious student. One day in October, 1966, for example, a group of four hundred Tanzanian students, most of them from the Dar es Salaam University College, marched to State House to protest a new law requiring that they serve in the National Service, a new system under which young Tanzanians were to devote two years to various "nation-building activities." During this period, university graduates were to be paid only forty per cent of what they would earn in civilian life. The students were especially angry at the country's Second Vice-President, Rashidi Kawawa, the minister in charge of the National Service program, and carried signs bearing such messages as "TO HELL WITH KAWAWA AND HIS

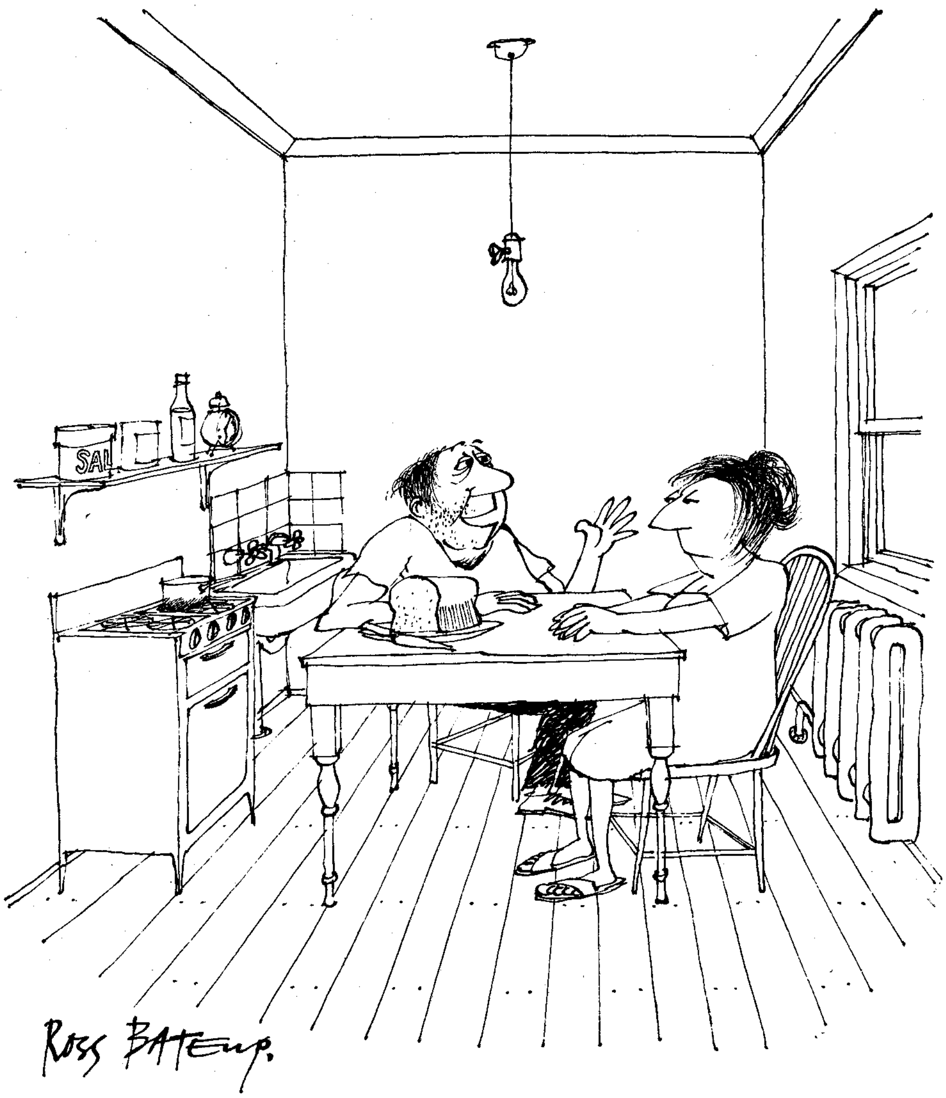
SCHEME" and "LIFE DURING COLONIAL TIMES WAS BETTER." At the steps of State House, they were met by Nyerere, Kawawa, and most members of the Cabinet, and a spokesman for the students delivered what he described as an "ultimatum." The government, he declared, was trying to throw the burden of financing the National Service "on the shoulders of young and helpless students." He continued, "Either we be paid our full rights of earning or else all those in the high-income brackets should also be in that category which could be interpreted as a form of sacrifice rather than a form of exploitation." In other words, if university graduates were expected to spend two years in the National Service at forty per cent of their civilian pay, government officials should make sacrifices, too. "Therefore, Your Excellency, unless the terms of reference and the attitude of our leaders toward students change, we shall not accept National Service in spirit," the spokesman said. "Let our bodies go, but our souls will remain outside the scheme." There was wild applause, and then the speaker said, "And the battle between the political élite and the educated élite will perpetually continue. Thank you."

Nyerere began to speak in a calm, almost perfunctory manner. "I did— I have understood your protest," he said. "It is not really addressed to the Second Vice-President, it is addressed to government. We have got your message. I understand it. I want to see if I can explain a little, I want to be absolutely clear that what we have said to your leaders has got to you. This matter did not start yesterday. It is the intention of the government that National Service should not merely be for ex-primary-school graduates, or for unemployeds; it is *national* service. It should include secondary-school graduates, and university graduates, and all others. We asked, 'At what point in the life of a youth, at what particular point, do we ask him to enter National Service? Do we take him before he finishes his education, or after?'

"So we decided *no*"—his voice was high and cracking a bit now—"you don't cut his education, you don't interfere with it, you wait until he has completed his education. We made that decision. I think it was an extremely considerate decision on the part of government. Very considerate. Very considerate. But it had some definite implications. If you wait until a student has finished his education, his training as a teacher, then he has certain expectations. If he is trained to be a teacher, his salary will be—what is it? . . . This is his salary, seven hundred and ninety-two pounds. This teacher, he has in mind, 'At the end of my education, I get seven hundred and ninety-two pounds.' This is his expectation. So. If you wait until he completes his training as a teacher, you have allowed him to think, Seven hundred and ninety-two pounds is my right. As your spokesman said, 'my full right.' We made other mistakes. We said, 'Treat them differently. Count as National Service the work they do as teachers or doctors or engineers.' A student has been trained as a teacher—very well, let him go into the classroom. If he is a doctor, let him go to the ward, let him go to Muhimbili Hospital; count that as National Service. Obviously, if we had taken you people and said, 'O.K., don't let them finish their education yet, let them complete their National Service first,' then you would not be talking to us, or to the Vice-President, asking him to resign. You would not be talking about forty per cent. Forty per cent of what? You would have no salaries. I mean, really, the easiest way to get out of this damned forty per cent rubbish is to ask you people to do National Serv-



"You know who I'm going to enjoy watching get older? Jane Fonda."



"Just think! This month alone, we've saved seven hundred and fifty dollars by not living in an eight-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment."

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ice before you go to university. That's all."

Growing calm again, Nyerere went on, "Now, I've accepted your ultimatum. And I can assure you I'm going to force nobody. You are right, your bodies would be there, your spirit wouldn't be there, you are right. I take *nobody* to the National Service whose spirit is not in it. Nobody! Absolutely nobody! Not one!" There was hesitant applause. "It's not a prison, you know. I'm not going to get anybody there who thinks it is a prison camp, no one! But nevertheless it will remain compulsory for everybody who is later going to enter government service. So you make your choice. I'm not going to spend public money to educate anybody who says, 'National Service is prison camp.' No. I won't have this. I have accepted your ultimatum."

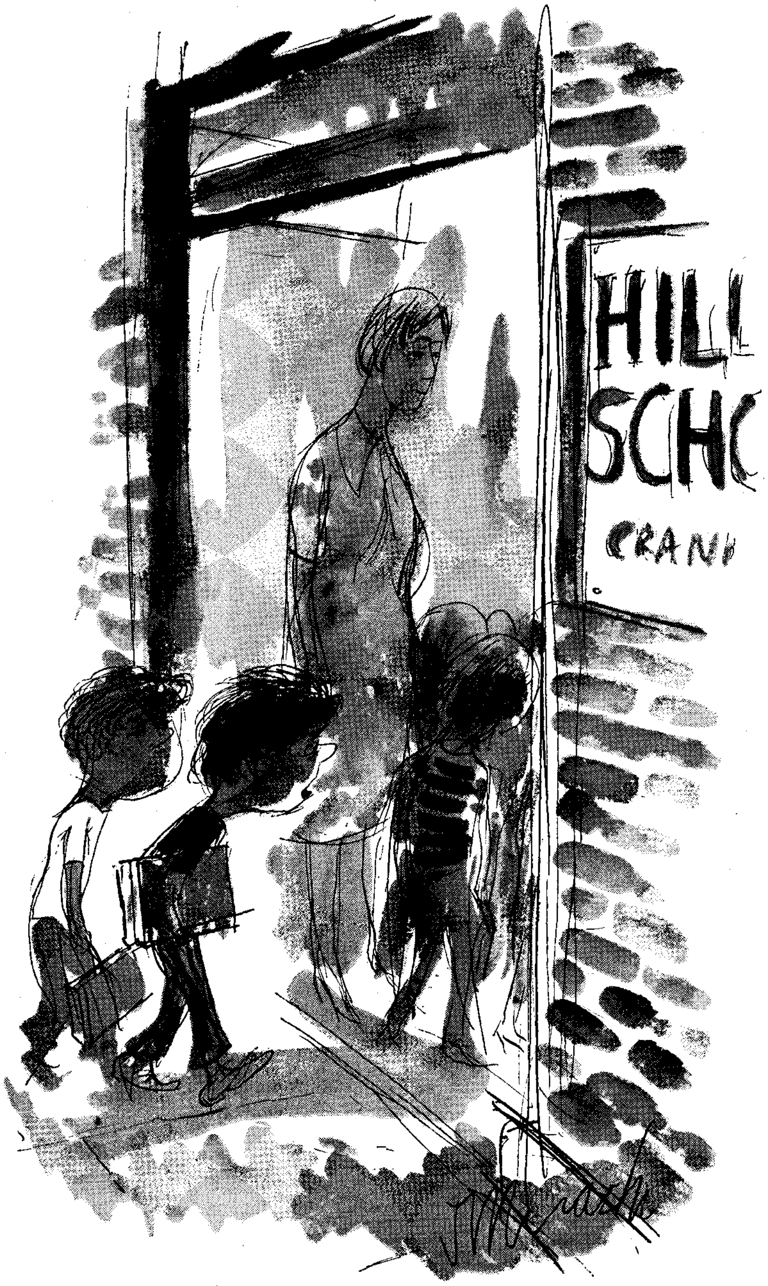
After a long pause, he began again, biting on words and phrases in fury. "You are right when you talk about our salaries. Our salaries are too high. You want me to cut them?" There was fairly strong applause from the students. "Two years? I'm not talking about two years. I'm not building this country for *two years*. I'm willing to slash salaries. Do you want me to start with my salary? Yes! I'll slash mine." Cries of "No!" could be heard. "I'll slash the damned salaries in this country. Mine I slash by twenty per cent, as from this hour. Twenty per cent. I slash my salary. This damned country! The salaries are too high! Too high for Tanzania! My salary! Do you know what my salary is? Five thousand damned shillings a month! Five thousand damned shillings in a poor country! The poor man who gets two hundred shillings a month—do you know how long it's going to take him to earn my damned salary? Twenty-five years! It's going to take the poor man in this country who earns two hundred shillings a month twenty-five years to earn what I earn in a year. The damned salaries! These are the salaries that build this kind of attitude in the educated people, all of them! All of them! Me and you! We belong to a class of exploiters! I belong to your class! Where I think three hundred and eighty pounds a year is a prison camp! Is forced labor! We belong to this damned exploiting class on top. Is this what the country fought for? Is this what we worked for? In order to maintain a class of exploiters on top? I agree with you! We are paying too much! Everybody in this damned country is paid too much—except the poor peasant. I'll slash the salaries! I agree with you! I'm glad you're so concerned about this country! Forced labor? Where do we get this language? The day I can give every worker in Tanzania three hundred and eighty pounds we will have worked a revolution that has not been worked anywhere in Africa. The day that I succeed in giving everybody in this damned country three hundred pounds, we shall have worked a terrific revolution—we could stand, all of us, on top of Kilimanjaro and proclaim the Tanzanian revolution!

"Forced labor! Go, go in the classroom, go and don't teach. This we shall count as National Service for three hundred and eighty pounds a year. You are right, salaries are too high. Everybody in this country is demanding a pound of flesh. Everybody except the poor peasant. How can he demand it? He doesn't know the language. Even in his own language he can't speak of forced labor. *What kind of country are we building?*" He fairly screeched the words. "I have accepted what you said. And I am going to revise salaries permanently. And as for you, I am asking you to go home. I'm asking all of you to go home. Rashidi! You are responsible to see that they go home." There was mild applause, presumably from those students who didn't realize what had happened. He had expelled them, three hundred and ninety-three in all, and sent them home. Six months later, he asked the parents of the expelled students to write letters to their regional commissioners stating that they were satisfied that "the student will be of benefit to the nation if he resumes his studies." Nyerere permitted most of them to return to their studies, saying he felt they had come to believe that Tanzania could only be built "through the religion of Socialism and self-reliance."

IN December, 1962, soon after Nyerere was sworn in as President of Tanganyika, he told a crowd of people in Dar es Salaam, "You have taken me to that big German house, and I have had a good sleep there. I eat well, so I may forget about doing work. But it is your job to come to me and urge me to work with you. Don't complain. Just come and remind me to work." State House in Dar es Salaam is not, strictly speaking, a big German house. The Government House of German colonial times was destroyed in an attack by the British Navy in 1914. State House, a pleasant, rambling two-story structure of whitewashed Moorish walls surrounded by palms, frangipani, and bougainvillaea, was built after the First World War by the British, who had taken over most of German East Africa. It served as the official residence of the British governors from 1922 to 1961, when Tanganyika was a British mandate and later a trusteeship territory. Nyerere had never liked the place, and after he moved in he referred to it privately as his prison. "He never wanted to live there—never," his younger brother Joseph has said. "People would say, 'There's the big Government House, where we've always seen the governor. Now we want to see our own man there.' He would say, 'So what? I don't actually have to live there.' " Nyerere nevertheless endured it as a combined residence and office for three and a half years. It has remained his office and official residence, but since 1966 he has lived elsewhere.

For a seat of power, State House seems surprisingly peaceful. On a typical day there, a Thomson's gazelle and a peacock wander aimlessly on the lawn. A dhow arriving on the monsoon from the Arabian Peninsula can be seen gliding along the horizon toward the narrow mouth of Dar es Salaam Harbor. A servant clad in a white suit and carrying two mangoes walks noiselessly down an open corridor. In Nyerere's office, on the second floor, the same stillness prevails. The telephone rarely interrupts him during appointments; his closest colleagues, including Second Vice-President Kawawa, are more likely to drop by to see him than to telephone. The First Vice-President, Sheikh Abeid Karume, lives on Zanzibar, twenty-four miles out in the Indian Ocean, but sometimes flies over to Dar es Salaam for weekly Cabinet meetings. In the early sixties, Nyerere maintained private telephone lines to the offices of two other East African Presidents—Jomo Kenyatta, of Kenya, and A. Milton Obote, of Uganda (who was overthrown in an Army coup last January)—but these were eliminated a few years ago to save money.

During his mornings at State House, Nyerere reads a stack of reports and memorandums, which he initials "J.K.," his first two initials. Most of his staff members address him as "Mzee" (literally, "old man"), although a few use the term "Mwalimu." Soon after independence, Nyerere declared that he didn't wish to be called "Dr. Nyerere" or "Your Excellency," and he periodically issues directives reminding his countrymen that his official title, to be used only in "very formal references," is "President of the United Republic of Tanzania, Mwalimu Julius K. Nyerere," and that his wife should never be referred to as "Lady Nyerere" or her assistants as "ladies-in-waiting." Nyerere is acutely sensitive to such matters. One of his most famous statements, first published as a memorandum in 1963 and later included in his book "Freedom and Unity," was a blistering letter to his colleagues in government asking their help in "stamping out the disease of pomposity." In the letter he wrote, "The growing tendency to confuse dignity with sheer pomposity . . . must be checked at once if it is not to destroy . . . the dignity of the Republic. . . . Nothing could be more disrespectful to our national anthem than to treat it as a popular song hit . . . to be 'plugged' the moment any member of the government appears on the scene. Yet we sing it on the most unsuit-



"Six more years of this, four years of high school, four more of college, and then a job. How did we ever get into such a mess?"

able and unlikely occasions; and if some unfortunate passerby does not happen to notice us, we take very serious offense and start shouting about 'insults to the Republic!' . . . It is not customary in other countries to play or sing their national anthem without any warning just because some official of the government happens to have . . . landed at an airstrip on a visit to his mother-in-law! . . . It is the same with police escorts. . . . Hitherto, whenever I have questioned the value of all this very undemocratic pomposity, I have been assured that 'the people like it.' But this is highly doubtful. . . . Do they really love being shouted at to get off the road because the President or a minister or a regional commissioner is taking an afternoon drive? We should stop deceiving ourselves. This sort of pomposity has nothing to do with the people, for it is the very reverse of democratic. We must stop it!"

Nyerere's friends believe that his dislike of living in State House was reinforced by the Army mutiny of January, 1964, when he was forced to flee the official residence and go into hiding. In any case, two years later he began building a seafront house at Msasani Bay, a few miles north of Dar es Salaam. For security reasons, the area around the house was cleared of trees, and a barbed-wire fence, a system of floodlights, and a guardhouse were erected; it appeared for a while that as a result of these precautions Nyerere might change his mind and never move in. "We insisted he should have guards at Msasani," Joseph Namata, who served for three years as Nyerere's principal secretary, said later. "The barbed wire and the floodlights—we put those in. Well! He refused the house! He said, 'This is my private house. I'm not afraid. Why don't you leave me at peace in my house?' And at first he refused to occupy it. Finally, he changed his mind—but because his wife persuaded him, not because we in government prevailed upon him. All the furniture in it is his own. I had bought a radio-phonograph set from public funds, as I would do for State House, to entertain our visitors. He refused to take it, so I sent it back to the shop. He wanted this house to be pure."

Nyerere has also tried to protect the sanctity of his family life. His wife, Maria Gabriel, is a shy, handsome woman, who has borne him seven children and has stoically endured his public career. "I know, I know—he doesn't belong to me, he belongs to Tanzania," she has occasionally complained to friends. She rejoiced in the move to Msasani Bay, however, and was soon saying, "We are living a family life again." Her friends regard her as a woman of strong will. In 1952, they recall, Nyerere returned to Tanganyika from three years of study at Edinburgh, and although they had been engaged for almost four years, she delayed their long-planned wedding for a few weeks, until she was certain that he had not changed. They also say that it was she who persuaded her husband to flee from State House on the morning of the mutiny.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The avenue of women and the daisied trees—
And no year longer than from spring to fall—
Of only dawn and dusk, of love or death,
With the mind and the naked arms stretched parallel,

The avenue with crystal magnets paved, with walks
Of mirrored lilies' lengths that draw along
Beside them (as in sorcery or a dream)
Thought's tigers, kind as sorrow in a song,

Had been on Caesar's charts marked "phantom land,"
Where lances fade like flowers without sun
And gardens with enough of sun sprout steel
And sunset colors fill the sky at noon.

Yet there are dropped our victor's spoils each time;
The polestars in the blood or looking glass
Release that prisoner of the flesh-walled skull
For paths where two abreast can never pass,

Are dropped like stolen booty or leaking gold
When the conquering mind, come back for crowns at home,
Can lend no sword sheath's gilding to its face
As beauty can a mind to the mindless brow.

—Marcia Nardi

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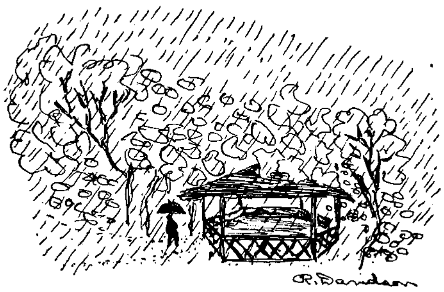
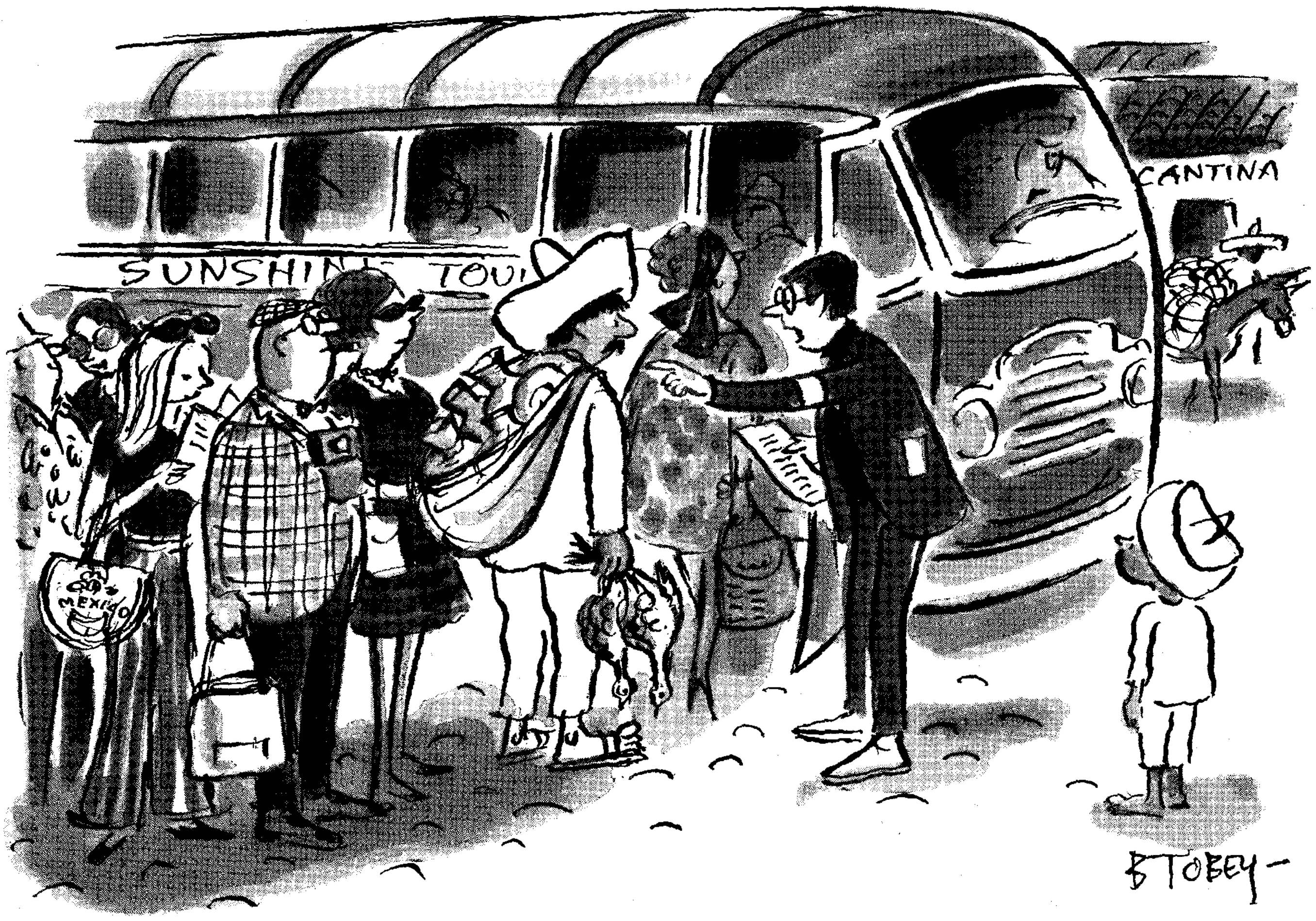
"We Zanaki have two reputations among our neighbors," Nyerere has said of his tribesmen. "One, of being cunning, and the other, which follows the first, of being untrustworthy. People say, 'A Zanaki friend will kill you'—which is not true. I don't know how we got that reputation. But certainly we are very independent-minded. As is usual in such small communities, the people are very conscious of themselves, very proud of themselves." Tanzania's thirteen million people are members of a hundred and twenty-six tribes, and the Zanaki are one of the smallest of these, numbering no more than forty thousand. The Zanaki homeland lies in hill country to the southeast of Lake Victoria and to the west of the Serengeti Plain. It is a starkly beautiful landscape of granite outcroppings, brooding skies, and the magnificent colors of tropical Africa. The Zanaki raise cassavas, millet, corn, cotton, chickens, and here and there a few cattle. The soil is poor and the rainfall irregular, but, in Nyerere's words, "the Zanaki know no famine."



"The Zanaki are much more aggressive than most tribes, and are noted for making mischief," says the Reverend Arthur Wille, an American Maryknoll priest, who in the early nineteen-fifties founded a Roman Catholic mission in Busegwe, near Butiama, the village where Nyerere was born some three decades before. "They love court cases. And there are more killings out there in Zanaki [or Zanakiland, the tribal area] than elsewhere. The police in Musoma"—Musoma is the capital of a region occupied by several tribes, including the Zanaki—"used to have a map, with pins, showing murders, thefts, and other serious crimes. Zanaki was always a cluster of murder pins."

Unlike most African tribes, the Zanaki had no chief until the Europeans came. Instead, they had a *mwami*, or "rich one," whose function was to make rain. Some authorities believe



"No, no, Señor! The Sunshine Tour only!"

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that, in addition to carrying out his duties as rainmaker, the *mwami* performed certain secular functions—that in time of war, for instance, he would order the warriors to the defense of the tribe, and in victory he would collect a share of the spoils. By tradition, anyone who had killed a man could find sanctuary, pending judicial proceedings, if he fled to the rainmaker's village. But the *mwami's* executive powers were not extensive. "There was no chief," Father Wille has said. "The government was in the hands of the warrior class, the *erikura*. This group ran the tribe. Within it were the *abagambi*—literally, 'those who speak.' When an important decision was to be made, there would be a meeting of the *erikura*. Various speakers would present their opinions. These people had a special status, but they had no power other than the ability to persuade. After his advocacy, an *omugambi* would revert to being an ordinary member of the *erikura*."

All this changed when the Germans arrived and colonized the region in the late nineteenth century, establishing the colony they called German East Africa. In the Zanaki region, the Germans wanted chiefs to run the tribe and control its members, and instead of appointing one chief over all the Zanaki they named eight chiefs to conduct the affairs of the various Zanaki villages. "The natural candidate was the *omugambi*—the local speaker," Father Wille once told a friend. In Nyerere's village of Butiama, the Germans picked a man named Buhoro, but he was quickly succeeded by a cousin, Nyerere Burito, who later became Julius Nyerere's father. The name "Nyerere," which means "caterpillar" in Kizanaki, the tribal language, commemorates the fact that a plague of caterpillars attacked the Zanaki countryside in 1860, the year Nyerere Burito was born. (The name is pronounced "Nyuh-*reh-reh*" by the Zanaki and most other Tanzanians, and "Nyuh-*reh*-ree" by most foreigners in Tanzania today.)

Today, the Zanaki continue to observe many of their traditional customs, one of which is the bride price. The price of a Zanaki bride averages about twenty cows, but it varies by village and by circumstances. "In some places, it's as high as forty cows," Father Wille has said. "And if you're talking about an old man who already has a lot of wives, then you're going to be up in the high forties." It is not uncommon for a man to pay a bride price for a five- or six-year-old girl, perhaps making a deposit of five cows at that time. When she is nine or ten, the child may move to her husband's village, and at fifteen or sixteen she will be formally married to him. "Polygamy is the ideal of the Zanaki man," a longtime resident of Musoma has said. "He looks forward to it, whether he can afford it or not." Julius Nyerere's eldest half brother, Chief Edward Wanzagi, has eleven wives. "Julius used to kid him about his wives," a friend of the family has recalled. "Edward would say, 'But I need them for work.' Julius would say, 'Buy a tractor.' But Edward treats them with a great deal of affection."

Chief Nyerere Burito died in 1942, at the age of eighty-two, and was succeeded by Edward Wanzagi, his eldest son. "If my father had followed tradition, a nephew would have succeeded him," Julius Nyerere has said. "It would have been a sister's son, if he had had one. Since he didn't, another nephew—sons of his maternal cousins, these we call nephews—might have succeeded him. But he decided not to be traditional in this matter of succession. He was practically retired before his death, and he appointed my brother Edward to represent him everywhere. He also tried to leave some of his property to his sons, but the tribe rejected this."

In the late nineteen-forties, the British decided to reunite the Zanaki under a single chief. "For years, a number of educated people in the tribe had advocated amalgamation of the Zanaki, for we still had eight so-called chiefs," Nyerere has explained. "Ridiculous! Even though there are not more than forty thousand Zanaki now, there were probably fewer then. If we had one chief, I argued, it would be better for the tribe. But the problem was the person. The obvious choice was my brother Edward, but they didn't like him. Well, I couldn't press my brother. They asked me, 'Why don't you become chief yourself?' I said, 'No, no, I can't be chief.' " But in the early nineteen-fifties, at a time when Julius Nyerere was studying abroad, the Zanaki held a tribal convention, and the amalgamation took place. "And I think they did the right thing," Nyerere continued. "They picked an innocuous chief—Ihunyo, who was believed to be the rainmaker. This was his one qualification, but it was accepted by all the Zanaki. So, good. And they named assistants—my brother to be his administrative assistant and another young man to be his judicial assistant. Well, the chief's work was actually done by my brother. My brother was no nationalist, but he was pushing progress. The chief was useless. I mean—a rainmaker!"

Ihunyo, moreover, was suspected of taking bribes, and so in 1952 the local British authorities decided to get rid of him and make Edward Wanzagi the chief. The British district commissioner and his assistant called a meeting in a field near Busegwe, Ihunyo's village. "They were warned that there might be trouble, and so they took a few police with them," Father Wille has recalled. "And, sure enough, a crowd of Ihunyo supporters gathered, most of them carrying walking sticks. There was also a smaller group from Butiama and Buhemba, who were supporting Wanzagi. The commissioner could see that it was a hostile group—people were waving their sticks—and he told Ihunyo to say, 'I won't start the meeting until you all put your sticks in front of the table.' Instead, Ihunyo said, in Kizanaki, which the commissioner didn't understand, 'Let's go!' And his men attacked. The police shot over their heads, but that didn't stop them. The commissioner and his party managed to get to their cars. Wanzagi was badly beaten. From Musoma, the commissioner wired a police mobile unit at Mwanza, and the assistant district commissioner and Wanzagi spent the night helping the police round up the Busegwe leaders. About a hundred were later convicted, and Ihunyo himself died in jail. It's amazing how many chiefs died in jail. They just couldn't stand the confinement."

The Busegwe incident occurred in October, 1952, two days before Julius Nyerere returned to Zanaki from the University of Edinburgh, where he had earned a Master of Arts degree,

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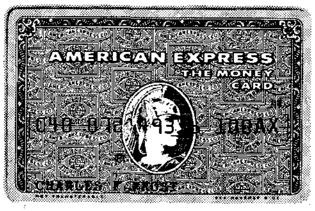

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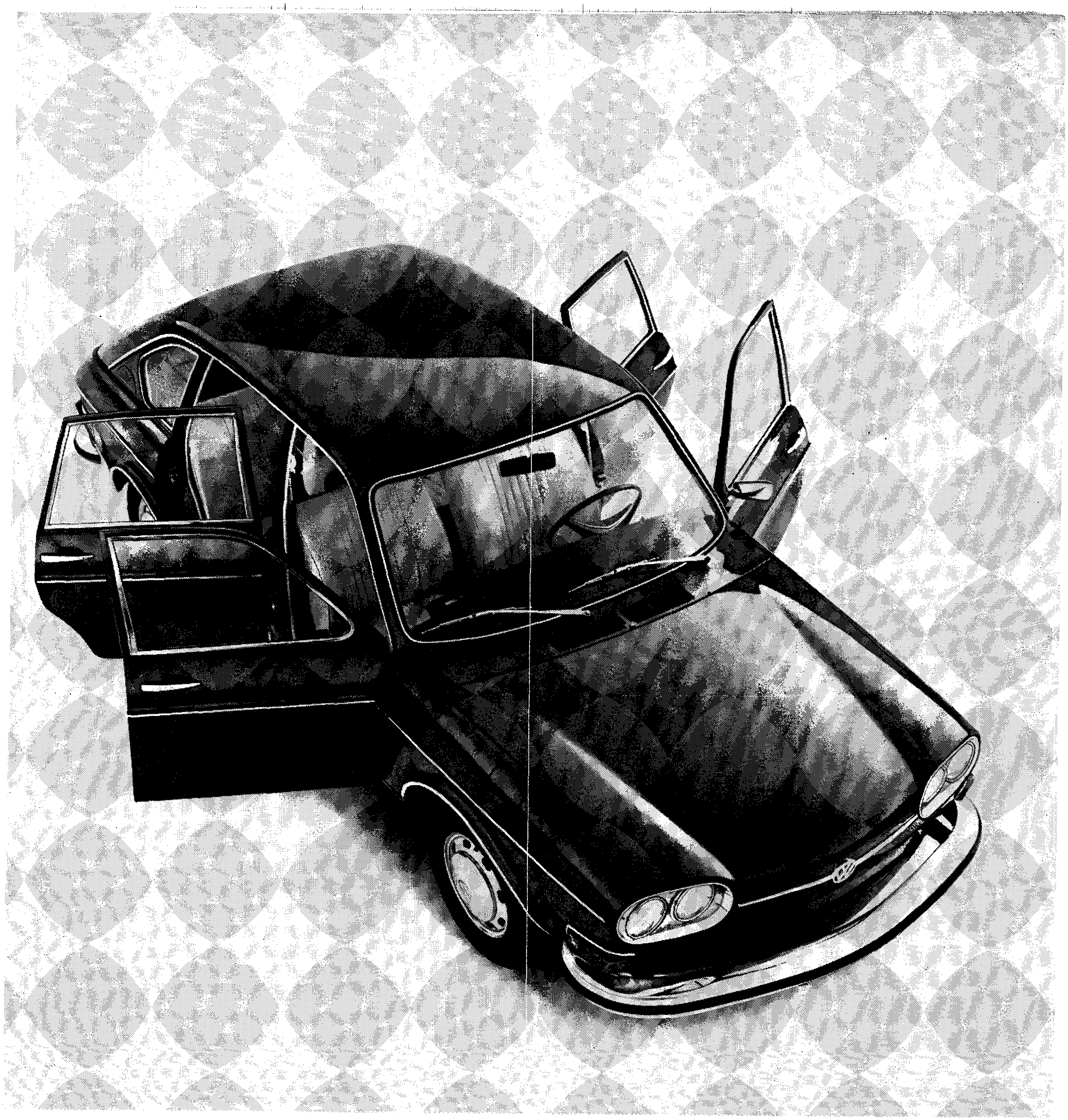
thereby becoming the first Tanganyikan to receive a graduate degree overseas. He had reached Dar es Salaam a week or so earlier, had lingered there, and then had taken the train to Mwanza—a thirty-six-hour ride. The riot took place while he was waiting at Mwanza to catch a lake steamer to Musoma. "It was a completely tribal incident," Nyerere has recalled. "It happened on a Friday, and I arrived on a Sunday. My brothers and our friends were all bandaged when they came to meet me at the boat. And so the chief was deposed. Before this, I had said we must have an elected chief—we couldn't have this rainmaker rubbish. Now I took part in my first election campaign, and we got our first elected chief—our first and last."

The chief the Zanaki elected in 1952 was Edward Wanzagi, and he held the post for almost a decade—until a few months after Tanganyika gained its independence, when all the tribal chiefs were relieved of their political powers. They were allowed to retain their titles, however, and some were given local jobs. Chief Edward became a regional official in Zanaki, and has since continued to perform many of his old chores—collecting taxes, carrying out development projects, and pressing the stubborn Zanaki to work for progress. For generations before his time, the Zanaki had been hunters and warriors, armed with bows and arrows, the arrow points needle-sharp and dipped in a black syrupy poison made from bark. Now that the larger plains animals the Zanaki traditionally hunted for food—the impala, the zebra, the wildebeest—are disappearing from the region, Chief Edward has been urging his tribesmen, who have always raised cassavas, millet, and corn for their own use, to grow cash crops, such as sisal and peanuts, as well. "Edward is a hard driver," a friend has observed. "He will say, 'Everyone is eating but no one is working, so eventually we will all starve.' Sometimes he despairs and says, 'I can't do anything.' But he keeps at it just the same. He may schedule a meeting at nine and nobody will show up except him." Despite his hard work in Zanaki, Chief Edward has had little success in winning over the people of Busegwe, the home of Marwa, the present rainmaker, a son of Ihunyo. There the villagers still say, "Wanzagi is not our chief. Marwa is."

BECAUSE it was raining so hard on the day of his birth, in March, 1922, Nyerere was named Kambarage,



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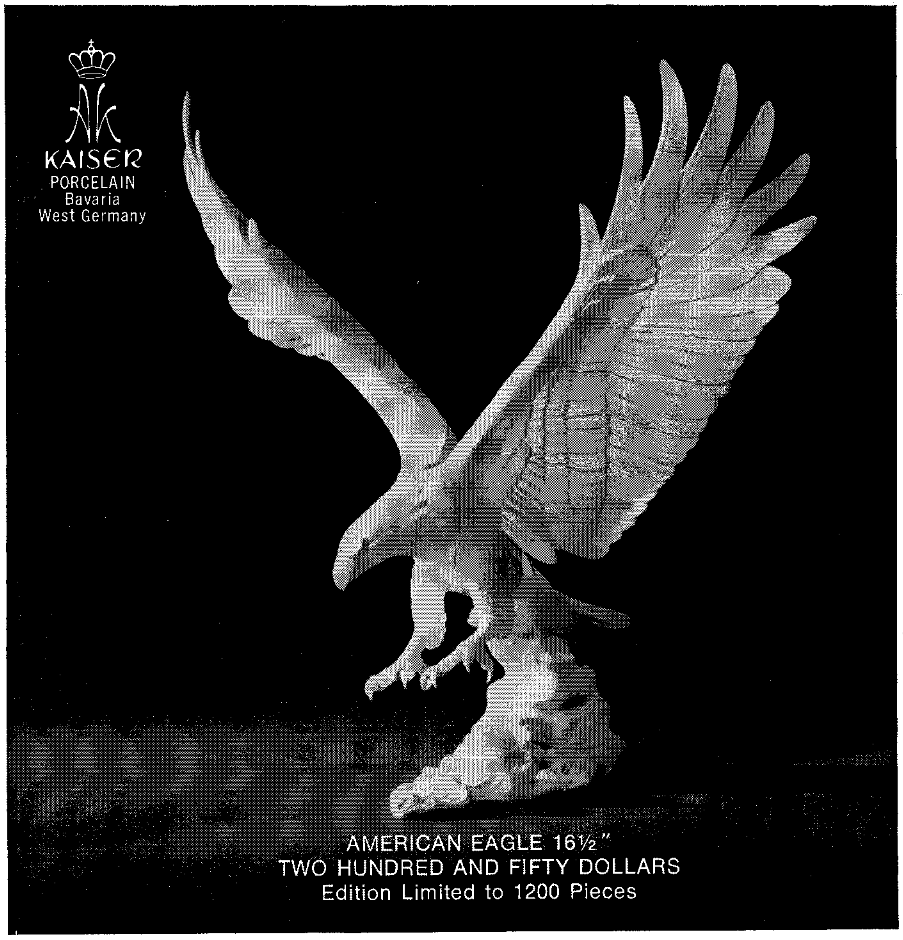

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after an ancestral spirit who lived in the rain. The name Julius he took at the age of twenty, when he was baptized a Catholic. When he was already sixty-one years old, Nyerere Burito had taken a fifth wife, Mugaya, who was fifteen. Julius was the second of four sons and four daughters she bore him, of whom six survived. By the time Chief Nyerere died, he had taken twenty-two wives—most of them toward the end of his life—and he left twenty-six sons and daughters. "There were many more, but many died," Nyerere's brother Joseph has said.

The cluster of huts where Julius Nyerere spent his childhood lies in ruins today, returned to nature. A cement marker, surrounded by tall grass, bears the words, in Kizanaki, "Deceased Chief Nyerere Burito, ruled from 1912, died 1942, aged eighty-two." In the judgment of his sons and their friends, the Chief was the most important influence in the shaping of Julius Nyerere's character. "His father was very slow to act, very careful before acting," Julius's childhood friend Oswald Marwa (not the rainmaker) once said. "We thought this was the foundation of Nyerere." And Chief Edward Wanzagi has said of his father, "He always insisted on giving people their rights." The eight Zanaki chiefs used to take turns presiding over the tribal court. "If they knew my father was presiding, there would be a long queue, because they knew that from him they would get justice. People would avoid going to court when another chief was presiding," Edward said. Nyerere himself is fond of recalling occasional confrontations between his father and the Christian missionaries. "To the extent that I have some humanity, I took it from my father," he once said. "He would talk to the missionaries about never seeking revenge. He was a chief under the Germans, and when the British soldiers came down to Musoma from Kenya his enemies tried to overthrow him. One man brought the soldiers to my father's house, and they beat him almost to death. Years later, somebody slipped into my father's tent late at night for asylum, and it was that man—the one who had brought the soldiers. The man had committed a crime, and the British were after *him* now. And the district commissioner was only a few yards away! But the old man fed him and hid him and next morning took him out several miles from the camp and said '*Kwaheri*'—'Goodbye.' To the extent that a man can be an upright human being, he was one." Jubilantly, he added,

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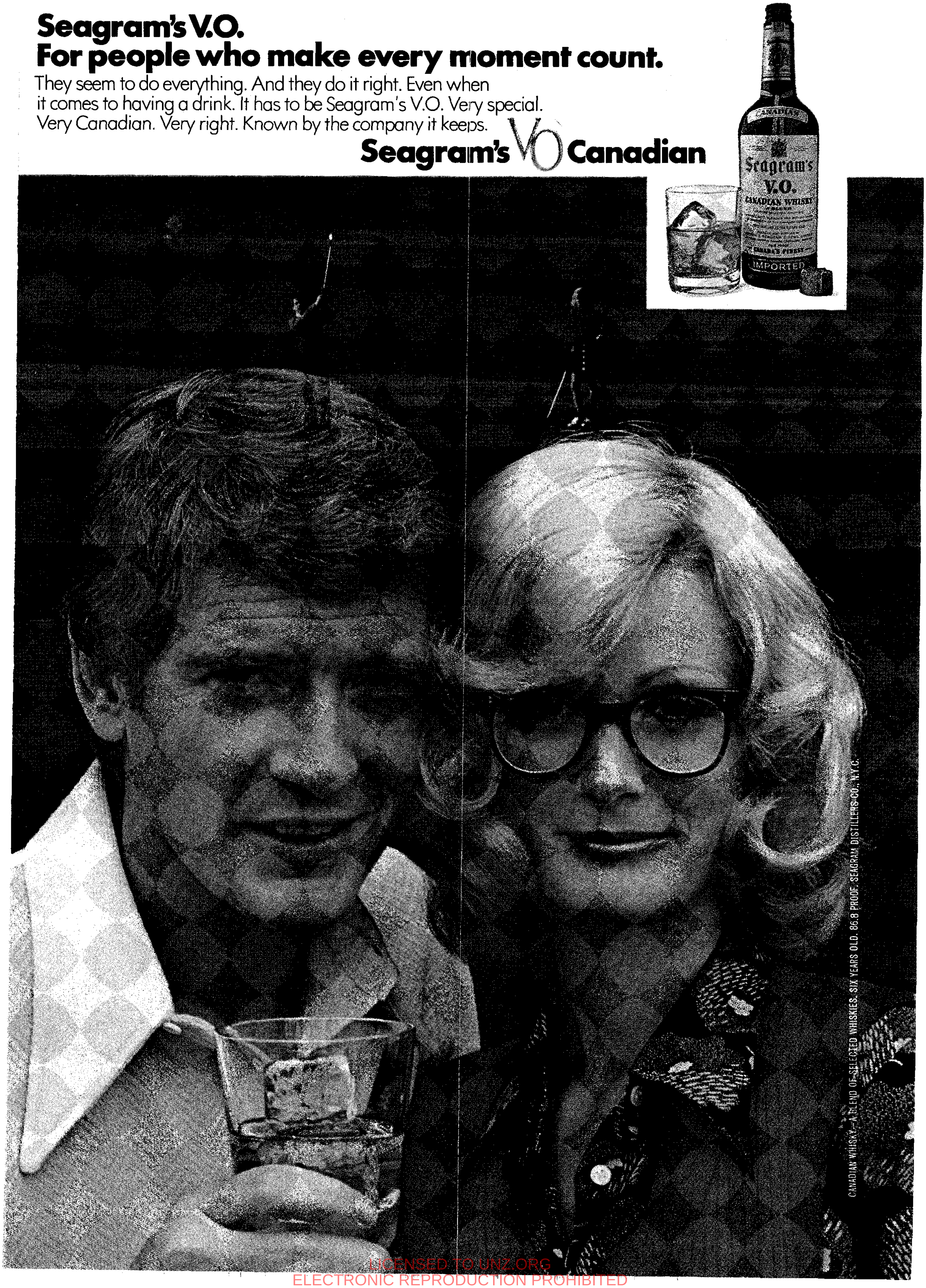
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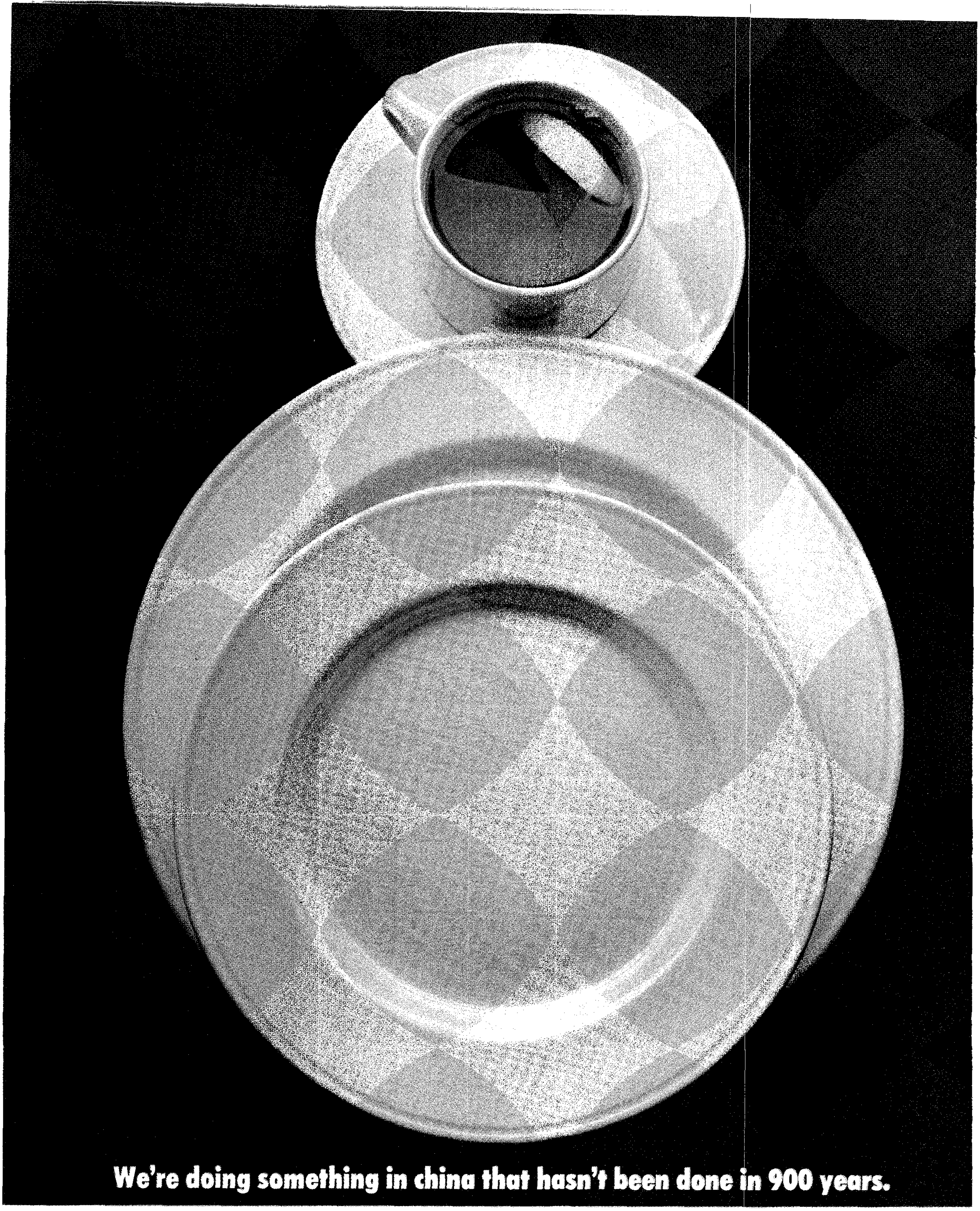
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It is sometimes said by family friends that Mugaya, Julius's mother, was his father's favorite wife, but Nyerere is careful to correct this. "She was not far from that," he has said. "But no, it is not true. She was *one* of the more liked ones. Another, who died recently, was clearly the favorite, and perhaps my mother came next. The women all knew this, and accepted it. The position of the eldest is accepted, the position of the favorite one is accepted. Oh, there is friction, of course. It is difficult to explain to someone from a monogamous society, who thinks of women's jealousy as a natural thing. But in a tribal society the women accept their position. In my own tribe, jealousy is something to be ashamed of. It's one of the biggest insults to say that a wife is jealous, that she doesn't want her husband to have a big family and many children. It's like saying she dominates him. It's a terrible thing."

Although Nyerere's father was a chief, his pay was only sixty shillings a month and his family lived meagrely. One of Nyerere's sharpest memories is of his mother's endless attempts to repair the roof of the mud hut in which he grew up, which leaked on rainy nights; in later years, the cry for houses with good roofs became one of his political refrains. Nyerere's childhood was thoroughly tribal. Until he was twelve, he rarely saw either a "European" or an "Asian"—the East African terms for whites and Indians. As a boy, Nyerere often went on hunting trips with his elders. "Under the British, hunting was regarded as poaching," Nyerere has said. "Well, we didn't like this, of course, so we hunted anyway. Once, I remember, I went out with the elders to part of what is now the Serengeti National Park. A boy of my own age and I and one or two others were left in the camp to look after the meat. And one afternoon I saw a car coming toward us. I thought, It must be the game warden! We are finished! And we rushed out of camp. But it was only a gold miner, who was also poaching. And I remember another time, when I must have been about eleven. A tribal boy of eleven is much more grown up than an urban boy of the same age. But, still, he is only eleven. Well, another boy and I had gone off into the bush alone and then we started back toward camp. Tribal youths are very good at finding their way—much better than Boy Scouts. Suddenly we heard a voice calling my name—'Kambarage! Kam-

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barage!' I remember it vividly! As I opened my mouth to answer, this boy put his hand over it and said, 'Don't answer. Your father is a chief. You don't know if this man is calling you to kill you. Let's go quietly until we find out if he is a friend or enemy.' So we crept along until we recognized the man who was calling—a friend of my father. Imagine—a boy of eleven."

In 1934, when Nyerere was twelve, he was sent to Mwisenge School, in Musoma, twenty-six miles from his home. "It was really my brother Edward who was responsible for my going to school," Nyerere has said. "Earlier, Ihunyo himself had also said I should go. There is a Bantu game—*bao*. It's a clever game—the best tribal game, I think. Well, Ihunyo was very clever at it. My father was good at it, but not good enough for Ihunyo. One reason my father and my mother got on so well was that she was the only one of the wives who played *bao*. And I was very good, too. Well, one time when Ihunyo visited our house I played him. I don't think I defeated him, but it was clear to him that I had some brains, and he told my father, 'This boy is very clever. He should be sent to school.' But my father had sent his first two sons already, and didn't see much point in sending any more, especially since picking and choosing among them would present a problem. Well, Edward had married the daughter of a neighboring chief, and this girl got to know me very well. I was small, and my sister-in-law liked me. So when Edward came home from Ikoma, where he had been working for another chief, he also got to know me well—better than he knew the other younger brothers. Eventually, he adopted his wife's sister's son, who was my age. This boy, Wambura Wanzagi, had already learned to read and write, and he tried to teach me, but it was no good—he spoke Swahili, and I didn't. One day, the district commissioner came and met Wambura. Wambura was very clever, and was not afraid of Europeans. So the commissioner ordered my brother to send Wambura to school. And my brother went to my father and said, 'I suggest that you send Kambarage, too.' So I was really chosen to accompany this boy. I was delighted. And right away, the next day, we left."

At Mwisenge, which was a Native Authority boarding school, Nyerere began the study of Swahili immediately, and English three years later, when he was fifteen. In 1936, he scored first in

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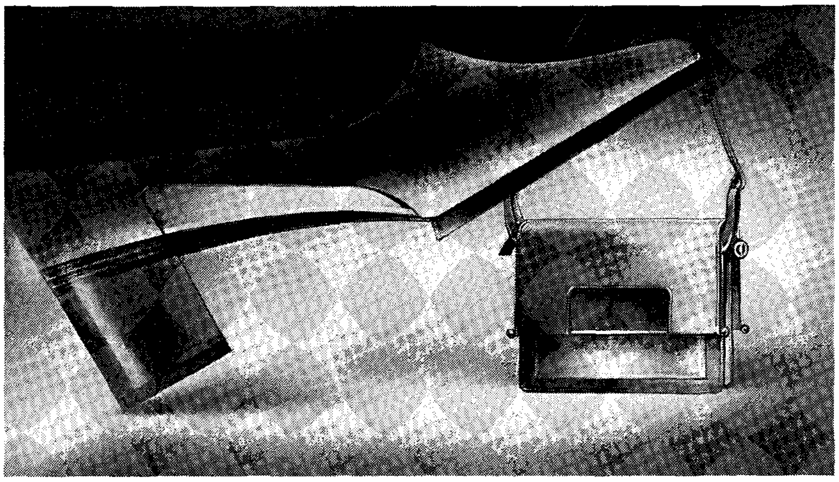
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the Tanganyika territorial examinations and advanced to the government school in the town of Tabora, on Tanganyika's Central Plateau. "The British were trying to build a public school, which, of course, is anything but public," Nyerere once explained. "Originally, Tabora was built for the sons of chiefs; it was as close to Eton as it could have been in Africa, with fagging, sportsmanship, fair play—all that. If you went through it for six years and succeeded, that was really something."

Nyerere's introduction to Catholic training began at Musoma and continued at Tabora. "It was an accident," Nyerere has said of his religious training. "I was a completely tribal boy. But at Musoma religious instruction was given on Tuesdays and Thursdays to those boys who wanted it. It was a good practice, and we still have it. Well, I was the friend of a neighboring chief's son, who said, 'Why don't you come with me to my class?' So I went. But I used to protest to him about this peculiar teaching. I told him I couldn't believe in this bearded man the Catholics worshipped, and I felt we should worship only the gods we knew. I wasn't baptized until several years later. It's silly that you have to take a name other than a tribal name when you are baptized," he has said. "Later, I found out that the name 'Julius' didn't stand for a very good saint. Well, I mean, all saints are good, of course, but it didn't stand for a particularly well-known saint."

Nyerere's schoolmates at Tabora remember him as a thin, wiry boy, small for his age, who was ambitious and competitive. "If he didn't finish first, he could be very unhappy," a classmate has said. Nyerere thinks of himself as having been a rebel during his six years at Tabora. Certainly he was a reformer. He was deeply offended by the special privileges accorded the prefects, the boys who were chosen to serve as monitors. "One of my biggest humiliations was trying to defend a boy in my house," he said years later. "A prefect, I felt, had mistreated the boy by tying his hands. I took exception to this. I went to the headmaster; I said this was not justified. So the headmaster asked me to call the prefect and the boy in. The prefect explained and the boy explained, and the headmaster took the side of the prefect—the side of the system. A prefect could do no wrong. The boy was to get four strokes with the cane, and I was to do the caning. I did cane him, but I wasn't too enthusiastic about it. I had already

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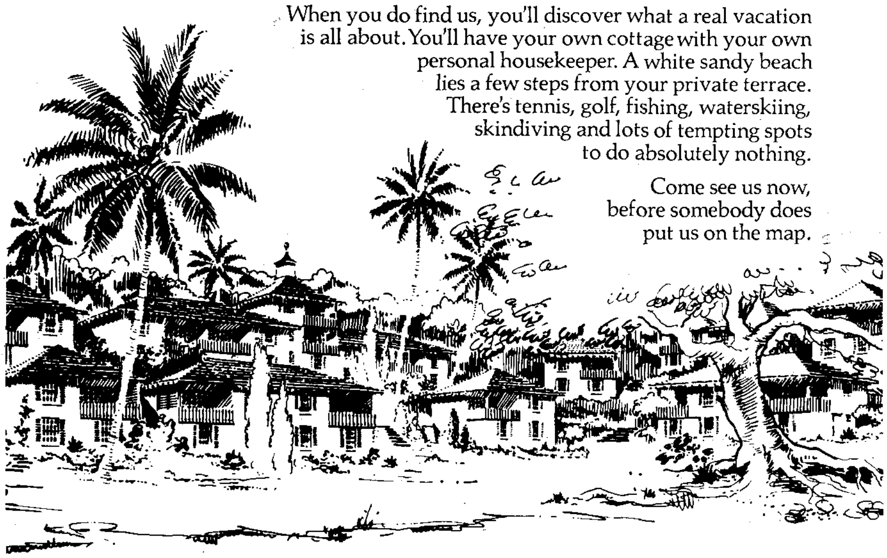

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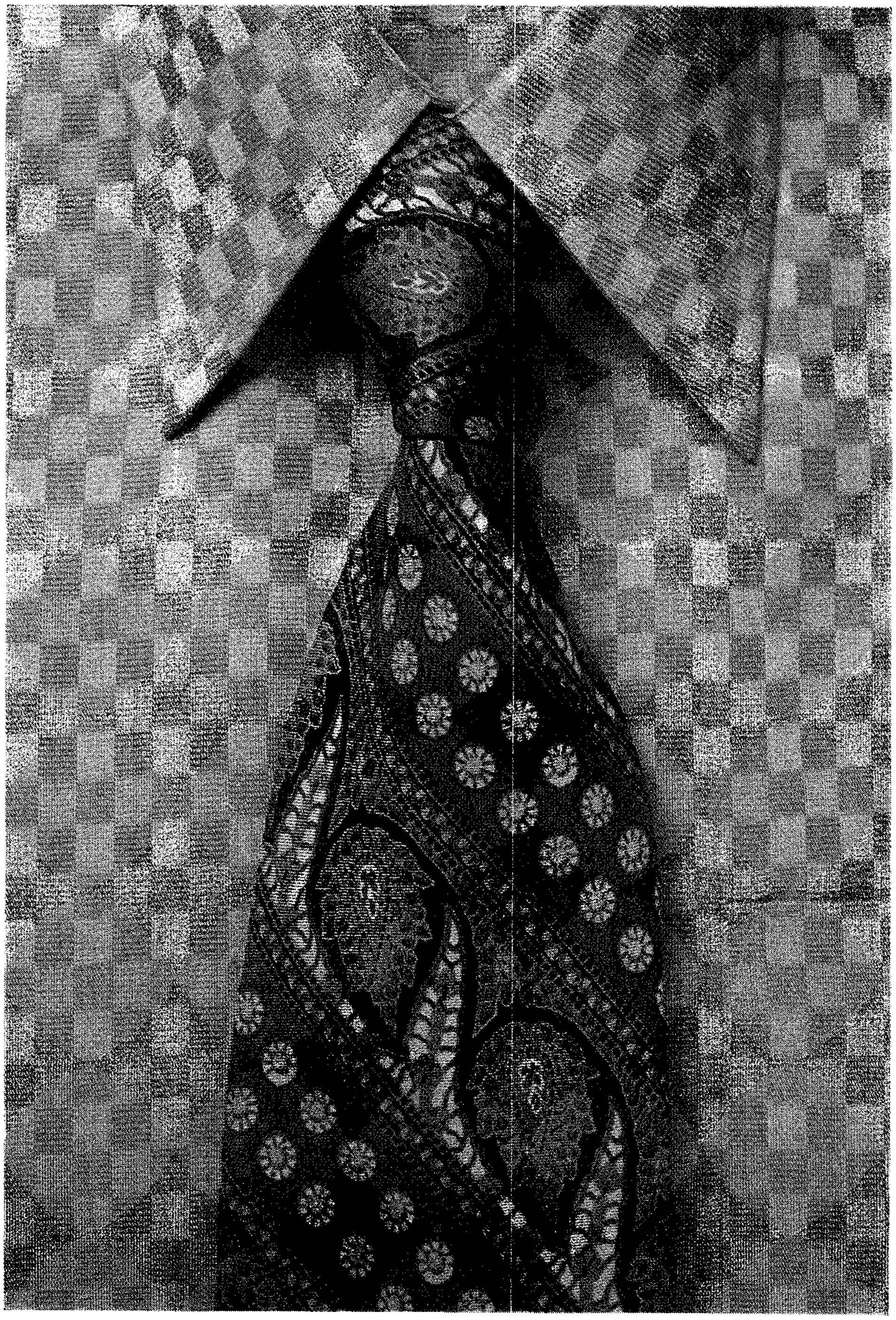

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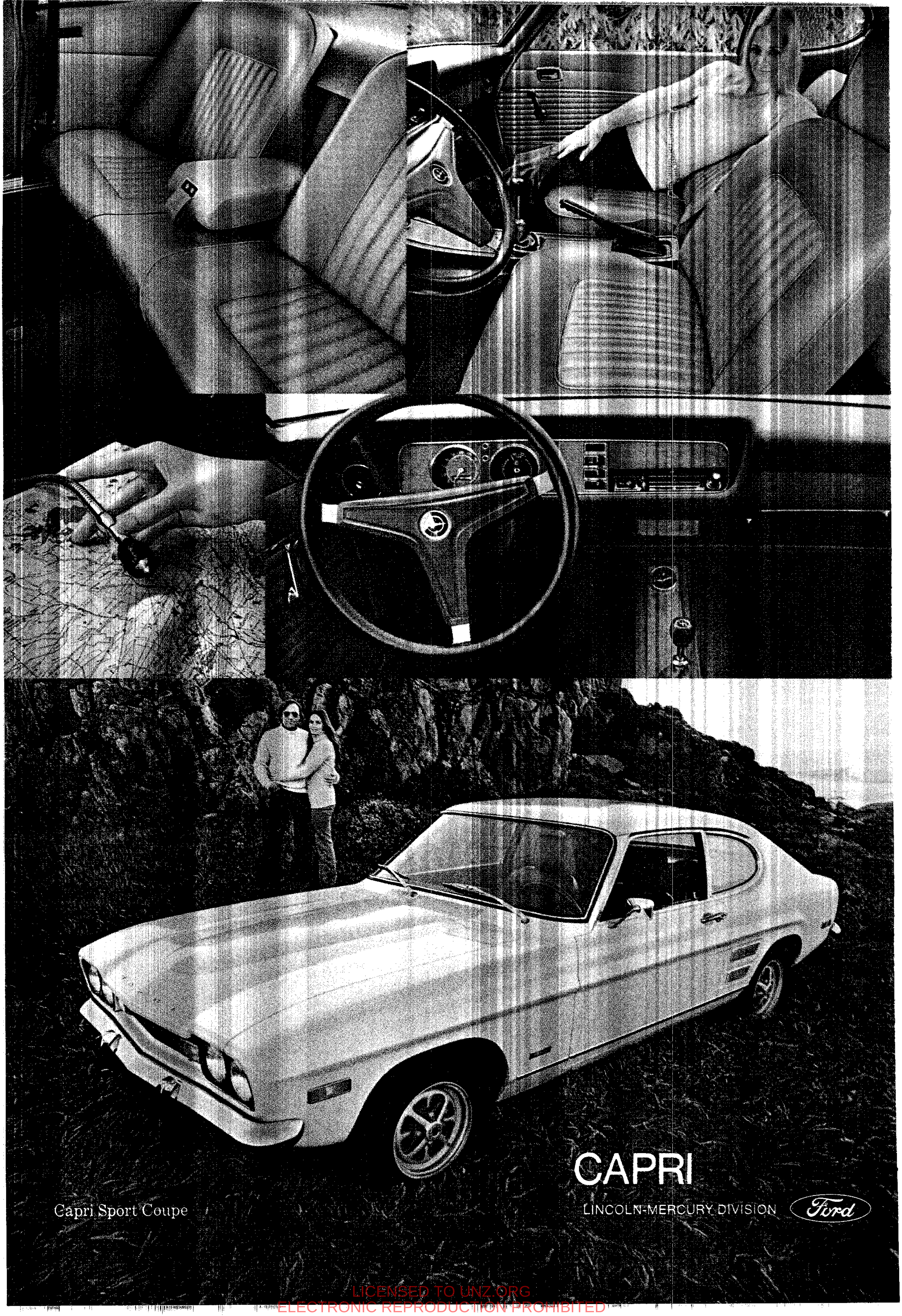
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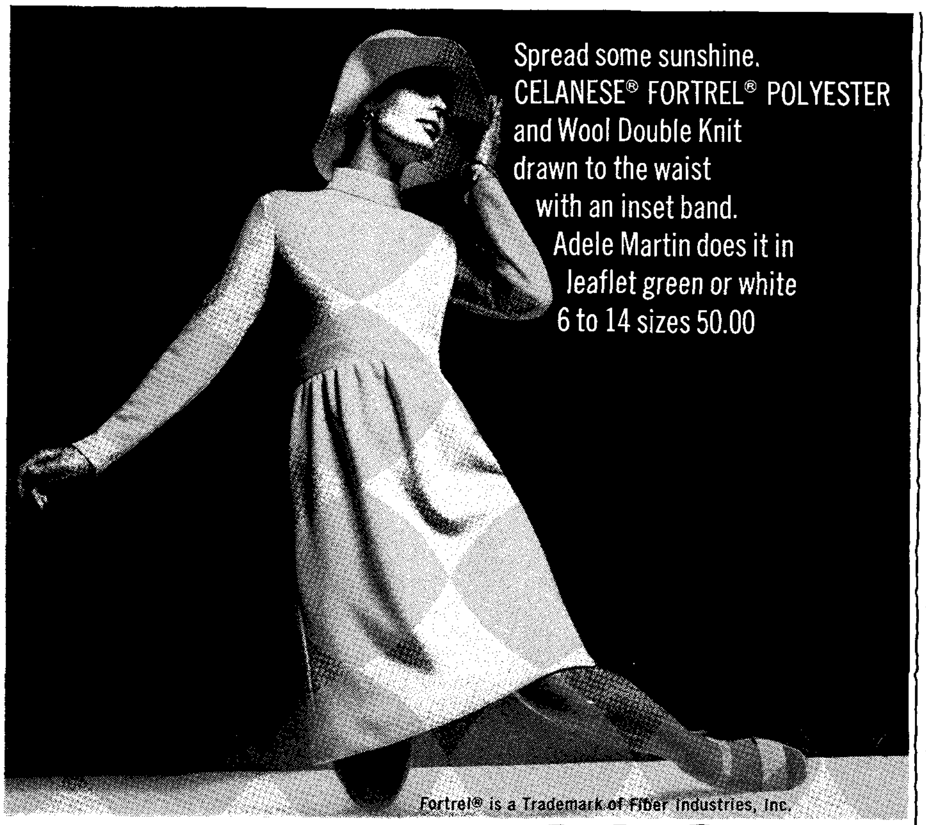
been in trouble with the prefects. They had decided that the only way to save me was to make me a prefect, too. But I never became head prefect. The teachers recommended me, but the headmaster vetoed it. He felt that I was too kind for the job."

In 1943, after completing his Standard Ten studies at Tabora, Nyerere entered Makerere College, in Uganda. Since most students entered Makerere after completing Standard Twelve, Tabora graduates nearly always had a difficult time at first, Nyerere observed, and he continued, "But Tabora was very good in biology, and at Makerere we could compete with any boy in biology. I was very keen on it. And English I was all right in. My real interest, though, was not politics, exactly, but philosophical subjects—ideas, thought. John Stuart Mill's essays on representative government and on the subjection of women—these had a terrific influence on me. Twice I entered the East African literary competition and won first prize, and the second time I wrote on the subjection of women and applied Mill's ideas to tribal society." With friends, he organized a campus chapter of the Tanganyika African Association. This was an organization that had been established in Dar es Salaam in 1929 as a social group for African civil servants, but Nyerere, who was already concerned about the special privileges enjoyed by Europeans in East Africa, turned the new chapter into a club for studying political issues. He completed his studies at Makerere in 1945, with a diploma in education, and spent that summer building a mud house in Zanaki for his mother, who had been staying with an uncle ever since her husband died three years earlier.

Nyerere received two teaching offers that year—one from the Tabora government school, the other from a new Catholic secondary school, St. Mary's College, which was also in Tabora. The Reverend Richard Walsh, who was the first director of St. Mary's, has recalled that the headmaster of the government school told him, "You won't get Nyerere. He's coming straight to Tabora." However, at the urging of a friend named Andrew Tibandebage, who was already teaching at St. Mary's, Nyerere accepted Father Walsh's offer. The government, as Father Walsh remembers it, then informed Nyerere by letter that "at a mission school you won't get the same salary or pension, and if later you should transfer to a government school you won't be able to count the years in



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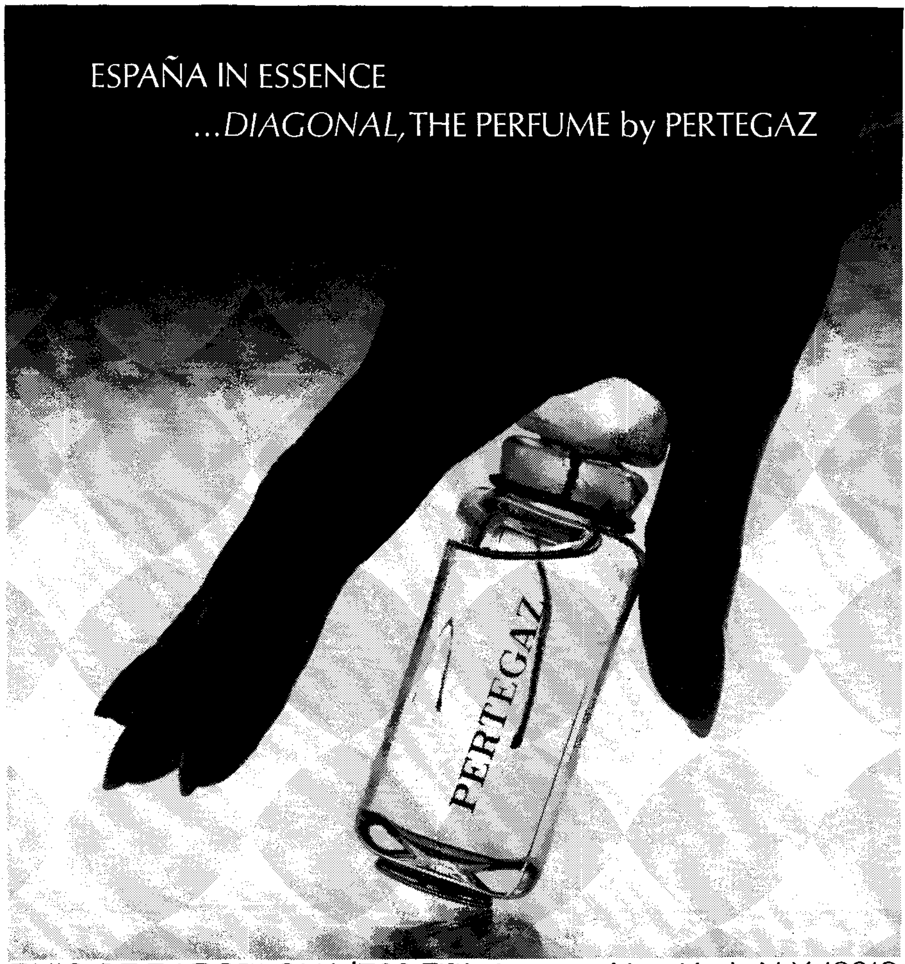

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the mission school toward your pension rights." Nyerere was furious, and replied, "If ever I hesitated, your letter has settled the matter. The mission teachers are doing as much for Tanganyika as the government teachers are." He taught biology and history at St. Mary's for four years, and his salary was six pounds five shillings a month. In his spare time, he helped organize a coöperative store—an effort aimed at breaking a monopoly of Indian merchants in Tabora—but the store was badly run, and it closed down a few years later. In the evenings, he taught English to the townspeople. He shared a house with Tibandebage, and late at night the two teachers and a group of friends talked endlessly about Tanganyikan affairs. Joseph Nyerere, whom Julius brought to Tabora at the age of twelve to begin his schooling, has recalled, "I used to listen to them talking politics. They talked for hours and hours—till four in the morning sometimes."

Because Nyerere was secretary of the local branch of the Tanganyika African Association, and therefore a young man of influence, he was asked by the government to serve as a price inspector. "It was just after the war, and goods were in short supply," Nyerere has said. "The government wanted prices to be regularized, and so there was a price-control department. I used to go around to the shops inspecting—not so much for overcharging, because it was very difficult to catch shopkeepers on that, as to see that their price labels were displayed properly. My job was to report them to the authorities. But the shopkeepers would say to me, 'You can do what you like, but you'll get nowhere.' And, in fact, when I reported a violation nothing happened. So I lost interest."

For several years, Nyerere had wanted to continue his studies abroad, but he had been reluctant to leave Tanganyika, because someone had to care for his mother and his younger brothers. Finally, in 1949, Nyerere's friend Father Walsh helped to arrange both a government scholarship for Nyerere and a grant from St. Mary's for the support of Nyerere's family and also his fiancée; a few months earlier, Nyerere had become formally engaged to Maria, whom he had met in Musoma. He reached London in April, 1949, on his way to the University of Edinburgh. "The idea was that I should take a degree in biology," he has recalled. "I liked biology, and my boys at St. Mary's were doing well in it. It was my strongest exam subject but not

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my strongest interest. So I had a debate with the Colonial Office, and they were kind enough to let me do as I wanted. At Edinburgh, my degree was in history and economics; my strongest subject was philosophy. I read a great deal. I had plenty of time to think. My ideas of politics were formed completely during that time. It was my own evolution, but it was complete."

In an essay written during his university years entitled "The Race Problem in East Africa," later published in his book "Freedom and Unity," Nyerere declared, "There is too much hypocrisy in East Africa today. The European official and the European settler rule and maintain their prestige mainly by hypocrisy; their inner motives would hardly stand examination; the Indian trader makes his living by downright dishonesty or at best by sheer cunning, which is hypocrisy; the African clerk or laborer often disregards fulfilling his part of a contract and even a very educated African will pretend to love the Europeans where his heart is nearly bursting with envy and hatred." He went on to recount an incident in which a British minister walked out of a meeting after an East African settler had said he would sooner dine with swine than with an African, and the essay continued:

> The statement by the settler was regarded by the white community in Tanganyika and Kenya as unfortunate, but everywhere the Minister was blamed for doing what he thought was the only thing he could do under such circumstances.
>
> The expression of hatred is not on one side; an African friend of mine once referred to the Europeans in East Africa as *mbwa hawa*—"these dogs." Personally I welcome these outbursts; they show us the seriousness of the disease, they are like bubbles that fly off a boiling pot....
>
> The African's capacity for bearing insult is not really limitless.... [Africans] cannot bear insult forever, and it is well to remember that a day may come when someone may want to incite them. How easy it is to inflame an insulted people! I really shudder when I think of the terrible possibility—but it will not be a mere possibility if our white neighbors insist on this vulgar doctrine of the Divine Right of Europeans.... A day comes when the people will prefer death to insult.... I hope and pray that such a day will never come. But the European holds the answer. He has only to will that such a day shall never come, and it will never come.... Africa is for the Africans, and the other races cannot be more than respected minorities.... Should it come to a bitter choice between being perpetually dominated by a white or an Indian minority and ... driving that minority out of East Africa, no thinking African would hesitate to make the latter choice.

Describing his days at Edinburgh years later, Nyerere told a friend, "I had had three years in which to think. I had given up the politics of complaint and was ready to tackle the roots of the problem of colonialism." Exactly when he fixed on the idea of working for independence he does not know. "There was no moment when it all clicked into place," he said. "It wasn't a sudden inspiration—I didn't suddenly see the light. It was not like the call of the Christians: 'I've been called!' At Edinburgh, I was certain that I was coming back to Tanganyika to get myself involved full time in politics. I had made up my mind that my life would be political. I had been away three years; now I would give myself three years to look at the country before taking up politics fully. And I nearly did my three years. By 1953, it was quite clear to me—Tanganyika's politics must be the politics of independence."

Nyerere had arrived back in Tanganyika in October, 1952. In Dar es Salaam, he had a reunion with his fiancée, Maria, and then, having been met by his family in Musoma, proceeded with them to Zanaki. "We all started to build a house for Julius and Maria," Oswald Marwa has recalled. "And when he began to make mud bricks, everybody started to laugh and ask, 'Why is he doing such work?' He said, 'I went for an education. Everybody who has an education must work.' And then we put on the thatched roof."

During Nyerere's years at Edinburgh, Maria had taken a domestic-science course at a school in Uganda, and later had taught at a Lutheran school in Moshi; then, at the urging of Father Walsh, who felt that she should receive more schooling in order to be a suitable wife for Nyerere, she studied English at St. Joseph's Convent, in Dar es Salaam. Friends recall that Maria refused to meet Nyerere at the Dar es Salaam airport on his return from Britain, because, she said, "it is not a woman's place to run after a man." Instead, they had their reunion later, in Dar es Salaam. It was then she insisted the wedding should not take place immediately. "We wait," she is said to have told him. "I want to know you better. I knew you before you went away, but I want to see if you have changed."

"And so I had to build our house first," Nyerere has told his friends. "I had to take off my Edinburgh suit and my shoes and with my bare feet mix the sand and cement, and not until I had built the house did I earn her respect." They were married at the Musoma mission on January 24, 1953,

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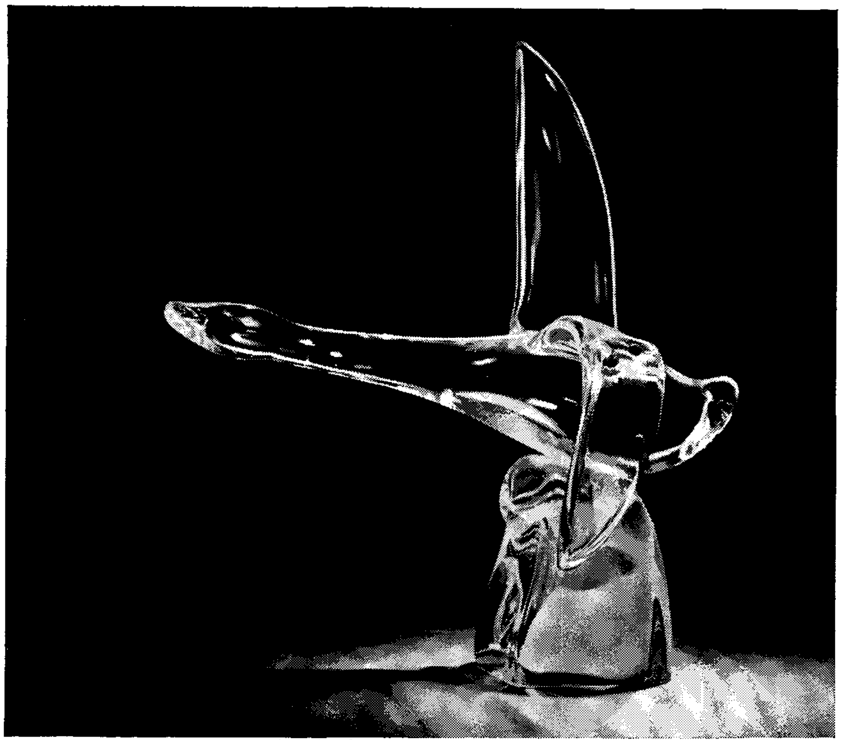

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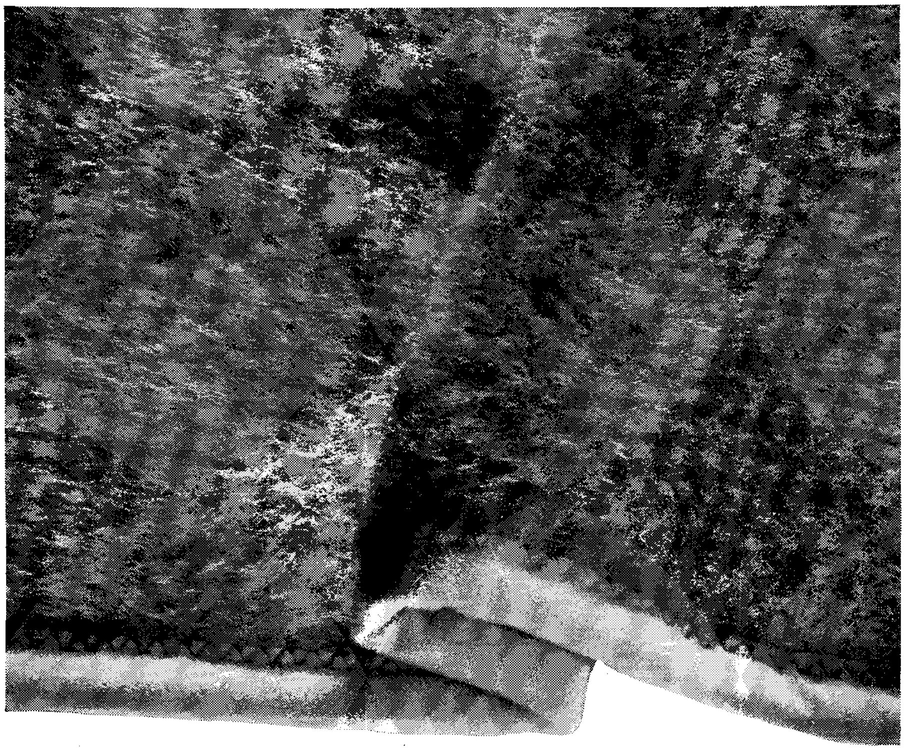

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and they returned to Dar es Salaam soon afterward.

NYERERE had already been hired to teach history at St. Francis's College, at Pugu, twelve miles from Dar es Salaam. At first, he was paid three hundred pounds a year. "But after a little noise they raised it to four hundred and fifty pounds," he has said. "I knew this was only three-fifths of what I would receive if I were a European expatriate. But I also knew it was more than I would have been paid for the same kind of work in England. It was more than Tanganyika could afford. And a thirty-per-cent cost-of-living allowance besides! Salaries were too high. That was one of the crimes of the colonial administration."

Within three months of his arrival in Dar es Salaam, Nyerere was elected president of the Tanganyika African Association. "It had been dormant, and I felt that it was my job to try to revive it," he has said. Most observers once thought that political awareness came late to Tanganyika—later than to Ghana or Nigeria, or even to Kenya, where the Mau Mau rebellion broke out in the early nineteen-fifties. The speed with which the independence movement developed after the founding of the Tanganyika African National Union, in 1954, suggests otherwise. The clue to TANU's rapid growth lies partly in the homogeneity and stability of Tanganyikan society. The slave trade of the nineteenth century had caused considerable uprooting of the population and resettlement along the main trade route from Bagamoyo, on the coast, to Lake Victoria and Lake Tanganyika, and Swahili, originally a language of the East African coastal peoples, was carried inland along the trade routes. As a result of its history, both ancient and recent, Tanganyika as a candidate for nationhood had three distinct advantages over many of its neighbors. It had a large number of tribes of which none was dominant; it was thus spared the strife of two or three large rival tribes. Since Tanganyika, during the time it was a trusteeship territory until 1961, had been neglected by the British in favor of Kenya, a crown colony, it had only a small community of white settlers to resist the rise of African nationalism. And it had Swahili, a genuine lingua franca. Nyerere has often recalled that only twice during the seven years he stumped the country working for independence was he unable to speak directly to the people.

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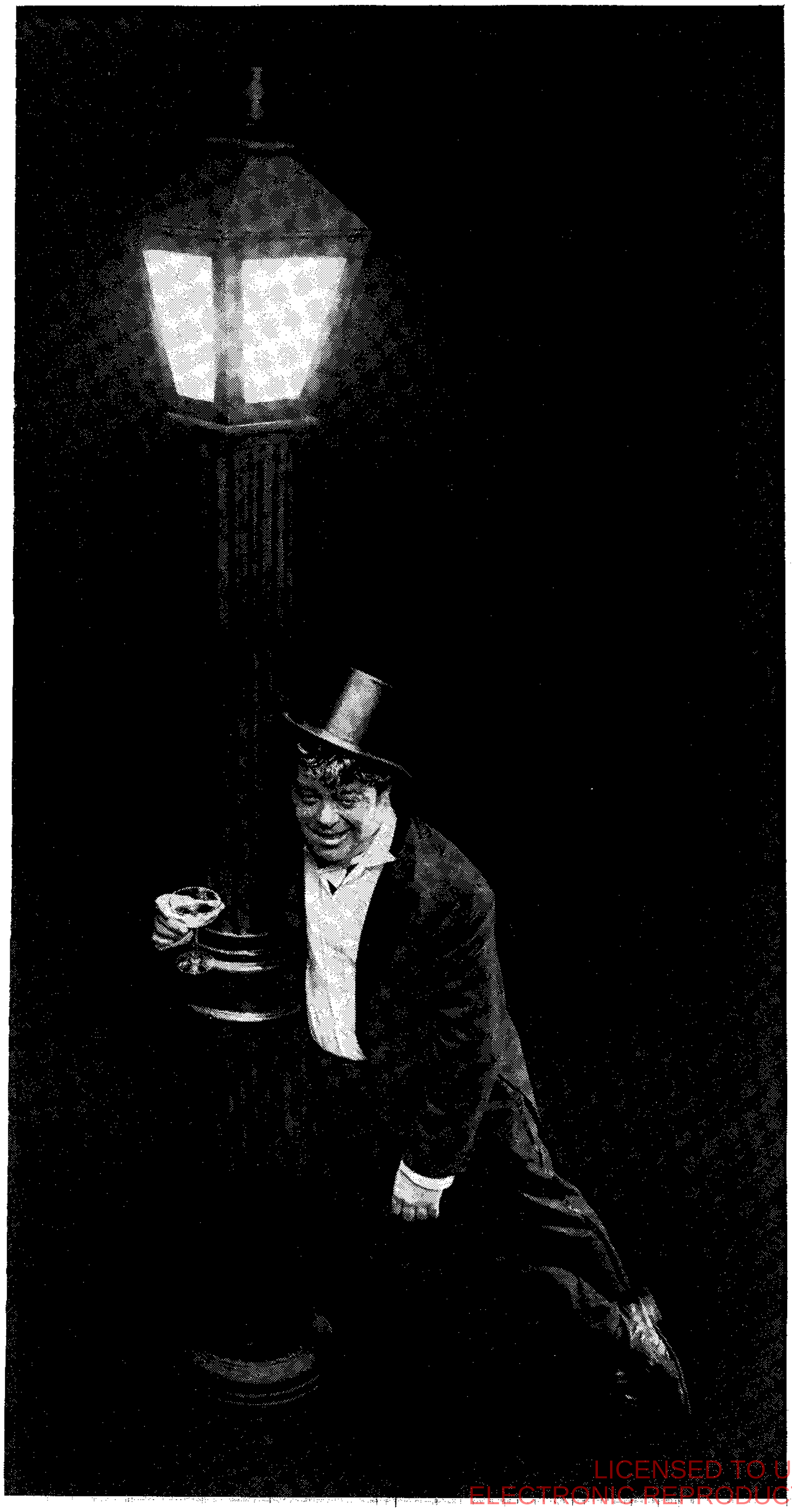

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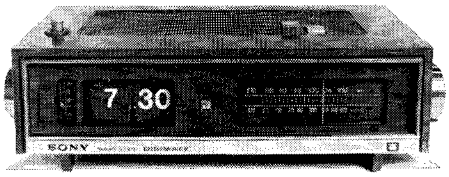

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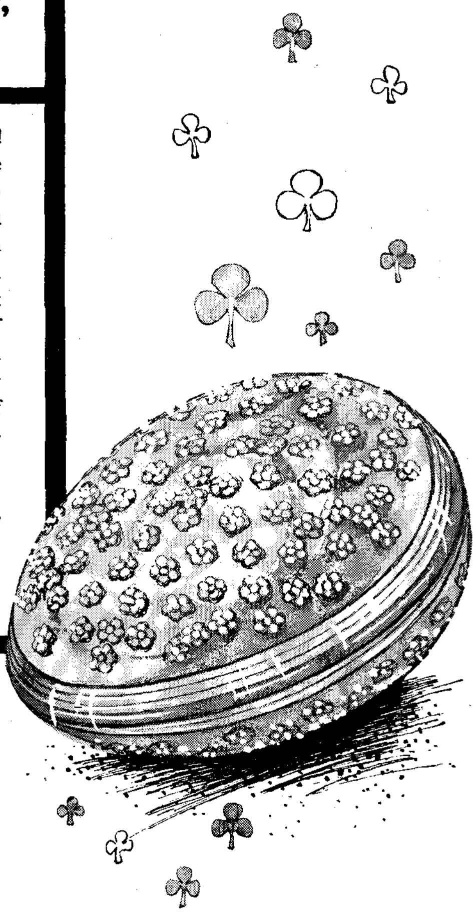
ly respected British governor, who in 1929 established the Tanganyika African Association. During the nineteen-forties, several of its stronger branches—including the one that Nyerere helped to organize at Makerere College—began to delve into political issues, or at least talked about grievances connected with government service. In the early days, the members rarely, if ever, talked of independence. "Not of independence," one has said. "Of equality." By the time Nyerere reached Dar es Salaam, in 1953, the Association had once again become little more than a social group. "Nyerere couldn't see much point to an organization that merely gave a tea party for every European officer who went home on leave," Chief David Makwaia, of the Sukuma tribe, has said. "This didn't appeal to him. He thought, Why have it?"

Somehow, Nyerere, a newcomer to Dar es Salaam and a member of a small upcountry tribe at that, quickly assumed the leadership of the Association. "He was one of the first university graduates in the territory," Abbas Sykes, an early member of the Association, has said. "And he came at the right time. Usually, if a man went away to a university he would not be one of us when he came back—he would be very sophisticated. But here was a man who had the same kind of education—higher, in fact, because he had an M.A. instead of just a B.A.—and who was willing to be with his people. This humility—'I'm willing to serve you'—made everyone forget that he was from upcountry and that he wasn't a Muslim." There are almost as many Christians as Muslims in Tanganyika as a whole, but the coastal region is heavily Muslim.

Nyerere quickly transformed the Association. "The colonialists believed that all we wanted was a square deal," another of his friends once said. "Nyerere made us start to think: all we wanted was independence." With independence in mind, Nyerere and his colleagues, on July 7, 1954—a day that has been celebrated ever since as Saba Saba, the seventh day of the seventh month—reorganized the Association as a political *party*, which they named the Tanganyika African National Union, or TANU. Nyerere, at thirty-two, was unanimously elected its president.

The year that TANU was founded, the governor, Sir Edward Twining, decided to give Nyerere some parliamentary experience by appointing him to fill a temporary vacancy in the



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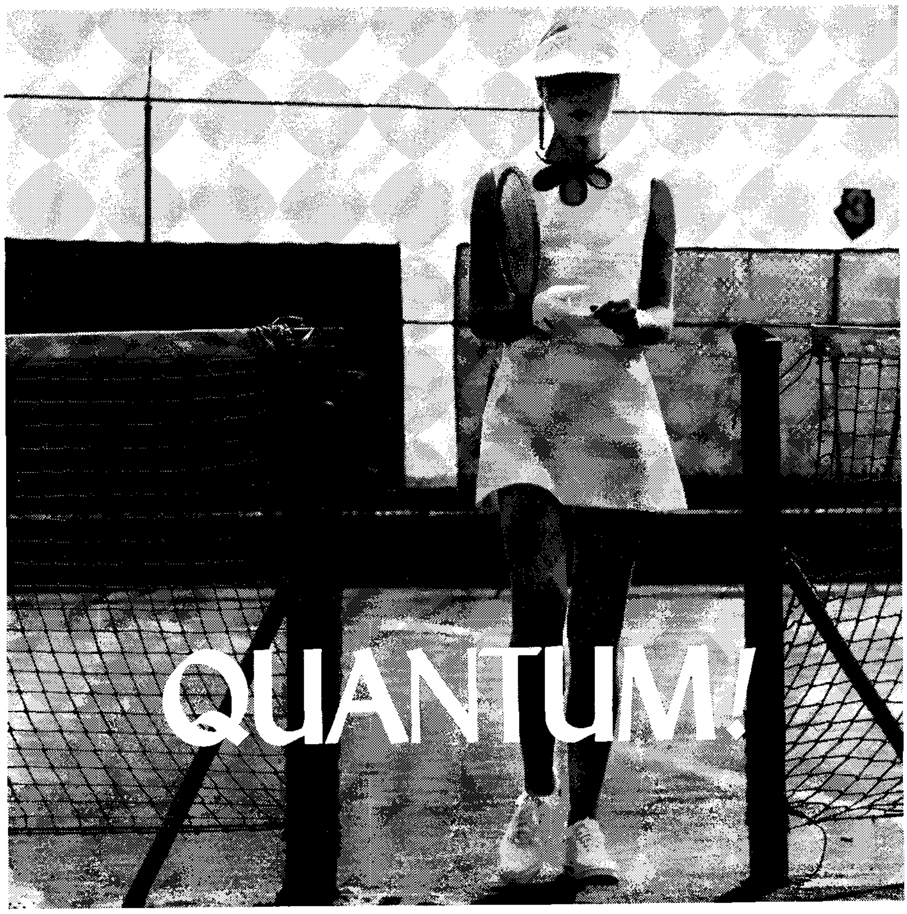

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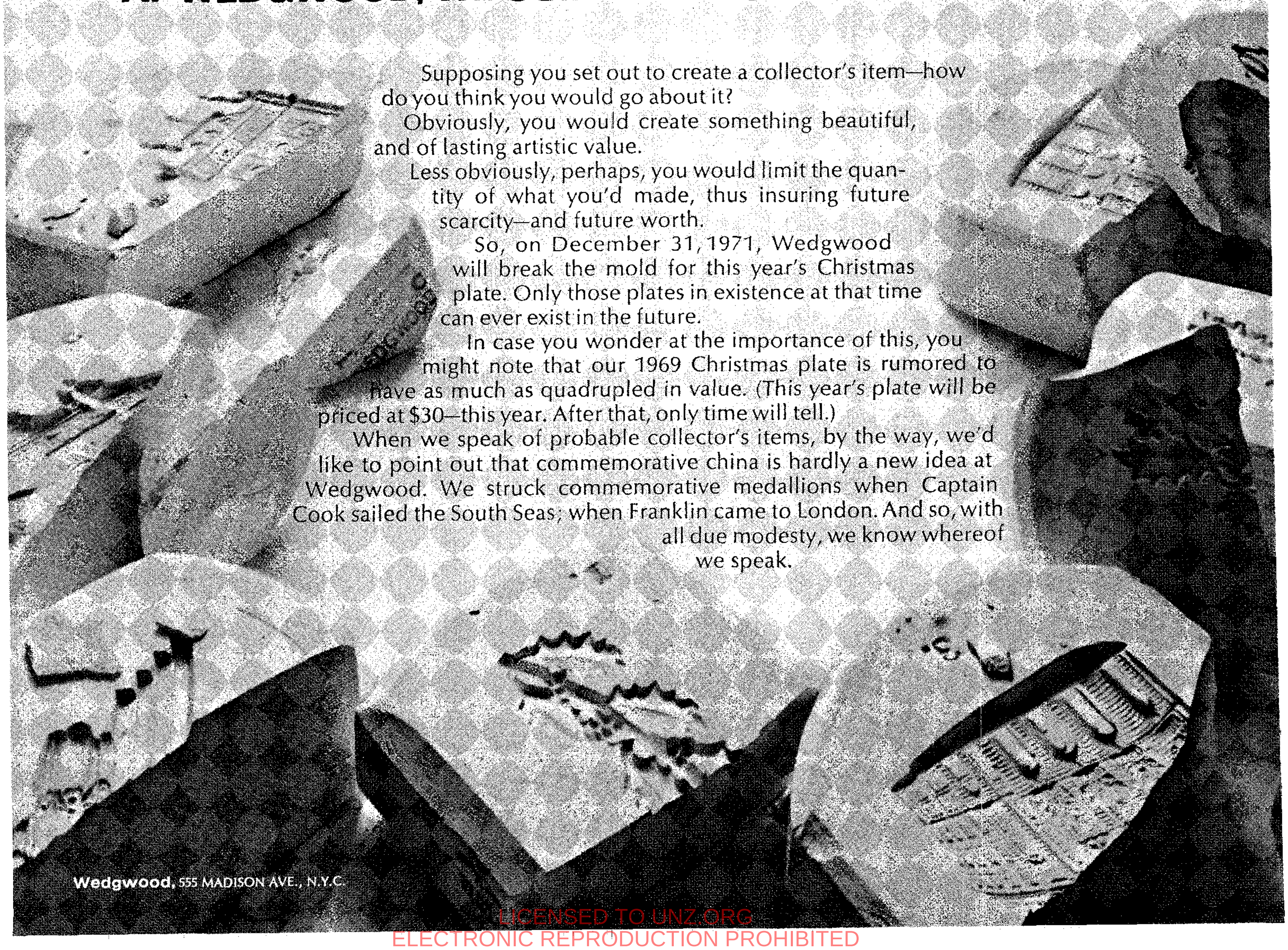

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Legislative Council, the parliamentary branch of the colonial government. The permanent member, David Makwaia, had been sent to London to serve on the Royal Commission for Land and Population Problems. "Julius was very serious about it," his brother Joseph, who was living with Julius and Maria at Pugu, has recalled. "He was teaching full time and working in politics full time. Sometimes he walked twelve miles into Dar es Salaam to attend meetings in the evening." His first Council speech dealt with the need for more schools. "By 1956, we shall still have sixty-four per cent of our children of primary age outside schools," he said, addressing the Speaker of the Council. "I do not think, sir, that this gives us any cause for complacency." It was the period of the Mau Mau emergency in Kenya, and Nyerere assured the Council, "I am certain that every African wants to see this country peaceful, because it is only through peace that he can get the things he wants, and that is development." It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Nyerere disapproved of the Mau Mau in principle. He once said to Father Walsh, "How do you explain it? The Christian faith put fire in the bellies of the Africans in the eighteen-eighties. Now you're reduced to pulling them into church. You don't spark the dynamism. You're like the government: you thought we were people without ideals, and lived only for our bellies. But look at the Mau Mau up there—they're dying for their ideals. The British thought they would win us over by building roads and schools. But those things alone will not satisfy us." Nyerere's service in the Council ended abruptly a few months later, when he let it be known that he planned to oppose a government recommendation that civil-service salaries be increased. Before the debate had begun, Makwaia was whisked back from London and Nyerere was automatically unseated.

In August, 1954, a four-man United Nations mission visited Tanganyika and subsequently published a report recommending that the territory be given a timetable that would lead to independence in twenty or twenty-five years. The territorial administrators were infuriated by the mission, and particularly by the pro-African views of an American member, Mason Sears. A few months later, TANU voted to send Nyerere to New York to address the U.N. Trusteeship Council on the subject of independence. Twining responded by at once dispatching a three-man delega-

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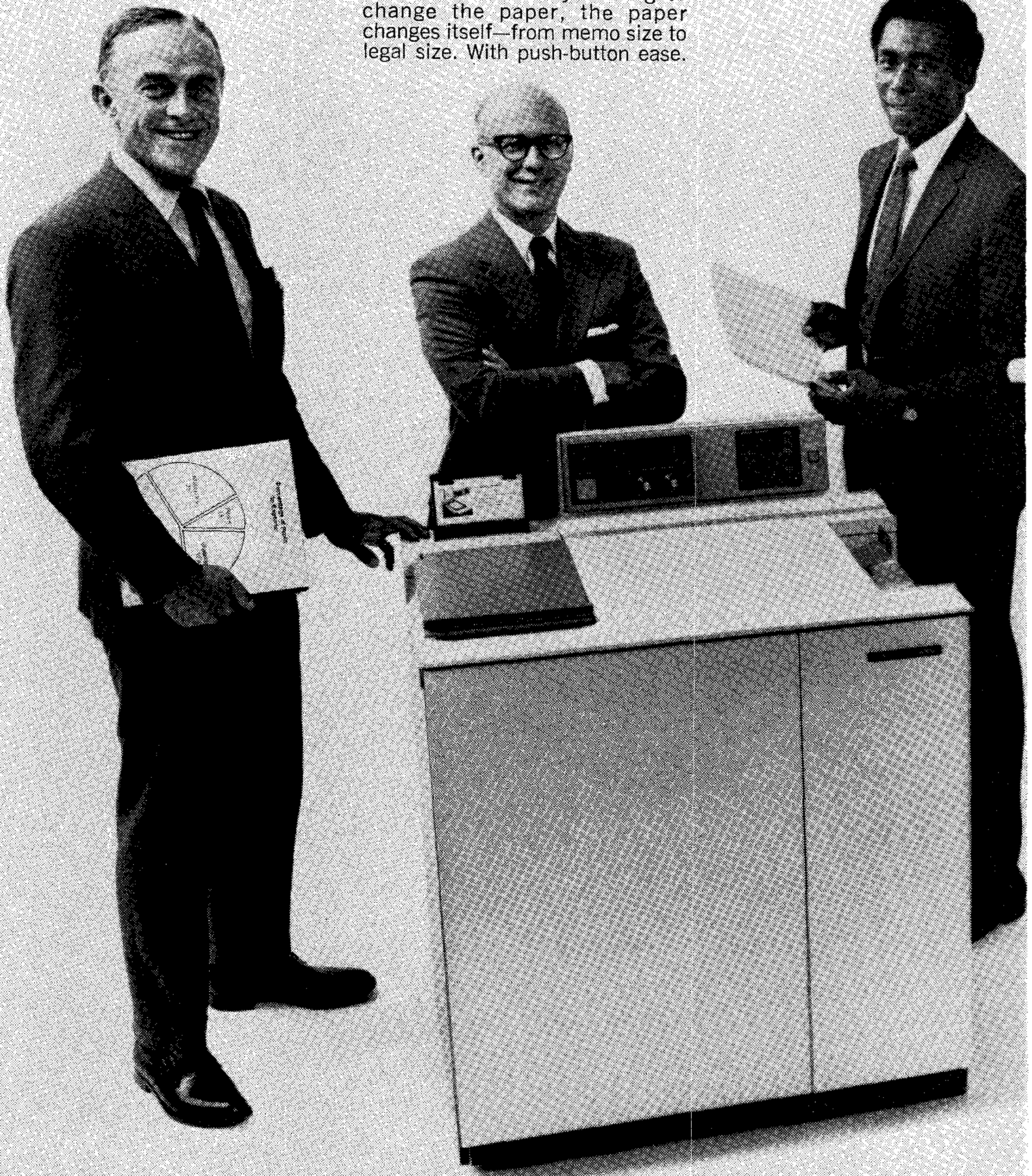

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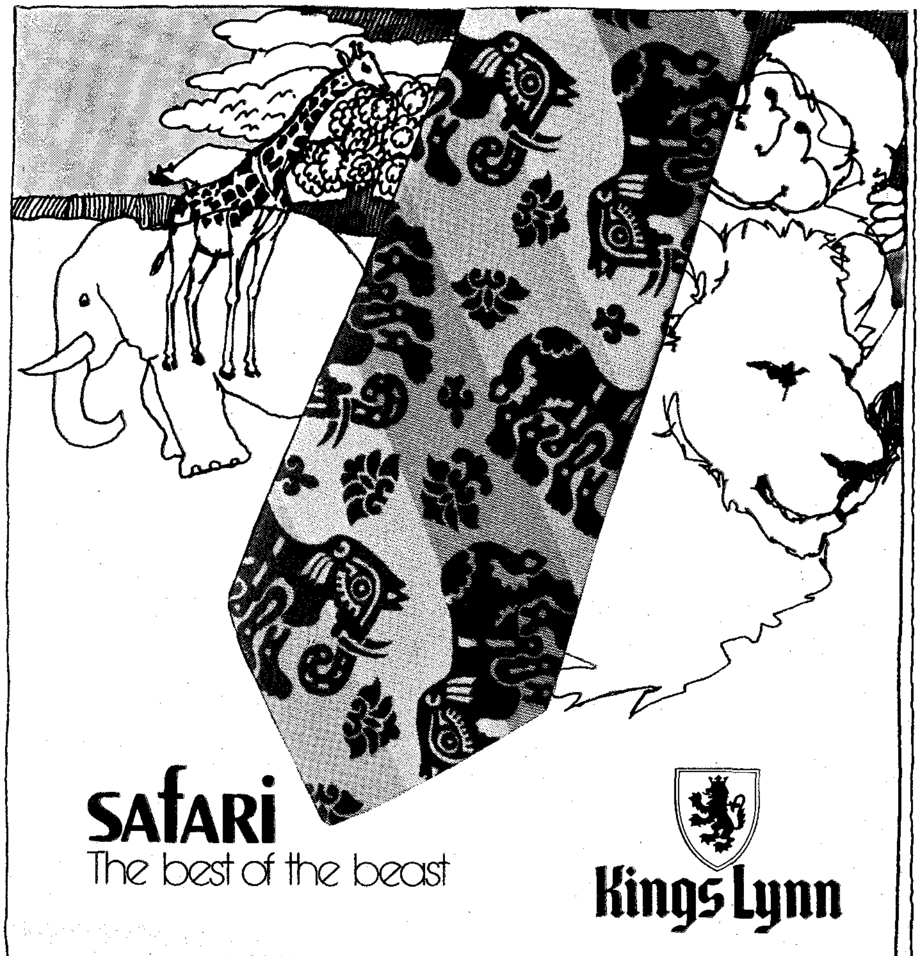
tion to support the government's position. He also urged Father Walsh to refuse to allow Nyerere to be absent from his classes, implying that Nyerere's political activities verged on sedition, but Walsh refused. "If it's sedition," he demanded, "why isn't Nyerere in jail?"

At the British government's request, the United States government restricted Nyerere to an eight-block radius of the U.N. headquarters and limited his stay to twenty-four hours. These gestures must have seemed foolish in the light of Nyerere's reasoned appeal to the Trusteeship Council, which he delivered on March 7, 1955. In behalf of his party, Nyerere said, he wanted to refute "the outrageous assertion . . . that the vast majority of the territory's inhabitants were against the major political recommendations" of the U.N. report saying that Tanganyika should be granted independence within twenty or twenty-five years. "What will satisfy my people is a categorical statement, both by this Council and by the Administering Authority, that although Tanganyika is multiracial in population, its future government shall be primarily African. Once we get that assurance, everything else becomes a detail."

Father Walsh, who had cleared the way for Nyerere's trip, had told him before his departure, "I think we're coming to the end of the road. One day, you'll have to give up your teaching job." The headmaster of St. Francis's College, who was considerably less sympathetic than Father Walsh, told Maria during her husband's absence, "Your husband is causing our school to be threatened by the government. He had better decide whether he wants to be a teacher or a politician." A year earlier, the government had ruled that civil servants could not participate in TANU, and by the time Nyerere made his trip to New York Governor Twining had made it clear to the Catholic fathers that in his view no teacher in their employ should be permitted to engage in political activities. In 1966, a year before Twining died, in England, at the age of sixty-eight, he explained his action by saying, "Nyerere was in receipt of a salary paid by the government. I said, 'We wouldn't allow civil servants to do this. Nyerere must choose between being a political leader and being a teacher paid by the government. I can't have a man who is in receipt of a government salary, even if indirectly, being a political leader.' "

Nyerere resigned from his teaching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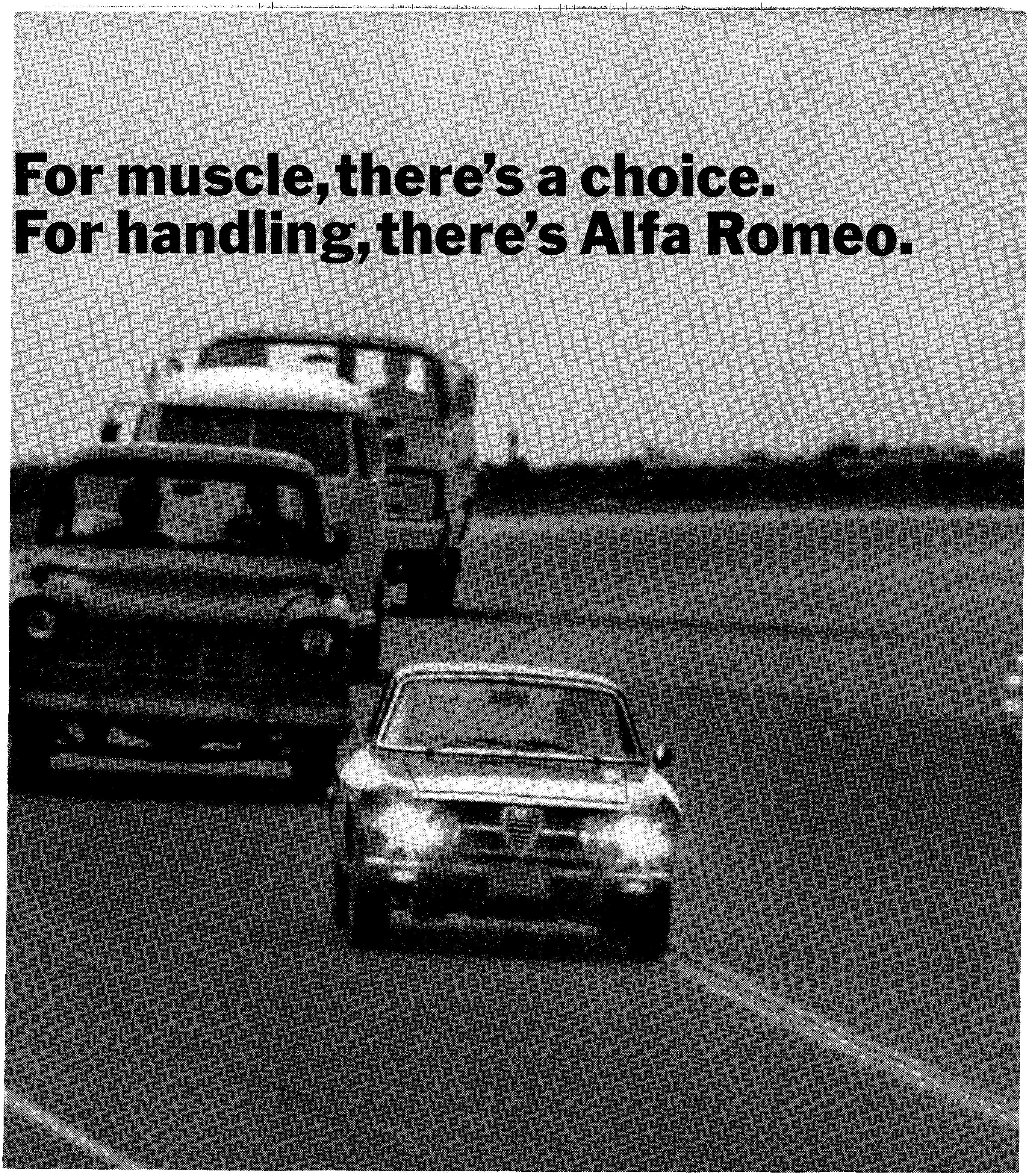
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post as soon as he returned, partly because he didn't want to get the missionaries in trouble. "Anyway, I was sure by then that it would be absurd to go on teaching," he has said. "I really came back from the U.N. prepared to say to the headmaster that in June I would go to Makerere to find a trained Tanganyikan teacher to take my place. But before that he gave me a choice."

In April, 1955, Nyerere took his family back to his Zanaki homeland. He had received job offers from a newspaper and from an oil company but had turned them down. At Musoma, he accepted a job as translator and tutor, at seven hundred shillings a month, from the Maryknoll Fathers, who were preparing to establish a mission in Zanaki. "I asked him if he would help me with the tribal language, Kizanaki," Father Wille, who was to direct the new mission, has said. "And so he moved into Musoma; he stayed with Oswald Marwa, and he gave me lessons every day. He translated some of the catechism, and a teachers' manual for the catechism. He offered to try to do a translation of the New Testament into Kizanaki. There still isn't one. What he did translate was a reading from the Gospels for every Sunday in the year. And he taught me—oh, from nine until twelve-thirty, and from one to five. He used to exhaust me. He has tremendous intellectual energy. We were using the 'Teach Yourself' book on Swahili as the basis for the Kizanaki grammar. I think there are seven classes of nouns in Swahili, and he would say, 'My language has twelve classes—this class in Swahili is similar to this one in Kizanaki,' and so on. I used to be amazed that he could remember it so well, because he had left tribal life when he was twelve and had never really gone back to it. Then, after the day's lesson was over, we would have tea and talk about what he was going to do. He would say, 'There's no problem in getting independence. The problem is in preparing for it.' His greatest worry was what would happen afterward. He once said of the Baganda, the members of the largest tribal kingdom in neighboring Uganda, 'I'm sure Britain would give them independence tomorrow if Uganda were united. *I'd* get them united, and then I'd put on the brakes.' I'm sure that if someone else had appeared to lead Tanganyika, Julius would gladly have gone back to his books. He was a scholar at heart. He would say to his friends, 'Why don't you go

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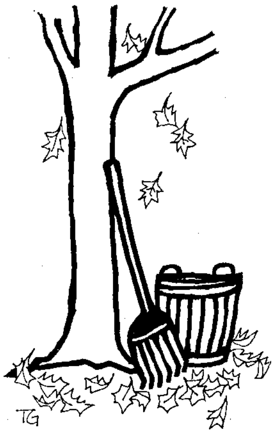
and read something?' Sometimes he would talk about the Masai. He had no sympathy for the way the British had romanticized the Masai, and he said the Masai would have to develop, like everybody else. 'They're going to have to fall in line,' he would say. 'My people—it's a vicious circle: not enough food to do a day's hard work, and not enough money to buy good food.' He said he knew that Tanganyika would have to build a strong presidency into its constitution and yet somehow protect the individual—a big problem."

In April, 1955, a new Legislative Council had gone into session, this one based on a multiracial "parity" policy, set forth by Governor Twining, under which "Europeans," "Asians," and "Africans" had roughly equal representation, despite the fact that the Tanganyikan population was more than ninety-eight per cent black African. Nyerere recognized the new formula as a modest advance. But he was infuriated, a few months later, when he learned that the Twining government proposed to divide certain funds gained from the confiscation of German properties during the Second World War along the same lines—seven hundred and eleven thousand pounds for European education and equal amounts for Asian and African schooling. Nyerere fired off a letter to members of the Legislative Council, charging that such a method of distribution was "inexplicable" in view of the territory's racial makeup—twenty-two thousand Europeans, eighty thousand Asians, and eight million Africans. "The advocates of parity have a duty to see to it that its application does not make it look absurd and unjust," he wrote, and he urged that the full amount be used to expand higher education without regard to race.



Occasionally while he worked in Musoma, Nyerere held TANU meetings. "Once, at Butiama," Father Wille has recalled, "he brought up the point that 'if anybody tells you we will throw out the Europeans and the Asians after *uhuru*, that is wrong. We all know . . . Father Wille, and the Mennonites. We respect them, we need them.' " The government, however, had been keeping a close eye on him. Oswald Marwa, who was an assistant district officer, had been asked to instruct Nyerere to report to him regularly—an easy matter, since Julius was staying with Marwa. Once, the provincial commissioner, the senior official in Musoma, asked Marwa, who was acting as TANU's local treasurer, to bring him the TANU books, but after inspecting them he merely suggested a few bookkeeping techniques. Now and then, the police asked an old friend of Nyerere's, Emanuel Kibira, who had become headmaster of the Mwisenge School, how much money Nyerere had.

"During those months at Musoma, Julius was kind of lost, I think," Father Wille has said. "This was a time for him to rethink his life. He was a great admirer of Gandhi; he wanted *no* bloodshed. He fully expected to go to jail sooner or later. The house he had built Maria near Chief Edward's village had only a thatched roof, so I lent him the money—a thousand shillings, as I remember—for a corrugated-iron roof. He was concerned that if he should be imprisoned Maria might have difficulties; a grass roof requires repairs. He got Oswald, who was doing all kinds of construction work, to put the new roof on for him. Well, I never pressed Julius for the money. But on his second trip to the United States, in 1956, he appeared on TV, and when he got home he gave me a check, and apologized for taking so long to repay, explaining, 'Really, Father, I haven't had any money, and I got this for my appearance on television.' "

"I THINK I remained much more philosophical than political," Nyerere has said of his seven years of campaigning for independence. "I wouldn't tackle things like discrimination. I just said, 'It is wrong for one people to govern another,' and everything else fell into place. So the British called me a moderate. I think I was an extremist, since I believed that we must jolly well be independent! But probably my philosophical approach removed the bitterness from the campaigns. I was not saying, 'Today a man was refused beer,' but just, 'We must govern ourselves.' Well, politically this is the wrong way. In the Lake Region, the colonial government was saying, 'There are too many cattle.' I said, 'We can't campaign against cattle de-stocking, because *we* may have to de-stock when

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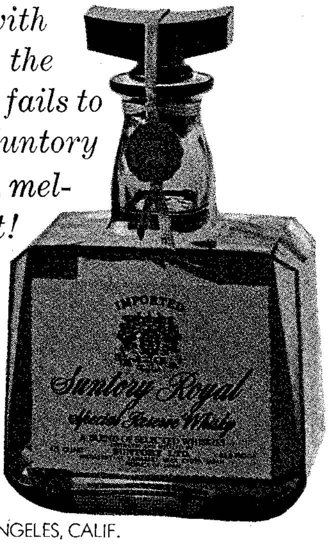

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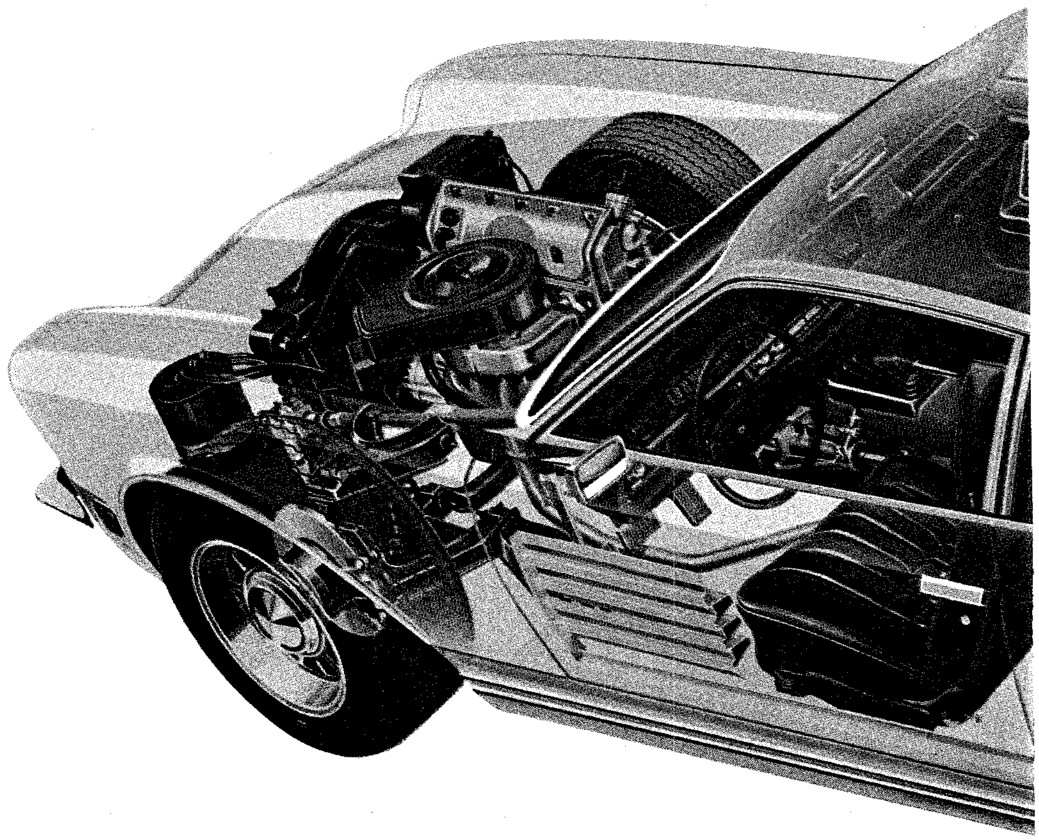

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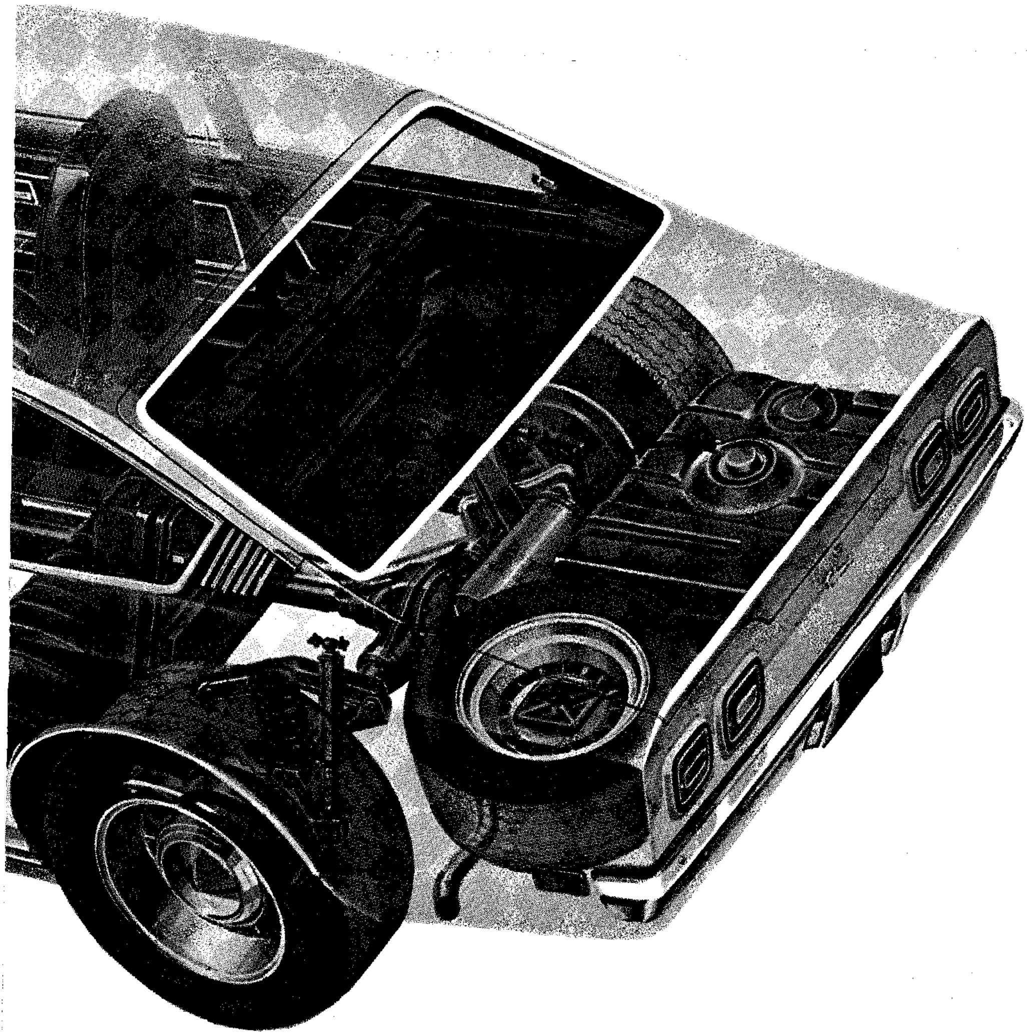

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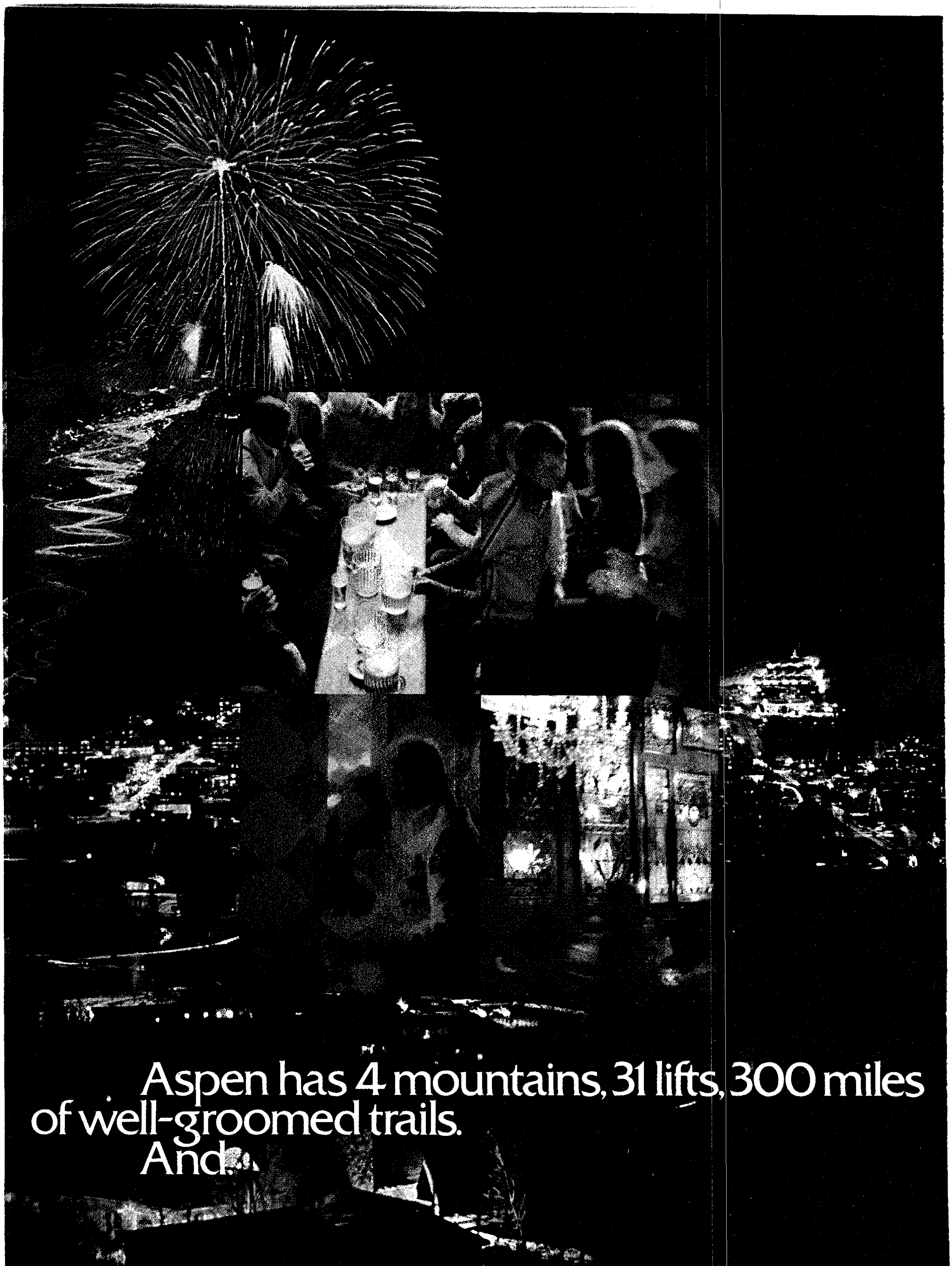

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we come to power.' There was one TANU man in Iringa who campaigned against cattle dipping"—the process of immersing cattle in a trough filled with a parasite-killing solution. "He made dipping *extremely* unpopular. I was very angry with him. But politically, of course, you exploit every grievance."

In October, 1955, Nyerere returned from Musoma to Dar es Salaam, but he spent little time there. During the next six years—right up to the moment of independence, in fact—he toured upcountry Tanganyika almost continuously, in a Land Rover owned by TANU. "When he came to Bukoba, he and I would ride in the TANU Land Rover and the police would be in another," Miss Barbro Johansson, a Swedish missionary who campaigned with TANU, has said. "We had an understanding with them. If we had a puncture, they would stop to help; if they did, we would." In 1957, on his first trip to the town of Mbeya, Nyerere found the police afraid of a riot. "What are they expecting?" Nyerere asked his friends in astonishment. He went to the police station, and was given permission to hold a meeting, but for TANU members only. Then the TANU organizers went to a local mission to borrow a loudspeaker, but the missionary couldn't decide whether it would be politic to lend them one. "It's up to you," the district commissioner told him. "So, to play it safe, the missionary said no," Joan Wicken, then Assistant Commonwealth Officer of the Labour Party, who was visiting Tanganyika on a research fellowship from Oxford, has recalled. "Eventually, the police lent the TANU chaps their own loudspeakers. And then, to my surprise, the police, including the inspector, saluted Nyerere. In his speech he said, 'We are fighting against colonialism, not against the whites.' "

On a tour of the Usambara Mountains, Nyerere drove eighteen miles in a rainstorm to speak to the people of a village called Kimweri only to discover that the local chief had sabotaged his visit. "We were not welcome," Mrs. Bibi Titi Mohamed, the early leader of the national women's organization, has said. "The chief was a stooge of the British. He had got all his people drunk on *pombe*"—a local brew, usually made from corn or bananas. "So we drove back to Korogwe for the night." The women of Kimweri were incensed with the chief for having wrecked the meeting, particularly since he had done it by getting their men drunk, and they refused to cook any evening meal. "We are on strike," they told their hus-

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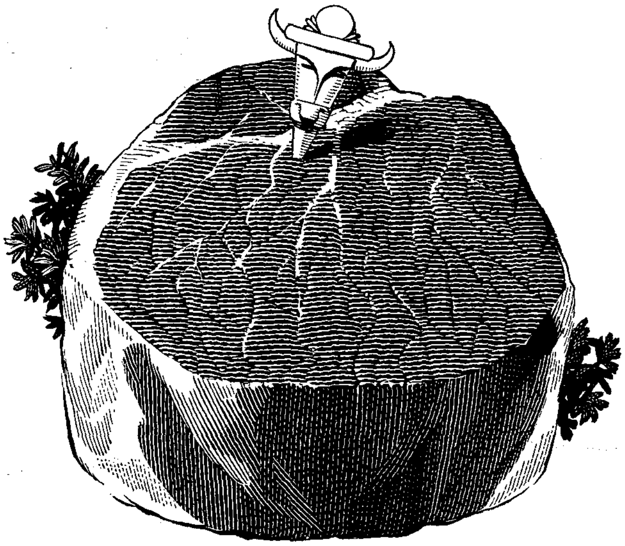
bands. "Why don't you go and eat at the chief's house?" The men of the village thereupon sent a delegation to Korogwe, and although Mrs. Mohamed objected, Nyerere agreed to return. "We must be patient," he told her. "We can't mind too much if we are chased away." So they drove back to Kimweri and, Mrs. Mohamed reported later, "this time the chief did nothing."

TANU continued to grow at a remarkable rate—from a hundred thousand members in 1955 to half a million in 1957. "In a sense, we had won the battle by 1957," Nyerere has said. Although the Governor opposed TANU, he was painstakingly fair in the way he treated it; he occasionally punished individual TANU branches for breaking territorial laws, but at no time did he ban the entire movement. "When Nyerere first spoke in Iringa, there were fifty people," Marion, Lady Chesham, the American-born widow of a British farmer, has said. "By 1958, there were six thousand." A British friend who a few years earlier had taken Nyerere to Labour Party meetings in London at which forty Party members might dutifully show up was surprised to discover that by 1957 Nyerere's own meetings in Dar es Salaam were drawing as many as thirty thousand. Miss Mary Hancock, an Englishwoman who had come to Tanganyika in 1940 as a member of the civil service, has recalled, "The civil servants in Musoma couldn't see why I remained his friend after he declared for *uhuru*. We civil servants had to be careful, you know—we couldn't attend political meetings. I would say, 'He's my friend. If you can't differentiate, I *can*.' Well! You should have seen the civil servants change when it became clear that he was winning. They would ask me to invite them to tea with him when he was visiting Musoma, and I'd say, 'Why should I? You wouldn't even talk to him before.' "

TANU's transformation into a national movement came none too soon, for the politics of Africa were changing more rapidly than anyone then realized. When the United Nations Visiting Commission issued its report on Tanganyika in 1954, it had urged the British government to promise independence to the territory within twenty or twenty-five years. Two years later, in his third appearance before the United Nations, Nyerere asked for independence within ten to twelve years. In 1959, he asked for it in five years. But neither he nor anyone else yet realized to what degree the colonial powers

la pièce de résistance



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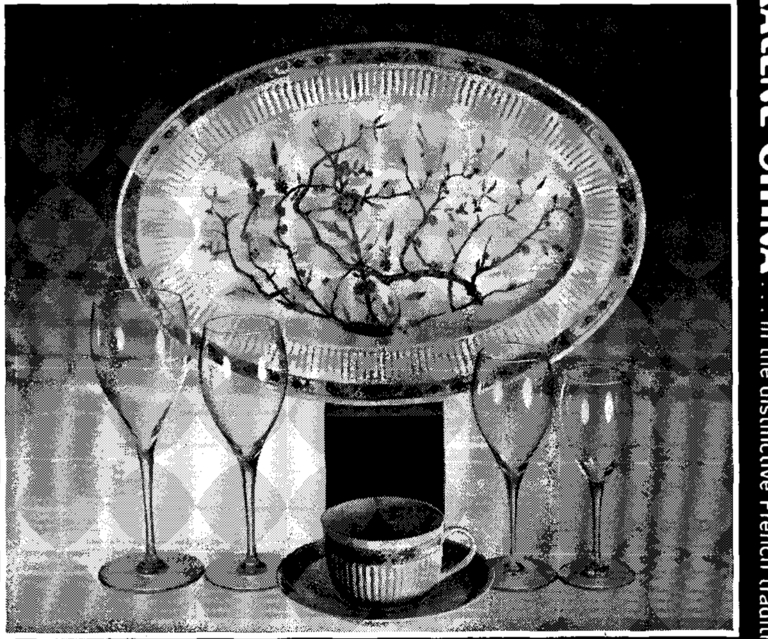

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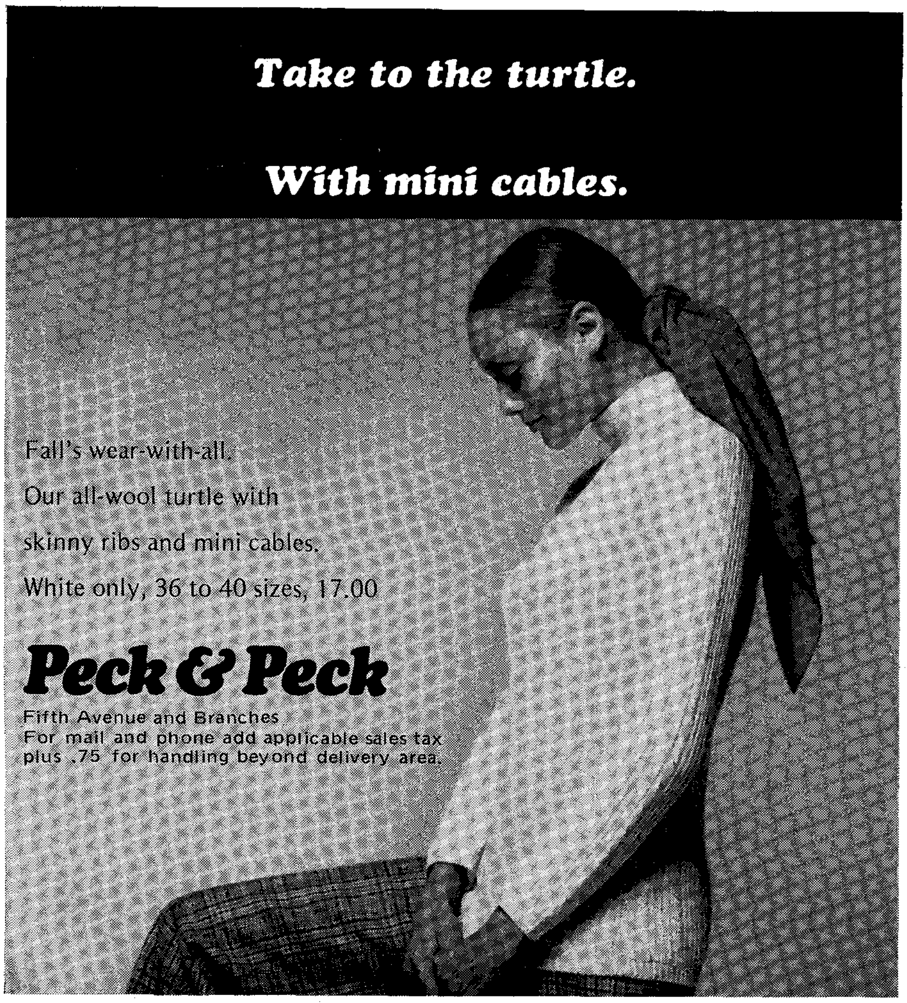
would accelerate the process of withdrawal; Tanganyikan independence, it turned out, came scarcely two years later—in December, 1961. In 1958, Governor Twining had paid a visit to the Belgian Congo. He later recalled, "Its governor-general, a pocket Napoleon, told me, 'We admire what you British are doing in Tanganyika, of course. But aren't you going about it too quickly?' Well! Eighteen months later . . ." Eighteen months later, the Belgians recklessly settled their accounts in Central Africa by granting the Congo an independence for which it was tragically unprepared.

Sir Edward Twining, a blustery idealist, was governor of Tanganyika from 1949 to 1958, and he ruled from Government House with a strong hand. In his early years as governor, he had deeply pleased the Hehe tribe, in central Tanganyika, by arranging, through a German museum, that the skull of a famous Hehe warrior, Chief Mkwawa, who killed himself to avoid capture by the Germans in battle forty years before, be returned to the tribe. It was both a magnanimous gesture and a shrewd one, but Twining, who took it upon himself to fetch the skull, apparently had some private doubt whether the museum had given him the right skull. When the Hehe asked him, "How can we be sure this is our chief's skull?" Twining replied with the question "Well, won't you recognize him?" An old man said, "*I* will. He had a great bump on the right side of his forehead." Twining told friends later, "My heart sank." The old man took the skull and studied it, turning it around and around in his hands for what seemed to Twining an eternity. At last, he beamed and said, to Twining's relief, "This *is* our Mkwawa."

Twining never got on well with Nyerere, whom he considered a racist. "I've seen Twining so irritated about Julius that he forgot he had gout," Father Walsh, who was a close friend of both men, has recalled. "In December of 1954, I was with Twining at his lodge at Lushoto, and his leg was propped up on a chair. Oh, he was angry! He wouldn't listen to me at all. He said, 'Nyerere is not intelligent, he's just an emotionalist.' I said, 'All revolutions in the world have been inspired by men of emotion.' Twining was a remnant of the Kipling era—one of the greatest men I've met, but still from the world of Kipling. They sang a Kipling hymn at his funeral—the one that ends 'Lest we forget, lest we forget.' He was the last of the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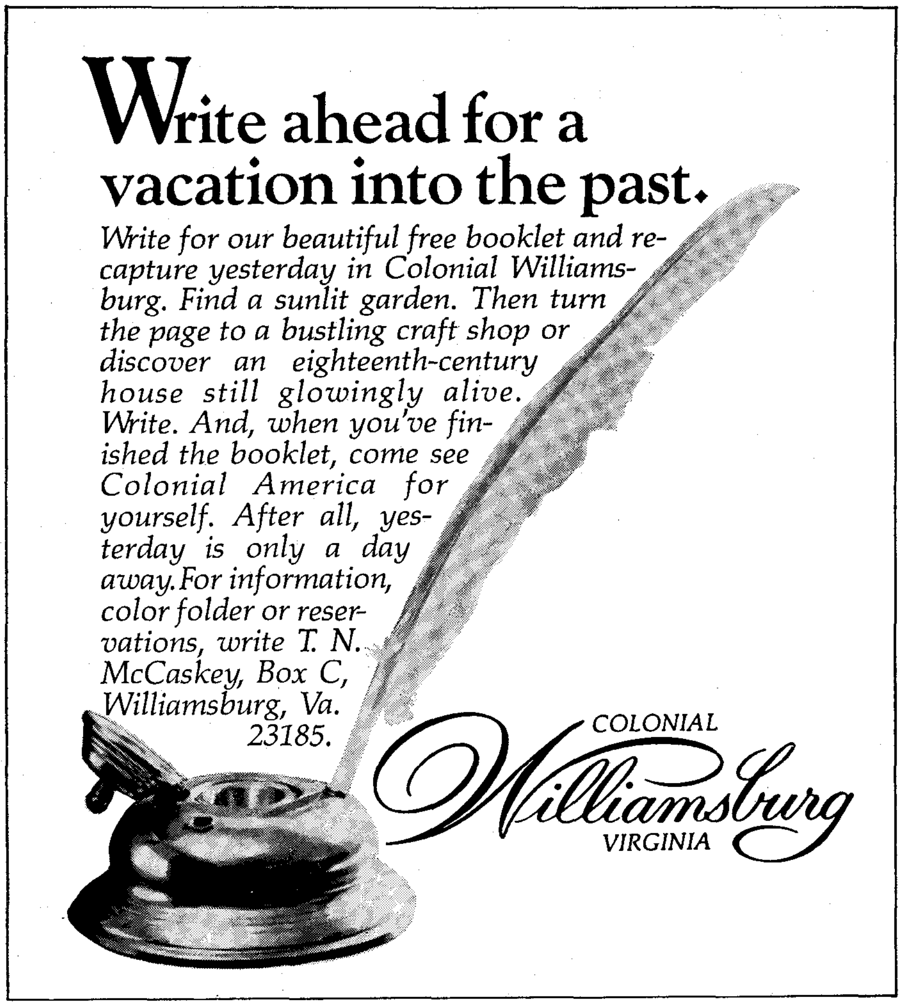
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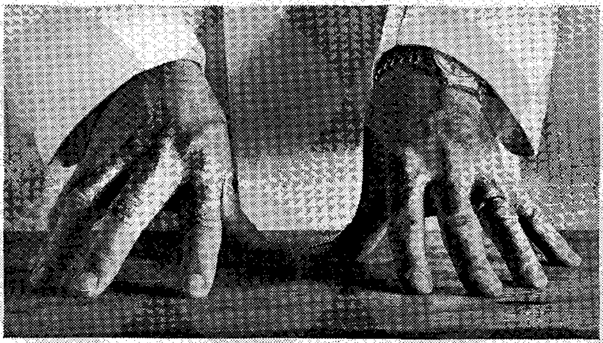

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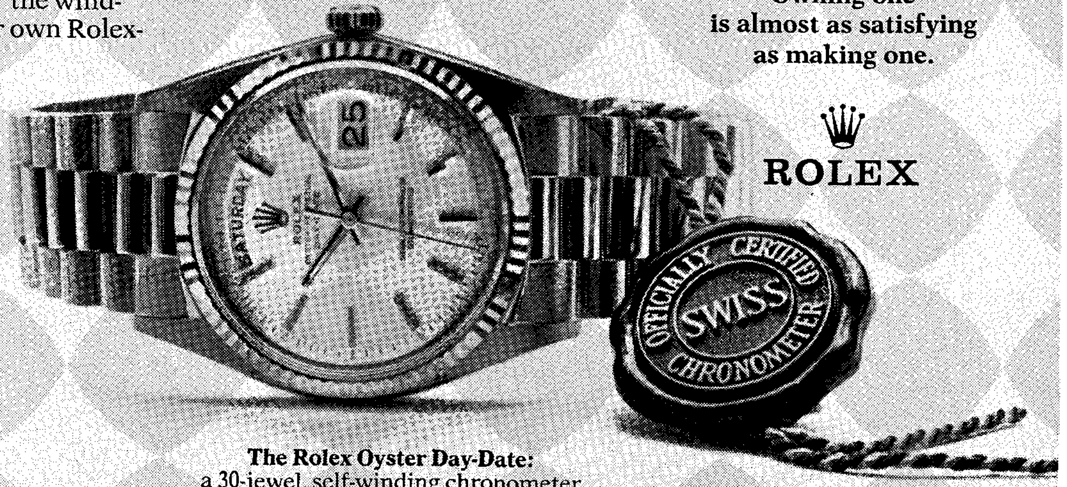

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empire-builders, and Julius was the first of the radicals, and so they clashed. Both were honest, both were idealists. Twining said, 'He's trying to pull the chair out from under the British Empire!' He said, 'I'll destroy that man'—but, of course, he had gout, remember."

Another man who was close to both Twining and Nyerere was Chief David Makwaia, of the Legislative Council. "It was difficult for me," Makwaia has since recalled. "One tended to be regarded as a stooge of the colonialists. But Twining once said to me, 'I've been trying to meet Julius Nyerere socially. He has kept promising he would turn up, and he never turns up.' I reported this to Julius, and he said, 'He is quite right. If you are going up there today, I'll go.' And I took him to Government House at six o'clock that evening. Only one servant was present, and he quickly disappeared. Lady Twining was not there. I recall that both the Governor and Julius were reluctant to start the discussion. Then Twining, having poured himself a gin, said, 'Look, Julius, what do you want to drink? I'm having a gin—what about you?' Julius said to me, 'What about you, Chief?' I said, 'I suppose I can break the law in Government House and get away with it.' Julius said, 'Well, I'll have a small beer.' I said, 'Now, you wanted to talk. Why do you seem so shy?' Twining said, 'I feel that the president of TANU and the governor should discuss matters of state, because whatever I do will have some bearing on what Julius Nyerere wants to do.' They began by discussing the terms 'multiracialism' and 'nonracialism.' Then I said to Twining, 'You have said you are preparing Tanganyika for self-government or independence, and Nyerere is demanding that there be a timetable. What is your objection to providing one?' Julius said, 'David is quite right. We would be very happy if the colonial government would state the number of years until independence.' Twining said, 'I'll tell you in confidence. I'd say fifteen or sixteen years from now this country should attain independence. But you cannot expect me to say that in public.' Julius said, 'Why not? Such a goal is exactly what we want, and we would then work toward it.' "

Many years later, back home in London, Twining—he was now Lord Twining—reflected on Tanganyikan politics. "The mandate was the foundation of our policy," he said. "It stated that we should bring Tanganyika to self-government and independence,

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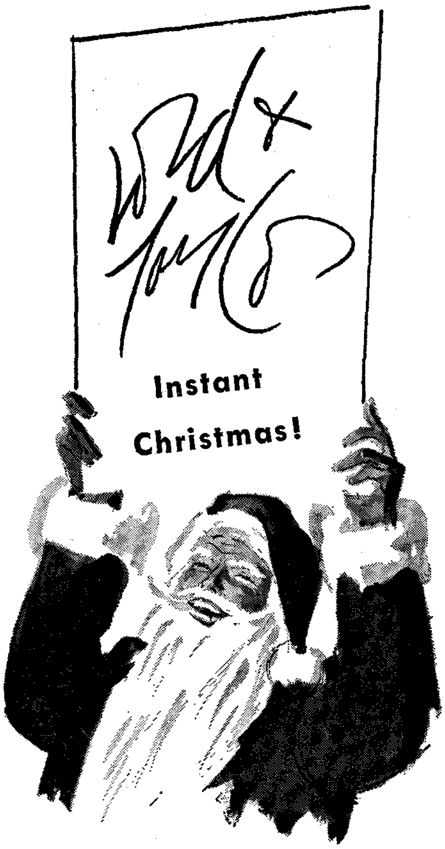

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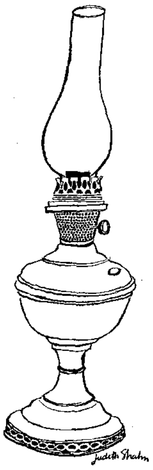
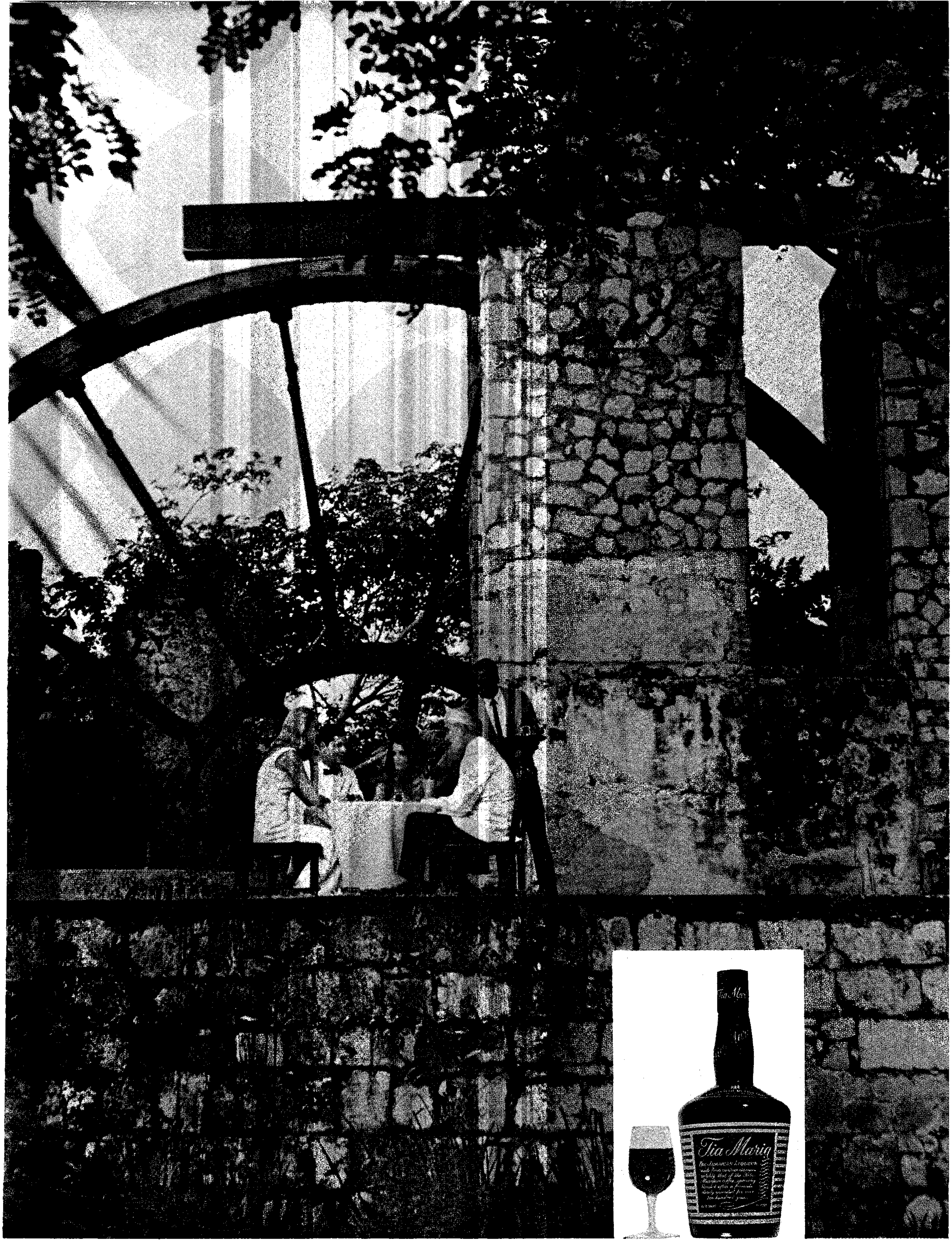
but it set no time limit. We refused to have a timetable. The last U.N. Visiting Commission, in 1954, said independence should come within twenty-five years. In 1958, I said I thought it would come within twelve or fourteen years. My policy was based on the accepted policy of the British government: nonracialism, with a program of gradual turnover to African control—a plan of carefully graded objectives. Now, Nyerere's was a rabid African nationalism. Nothing in it about nonracialism—he wanted one-man-one-vote immediately! I told Nyerere that as long as the members of his organization didn't break the law they could do as they wanted. But things got out of control; some TANU branches set up their own courts. Well, I thought Nyerere was a nice chap—mild, moderate, intelligent. He would agree with me, and go off next day and address thirty thousand people and say the opposite. He is a very shrewd politician, an emotionalist, and that was the sort of stuff they wanted. But he is not greedy, not corrupt. I think he is a good man."

Long after independence was won, Nyerere said of Twining, "He was one of the greater governors—to the extent that I can appreciate colonial governors. If I were ever to write a history of the colonial period, I would give an important place to Twining, and another to Sir Donald Cameron; they were the most prominent of Britain's colonial governors. Twining came at the wrong time, and he stayed too long. But you must give him credit: he had ideas. He had a fault, though. Who is the man referred to by the English poet Pope—'Should such a man, too fond to rule alone, bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne'? Well, *he* was governor, and he didn't like anyone to tell *him*. He did good things. The British did little to develop this country, but to the extent that development took place it was pushed by Cameron and Twining. The deep-water berths in the port are from Twining's time; the new Dar es Salaam airport is Twining's; the tarmac road to Morogoro, the big school at Iringa, both Twining's. Politically, he didn't like anyone near the throne. He saw some European settlers thinking of establishing here the kind of empire they had in Kenya, and he put a stop to that. There would be one voice, and it would be that of Government House! One voice and none other! I respect him, but we clashed as early as 1954. In his vague mind, I stood for racial dominance, and his party was 'multiracial.' By 1955, he had come to realize that he couldn't fight us alone, and he tried to revive the European voice, but it was too late."



In response to TANU's growing influence in the mid-nineteen-fifties, Twining, in December, 1955, organized the "multiracial" United Tanganyika Party as an opposition to TANU. A year and a half later, he announced that the first elections in Tanganyika would take place in the first quarter of 1958. Each of ten constituencies was to elect three members of the Legislative Council—one African, one Asian, and one European—and each voter would vote for a candidate of each race. Since under this system only one-third of the Council members could be Africans, most of the TANU leadership thought the party should boycott the elections. At a party conference in Tabora in January, 1958, Nyerere argued convincingly that TANU should participate. His victory, it turned out, was a crucial one for the nation's future. Nyerere's brother Joseph has recalled that at the beginning Nyerere was supported by only one member, the delegate from Tanga. "All the other delegates—more than a hundred—said no, we should boycott the elections," Joseph has said.

"The debate had gone on for three days, and the last day I wasn't at the meeting. That last day, there were only two speakers—Bhoke Munanka, who was arguing that we shouldn't participate in the elections, and Julius. Well, I had the impression that the whole country was against our contesting the election. So when I came back and was told that we were going to participate, I said, 'But how can we, when only two want us to? How was a decision made against the wishes of the people?' And I went to Julius's place in the evening and I said, 'You dictator!' Julius said, 'O.K., I know you are fired up. Now, sit down and I'll tell you about it. If we don't participate this year, the United Tanganyika Party is going to win. All members will be returned unopposed. And TANU will be fighting from the outside. The only thing we could do would be to send a petition to the Colonial Office explaining our position; the Colonial Office would send a



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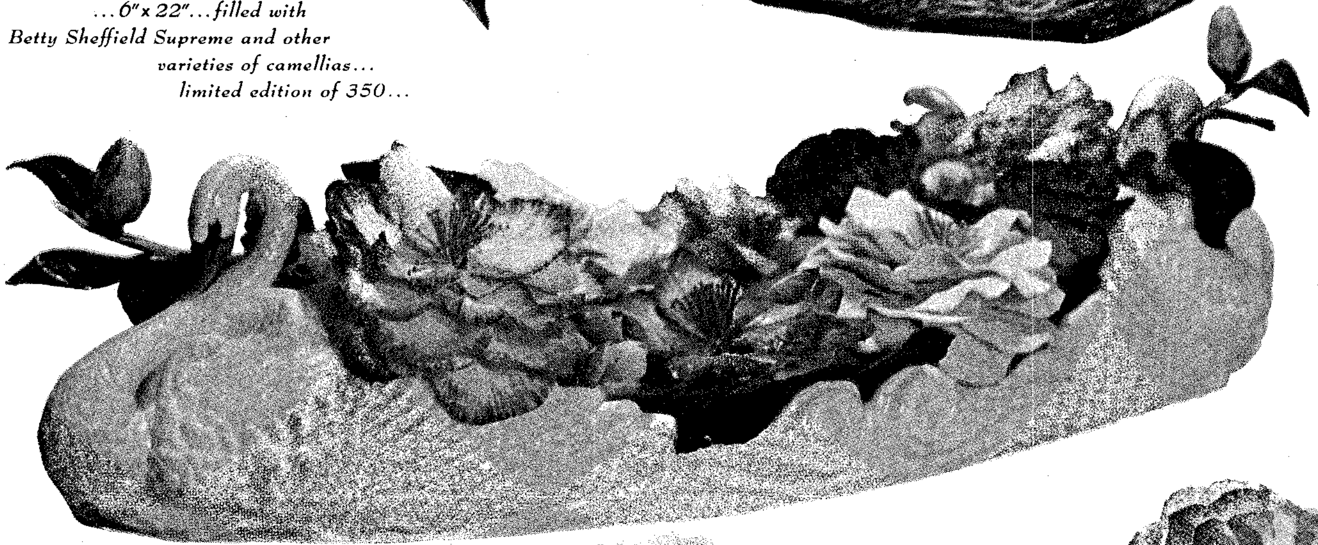

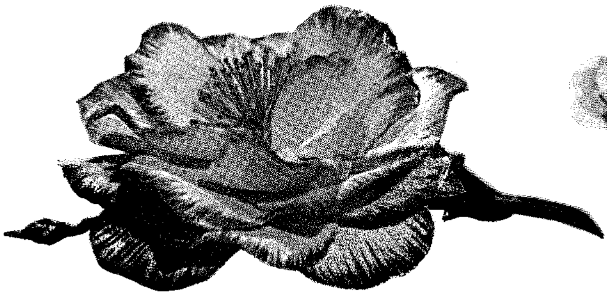

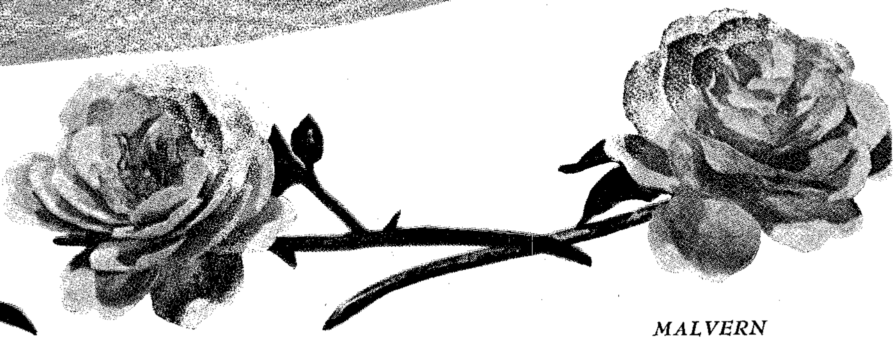

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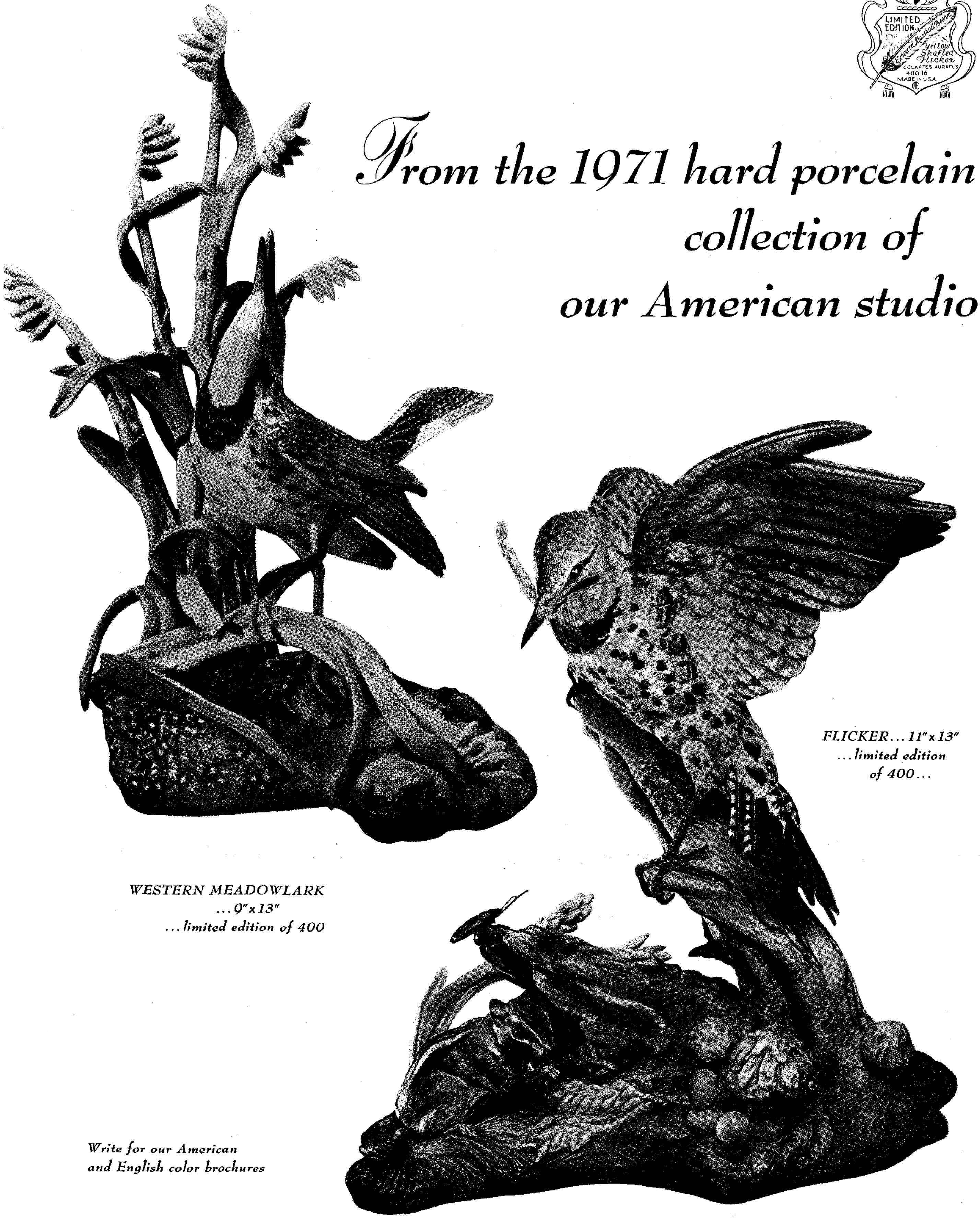

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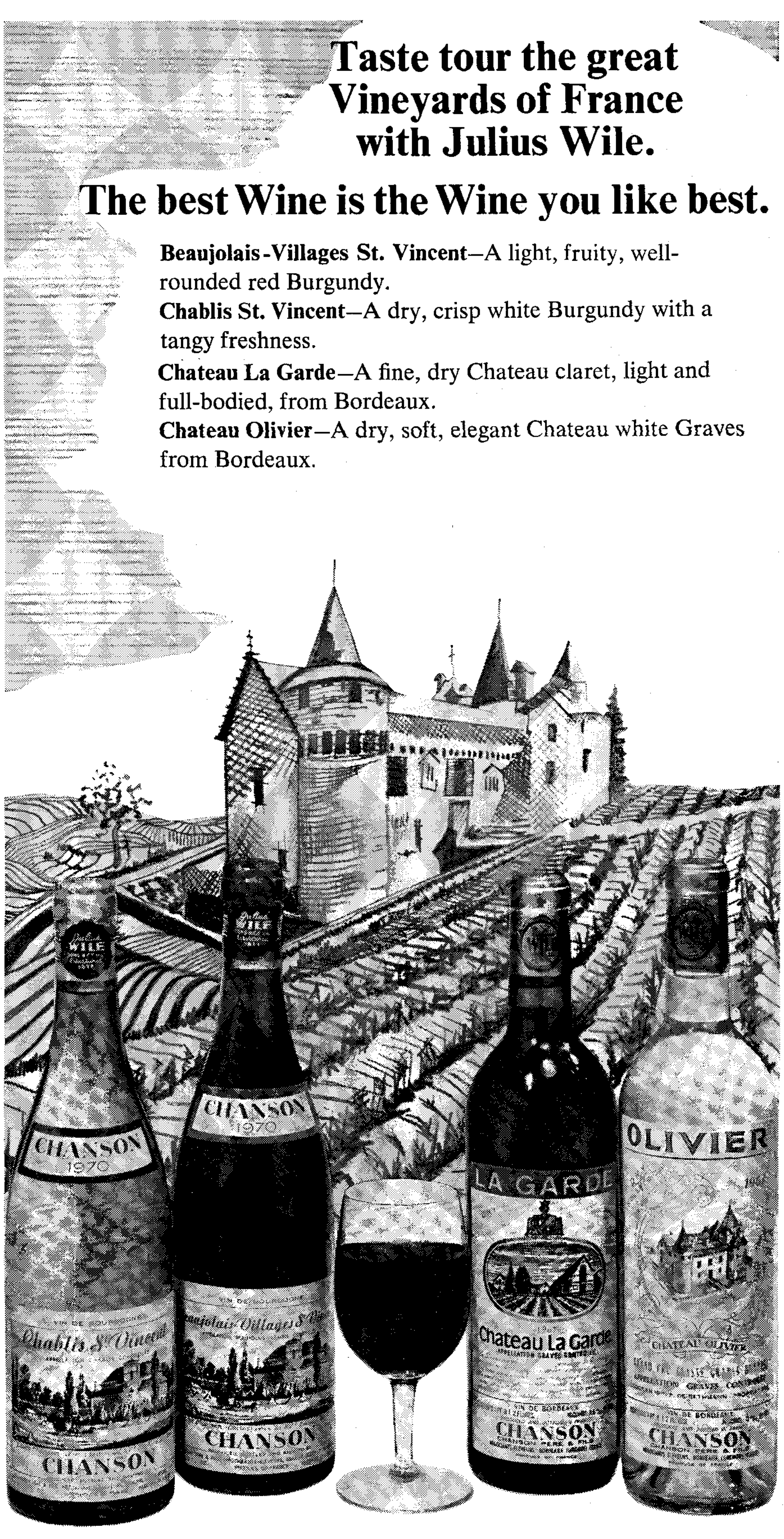
commission of inquiry, and the next election would be three or four years later, and by that time the U.T.P. would be firmly established. We might get our independence by 1970 or 1975. But suppose we do contest this election. Everybody says that TANU will elect only ten members, but that's not true. We have Europeans and Asians who are friends of ours and will support us. We'll have thirty TANU-supported members. Then we'll fight from the inside *and* the outside. We'll demand a new constitution. In a few months, we'll have self-government, and in 1961 we'll be independent.' "

On May 27, 1958, four months before the first stage of the elections, the TANU newssheet *Sauti ya Tanu* (the name means "the voice of TANU") published an editorial by Nyerere cautioning party members to refrain from violence. "The reason that lunatics have been trying to provoke the people into violence," the editorial said, "is the fact that they know we are virtually invincible if we remain a law-abiding organization. . . . Fellow-Africans, be on your guard. The enemy is losing the cold war because he has no argument against our case. His only chance is to provoke violence so that he may use the gun. Don't give him that chance. Don't be provoked into violence. Be as calm and good-humored as you have always been." The editorial then singled out two district commissioners for criticism; it charged that one had put a chief on trial for "cooked-up reasons," and it accused the other of trying to undermine TANU. However mild such comment may seem now, the colonial government saw fit at the time to file three counts of criminal libel against Nyerere on the basis of the editorial. The trial lasted for more than a month. In the end, Nyerere was found guilty, and was given the choice of paying a fine of a hundred and fifty pounds or serving six months in prison.

Many observers felt that the authorities had behaved unwisely in pressing the case. Even Twining, in later years, blamed the incident on "an obstinate Irish attorney-general," and added, "Under the British system, a governor can't interfere, any more than he can interfere with the chief justice." In any event, it was generally assumed in Tanganyika that Nyerere would seize the opportunity to become a "prison graduate," like most of the other African nationalist leaders. Nyerere's friends like to recall how he wrestled with the decision. Resting at Lady Chesham's farm, he would say lightly, almost jokingly, "Shall I go to jail? Every other



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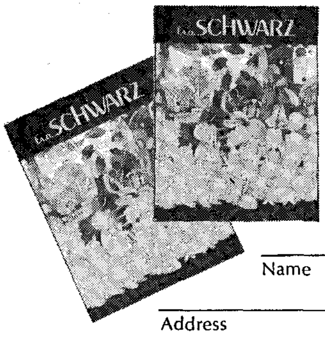
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prime minister has gone to jail. But I *can't* go to jail—it's an election year."

The trial also coincided with another important event—the retirement of Twining and the arrival of a new governor, Sir Richard Turnbull. A tall, thin, erudite man, who had served as chief secretary in the Kenya government during the height of the Mau Mau emergency, Turnbull took the oath of office in Dar es Salaam on July 15th, a week after Nyerere's libel trial had begun. To the surprise of virtually everyone in Tanganyika, Turnbull invited Nyerere to Government House for a talk on July 24th, more than two weeks before the trial ended. "The British made a mess of the trial," Turnbull has said. "Tremendous feeling had been aroused. I had been through four years of the emergency in Kenya, and I didn't want to go through that again. I couldn't wait for the judgment. I sent for Nyerere."

Shortly after the visit, Nyerere told a friend, "When I went to see Turnbull, I thought I should say something polite, so I said, 'I thank you for what you intend to do for Tanganyika.' But Turnbull put it aside. I took a deep breath and thought, Thank God this man is shy. With him I can probably work." In later years, Nyerere said, "Turnbull could have followed in Twining's footsteps and got into real trouble, because the political movement was by that time very militant. I was determined to go to jail. The showdown had come, and we were in a mood to fight. I expected Turnbull to invite me to talk with him, but I thought he would wait until the trial was over. But he didn't wait. Well, I respect people even if they represent systems I am fighting. Also, I realized that he had inherited difficulties not of his own making. I felt after our first discussion that it was absurd to precipitate crisis for the sake of crisis." Nyerere chose to pay the fine. As Turnbull has put it, "He did a very generous thing—he gave up the martyr's crown."

In the campaign, Nyerere ran for a seat in the Eastern Province against Chief Patrick Kunambi, an early TANU member who had fallen out with the party and had decided to run as an independent. In one village, TANU supporters broke up a meeting of Kunambi's by throwing rocks. "I know Julius was very upset about this," Kunambi has said. "No, he didn't speak to me about it. He finds it difficult to talk about such things. He understood, I understood—that's all." As Nyerere had

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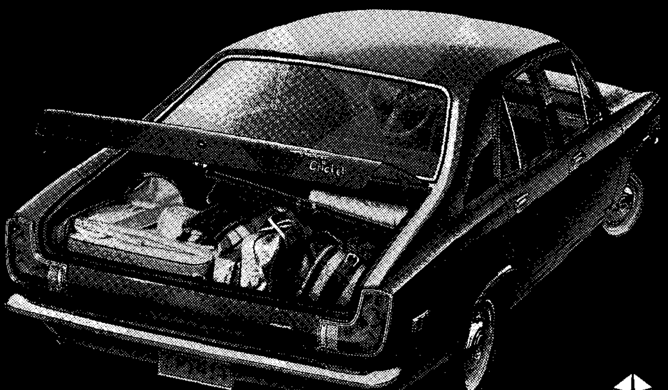

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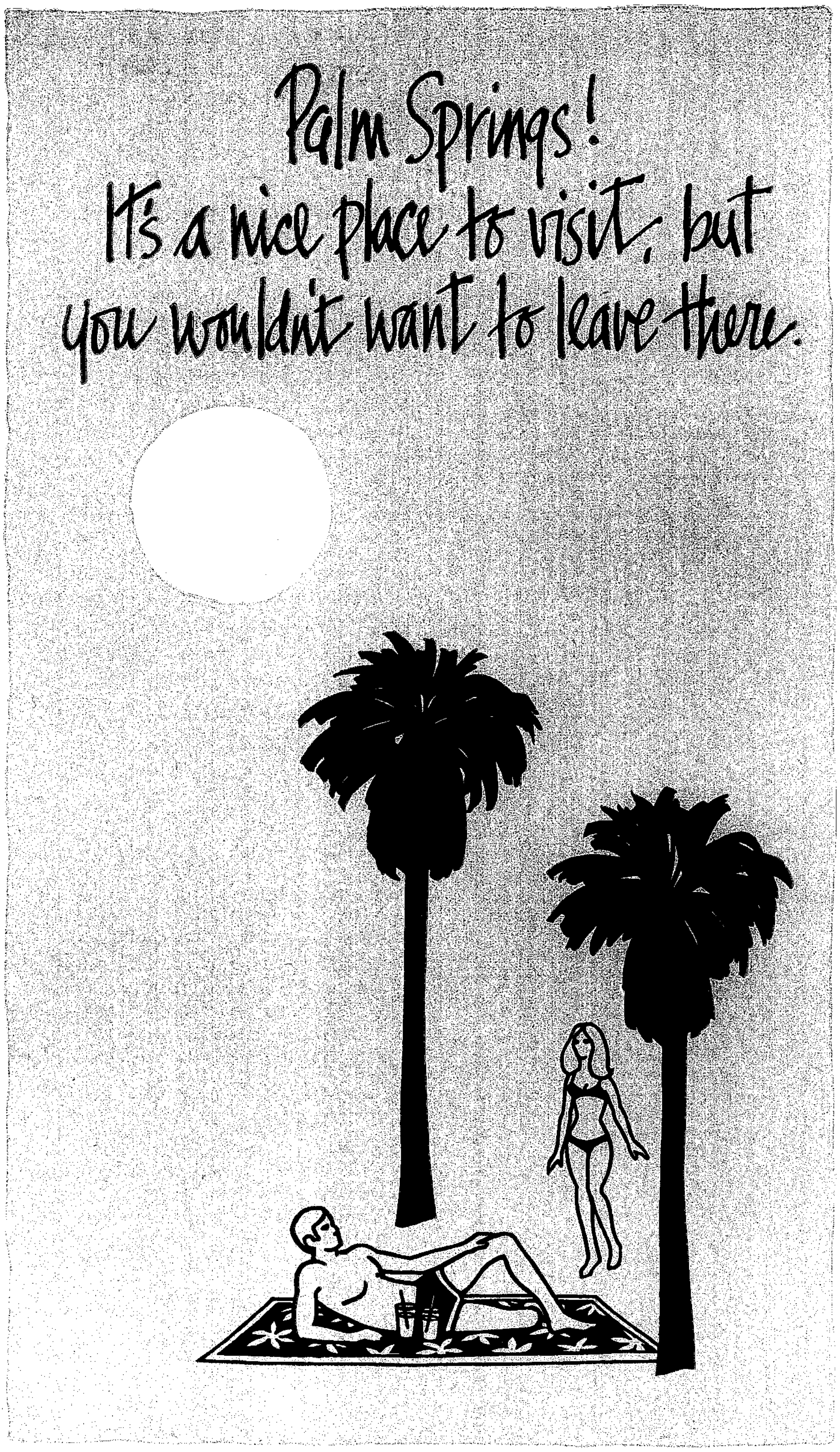
predicted, TANU and TANU-sponsored candidates won all the thirty seats they contested. Nyerere himself received twenty-six hundred votes, Kunambi eight hundred. The following March, Governor Turnbull increased TANU's role in the government significantly by giving it five of the twelve ministerial posts. On that day in March, 1959, Nyerere, with victory so clearly in sight, celebrated with his colleagues Amir Jamal, an Indian, and Derek Bryceson, an Englishman, by "jumping around the room, first on one foot and then on the other," in a burst of joy, as Bryceson once described it.

AFTER TANU's success in the elections of 1958, Nyerere began to devote more thought to the creation of an East African federation, which would include Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Kenya, and Uganda. At a conference of independent African states at Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, in 1960, he presented a study paper in which he said that the creation of an East African federation was so important that, if necessary, Tanganyika would be willing to have its independence delayed so that it could become independent with Kenya and Uganda simultaneously, and could federate with them immediately. An aide released the paper to the press by accident, and it quickly became obvious that Nyerere had not cleared the statement with his party leadership. "Every major TANU official in Dar called us to say that Nyerere couldn't have said such a thing," a former editor of the Tanganyika *Standard* has said. Nyerere nevertheless championed the idea, and later explained, "I felt we should become one country. The question was: How? When? I argued that the best time to achieve federation would be at the time of independence—we could combine the freedom movement with the unity movement. Freedom was popular; unity could be popularized. You would be asking the states to achieve something, whereas after independence you would be asking them to surrender their sovereignty, and that's not easy. My point was: Don't wait until the day the flag goes up."

His prediction, as of a decade later, has proved all too accurate. In 1967, Tanzania, Kenya, and Uganda converted their Common Services Organization, an inheritance from the colonial period, into a common market and administrative union called the East African Community. This organization operates a wide range of services for the three countries; it collects taxes, for instance, and operates four independent corporations that run East Africa's airline, railways, harbors, and postal and telecommunications services. But the prospect of an East African federation remains as remote as it was in 1960. Indeed, the continued existence of the Community has been threatened since January, 1971, when Uganda's President, A. Milton Obote, was overthrown in an Army coup. Nyerere took the position that he would not negotiate with Uganda's new military ruler, General Idi Amin Dada. The Community has continued to function on a routine basis, but no policymaking meetings of the three heads of state have been held.

In the elections of August, 1960, TANU candidates won seventy of the seventy-one seats in the new House, and Nyerere was called to form a government. "Success must not go to our heads," he told his followers. "We must not become bigheaded, with ideas as big as Kilimanjaro, neglecting the past and the future." In March of 1961, a constitutional conference attended by British officials and Tanganyikan leaders was held in Dar es Salaam to settle the details of a constitution for an independent Tanganyika. As a concession to the Colonial Secretary, Iain Macleod, Nyerere had agreed that when Tanganyika became independent—December 9th was the date they settled on—it should first become a monarchy, with a governor-general representing the Queen; only later did many of his colleagues realize that this meant waiting a full year before Tanganyika would become a republic within the Commonwealth. In May, Tanganyika achieved internal self-government—the last step before full independence—and Nyerere became Prime Minister. By that time, Nyerere's views on African affairs were being solicited regularly by the foreign press. According to a story still current in East Africa, a British reporter pleaded with Nyerere one time that year to rephrase in more colorfully African language a point he was making. "Oh, I don't know," Nyerere is supposed to have replied. "You do it. You're good at that sort of thing." The reporter quoted Nyerere as saying that unless African leaders could find ways of meeting the aspirations of their people "we shall fall, as surely as the tickbird follows the rhino," a line widely quoted thereafter. "Not bad," Nyerere told the reporter.

On the night of December 8, 1961, a team of climbers scaled Mount Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest peak, and there, as a symbol of Tanganyika's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independence, they planted a torch of unity—an act inspired by a speech that Nyerere had made in the Legislative Council two years earlier: "We the people of Tanganyika would like to light a candle and put it on top of Mount Kilimanjaro—a candle that would shine beyond our borders, giving hope where there is despair, love where there is hate, and dignity where before there was only humiliation." While the torch was being placed on the mountaintop, seventy-five thousand Tanganyikans and their guests gathered in the National Stadium in Dar es Salaam to participate in the ritual of independence. At exactly midnight, the lights in the stadium went out. In the dark, the British flag was lowered and the green-black-and-gold flag of Tanganyika was raised. The lights went up, to cheers and shouts of "*Uhuru!*" And then, as Nyerere had been warning his countrymen since the early days of TANU, Tanganyika's real problems began.

—WILLIAM EDGETT SMITH

(*This is the first of three articles on Julius K. Nyerere.*)

•

— 1:00 —
10 Movie
"The Last Hurrah" (1958) Spencer Tracy, Jeffrey Hunter. Because of the shady dealing carried on by two political groups, an aging New England mayor is unjustly defeated in an election.
— 1:10 —
9 Movie
"The Last Hurrah" (1958) Spencer Tracy, Jeffrey Hunter, Dianne Foster. A political boss seeks reelection as mayor but finds bitter opposition from a banker and a publisher who want to rid their city of old-time bossism.
—*New Brunswick* (*N. J.*) *Home News.*

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•

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[*Footnote to Robert Browning's "Dis Aliter Visum; or, Le Byron de Nos Jours," in "Victorian Poetry and Poetics," edited by Walter E. Houghton and G. Robert Stange*]

[9] The woman is imagining what her lover would have imagined himself saying in reply to the speech (stanzas xv-xvii) which he has just imagined her making after their marriage *if* they got married. Since her supposed speech shows her in a bad light, it must have been at this point in his inner debate ten years ago, the woman thinks, that her lover decided to draw back in time (see the parenthesis).

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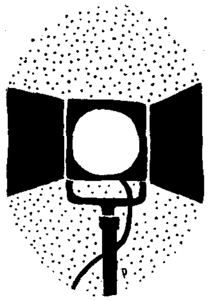
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

TERRENCE MCNALLY is the author of, among other comedies, "Sweet Eros" and "Next," both of them successful Off Broadway, and deservedly so. His "Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?" opened last week at the Eastside, and although it cannot be considered a success (on its own terms, that is), parts of it are clever and very funny. The play amounts to an anthology of brief incidents—straight scenes, put-ons, monologues, and flashbacks—that portray, or at least illustrate in a tangential way, the life and attitude of one Tommy Flowers, cutup, freeloader, and stagestruck rebel against society, and that also, taken together, make up a kind of dossier of his disenchantment with just about everything. At present, he is in New York, jobless and homeless, a light traveller, with only a bright-red shopping bag, but an accomplished pilferer and hoodwinker of everybody in sight. He has acquired a large sheepdog, and shortly after the action begins he takes under his protection a destitute old actor, who happens to remember him in a bit part several years before. (The play gets very intramural; it is dotted with allusions to show business.) When he goes to Bloomingdale's to pick up ("rip off" is what we want here, I guess) some clothes for the old man, he meets, in the ladies' room, a beautiful music student named Nedda Lemon, whose cello case happens to be filled with swiped merchandise. He and the dog and the actor move in with the girl, but all ends with love betrayed and with sadness and destruction. The mocking tone, however, is maintained throughout.



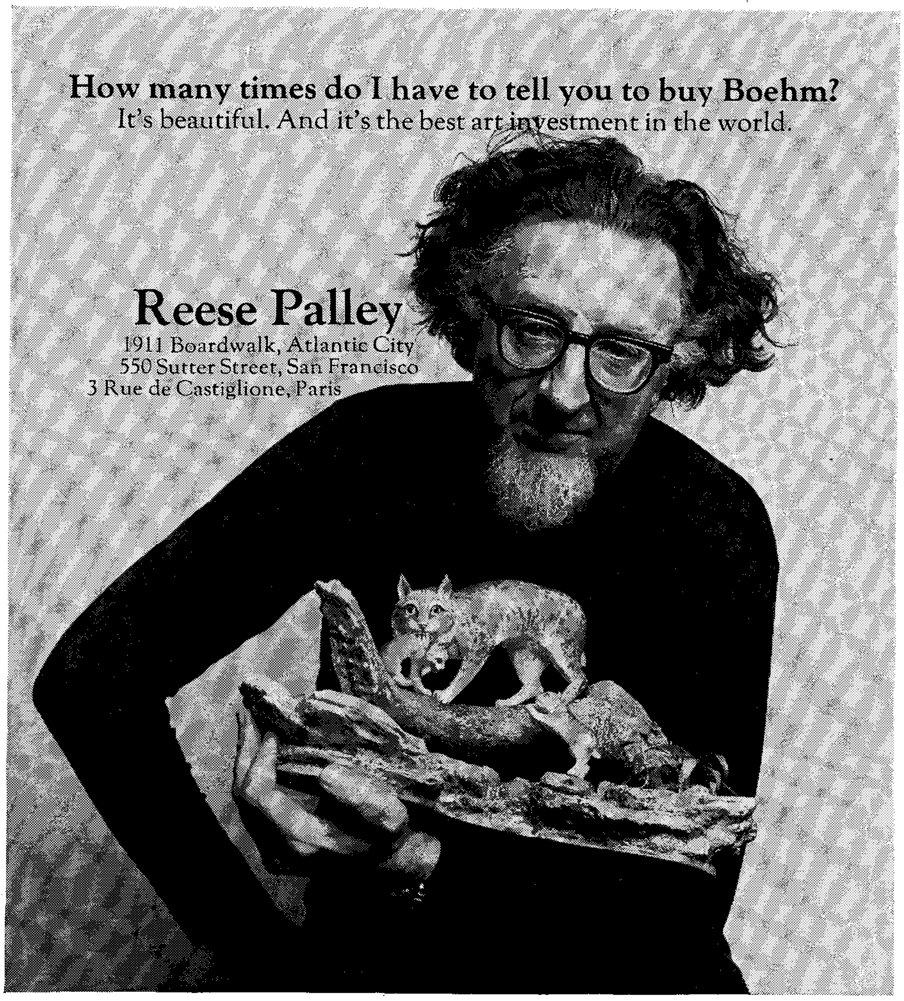
The production, under Jacques Levy's direction, is an elaborate one, full of quick role switches and costume changes and brief movie sequences that run on screens above the stage, but the play has a hollow center—or, as William Saroyan, another comic dramatist, put it many years ago, "no foundation. All the way down the line"—and its lack of steam and its straining for laughs become all too apparent in the second act. As social satire, it is too diffuse for anything that has so little to project except an attitude of revulsion—and even that attitude and its targets are shopworn. Nevertheless, Mr. McNally is a nimble writer for the stage, with a God-given knack for telling scenes and sharp, immediate characterizations—just the few words, in each instance, that give us the key to a whole person. (His association with Elaine May, who directed "Next," has not gone to waste.) I had quite a lot of fun at the play quite a lot of the time, and for that I am grateful to Mr. McNally. He is a man of feeling, as one might expect a humorist to be, and more often than not he manages to make his feeling clear by way of comedy.

As Tommy Flowers, Robert Drivas meets the demands of an extremely taxing role, and, except for one dreadful routine, in which, wearing a blond wig, he does a dreadful impersonation of Marilyn Monroe in Heaven, his performance works very well. Kathleen Dabney is splendid as Nedda Lemon, and Wallace Rooney as the old man, and Barbara Worthington, F. Murray Abraham, and Marion Paone, in a large assortment of parts, are also very good.

A ROCK opera called "Everyman and Roach," which was first done here as one of the projects of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Brother Jonathan, O.S.F., for their Everyman Street Theatre, is now playing at the Ethical Culture Auditorium, on West Sixty-fourth. As is true of other Street Theatre productions, it is the love and fervor of the whole company, mostly amateur and mostly black, that give the show its vitality. The score, by John Orlando, is melodious and stirring.

"THE JAMES JOYCE MEMORIAL LIQUID THEATRE," as performed in a wing of the Guggenheim Museum by the Company Theatre of Los Angeles, is an experiment in "nonverbal communication" and, to paraphrase a quote from Bertolt Brecht in the program, an attempt to get at hitherto untapped feelings and responses and impulses in the audience. The program also lists, as clues to the proceedings, quotes from, among others, Buckminster Fuller, Bob Dylan, R. D. Laing, God, and Joyce. The final quote, unattributed, reads, "Close your eyes. Trust us. Welcome. Hmmmm." And that final word may be considered the strongest clue of all. The show consists almost entirely of audience participation. There is agreeable music—folk, pop, simulated Indian, and rock—by Jack Rowe, Robert Walter, and Lance Larsen, and there are decorative lighting effects and projections on scrims and gauzy veils. All that is theatrical, but the actors are primarily ringleaders, camp councillors, or perhaps therapists. At the beginning, the audience reclines on cushions scattered around the floor of the museum as someone sings cheerfully, and those who want to are encouraged to take part in some mild calisthenics. ("Mild" is another key word here.) Then, a few at a time, we are summoned downstairs, told where the bathrooms are, given a hot sweet drink, which is called tea but doesn't taste much like it, told to look deep into the eyes of total strangers and to shake them gently, and, finally, led out, one by one, with eyes closed, through a maze and stroked and whispered to and caressed and kissed and blown at on the neck, very, very gently, and sprinkled with water and given a grape to eat and hugged by a number of cast members in an impersonal sort of way. After that, it's almost all "games," which may well be derived from "encounter" and "sensitivity" sessions. The audience is split up into groups of various sizes. Someone leans over, and two people tap him gently up and down the spine; a circle is formed, and someone in the middle keeps falling back into the arms of the others; six or seven people huddle together, each of them under a sheet—that sort of thing. There are two wholly professional interludes: upstairs a pretty brunette belts out a song, "I'm a Free Woman," with spirit and style, and downstairs a young man and woman, as Adam and Eve, act out the Creation in pantomime and are funny and skillful about it.

Aside from these spots, the whole evening seems foolish and kind of pesky to me. For a number of reasons, however, among them a positive addiction to verbal communication and an outsize dread of seeing the fatuities of the West Coast encroach upon the East



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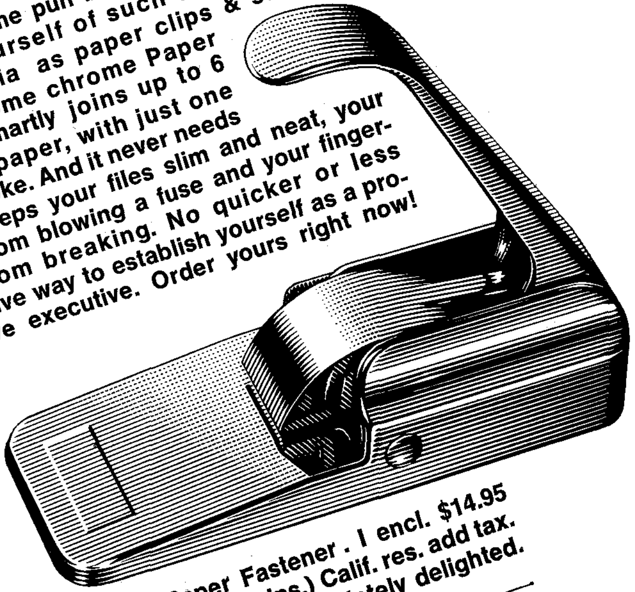

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(we have enough of our own), I may not be your ideal reporter here. The "Liquid" ensemble is certainly harmless, and a lot of people appear to enjoy it; it might even make a contribution of some sort to the theatre, though I don't think that all this disembodied gentleness and group stuff have much to do with art. What that great verbal communicator and loner James Joyce would make of it I cannot imagine.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION's production of "Hogan's Goat," William Alfred's tragic melodrama of deception, faithlessness, political ambition, and political chicanery among the Irish in Brooklyn in 1890, which I saw recently at a screening, made me realize that much of what I had admired in the play six years ago was its potential. Now that potential has been more than fulfilled; the play's quality, passion, and depth have been made evident, and its humor is as bright as ever. An opera libretto, if ever there was one—if only the right composer were around. All the acting, under the firm, self-effacing direction of Glenn Jordan, is very good, and in the case of George Rose, as the corrupt old Mayor of Brooklyn, and of Faye Dunaway, in her original part as the wife of a rising young politician, it is truly remarkable. Each scene begins with a freeze shot in sepia, and then life, movement, and color flood in. The effect is stunning, and surprisingly moving. "Hogan's Goat" was shown over Channel 13 last Monday evening; it will be repeated on October 16th. —EDITH OLIVER

•

The sources denied that Sadat's diatribe against the United States last night indicated that Washington was no longer acceptable to him as a mediator. Sadat, they said, felt that he had been badly let down by the Americans after he had gone along with the Secretary of Stall William Rogers peace initiative and he considered that U.S. procrastination was working in Israel's favor.—*Washington Post.*

Just give the news, please.

•

The Common Market Commission, which makes proposals independent of the six member governments, has suggested that the dollar and pound sterling gradually be replaced by special drawing rights to the IMF backed by golf as the basis for international financial and trade transactions.—*A. P. dispatch.*

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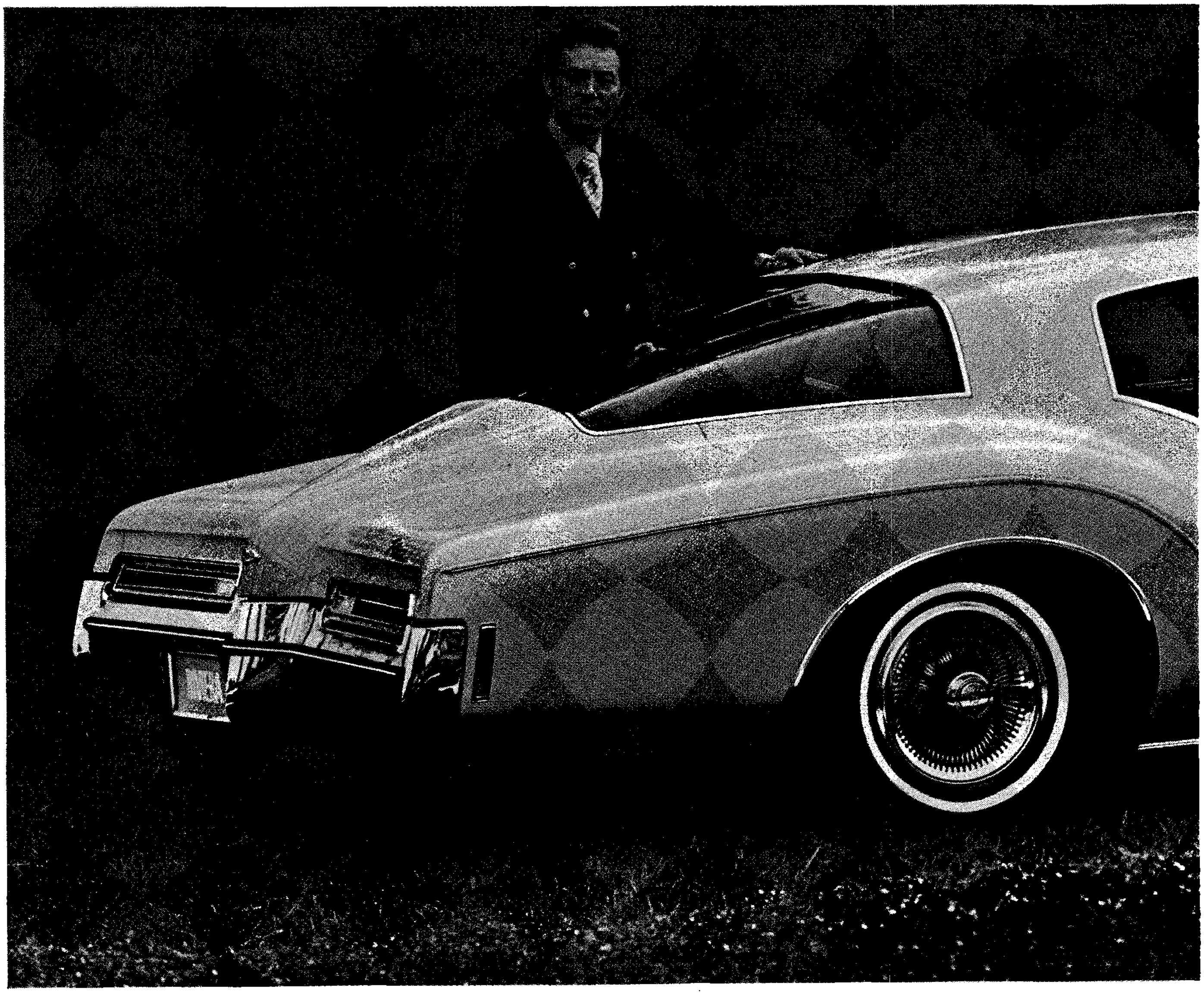

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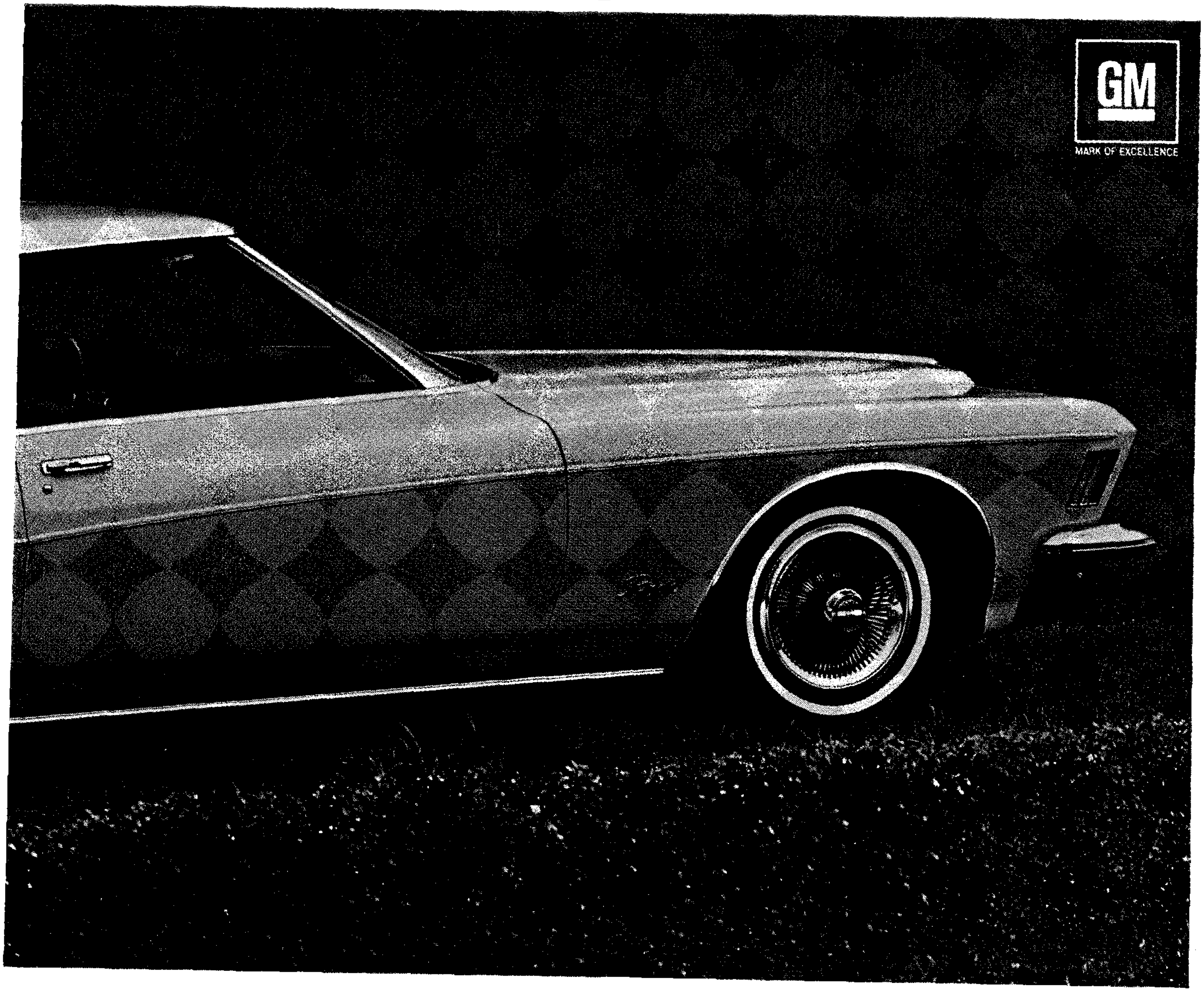

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ROMEO & JULIETA

IN grammar school, the only books I read were fairy tales. My mother, my grandfather, my aunts and uncles, all Spanish-speaking cigarmakers in Tampa, Florida, all people who for two hours each day heard the great works of world literature read to them at the factory, were so tolerant of my literary taste that I knew I should be ashamed of it. I *knew* I had to grow up—Cervantes, Dickens, Zola, Tolstoy loomed like harsh necessities—and I put them off, for I had gathered that novels were real life, their plots actual incidents, their characters living people, who, if they had not died by the last chapter, were my contemporaries. It was years before I became convinced that they were works of the imagination, and could read the death of Little Nell with the same amused acceptance of Dickens' taste as my family's of mine for fairy tales. Only now that I am writing a story about an aunt and uncle whom everyone called Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro, both dead, is it clear to me that Little Nell really died.

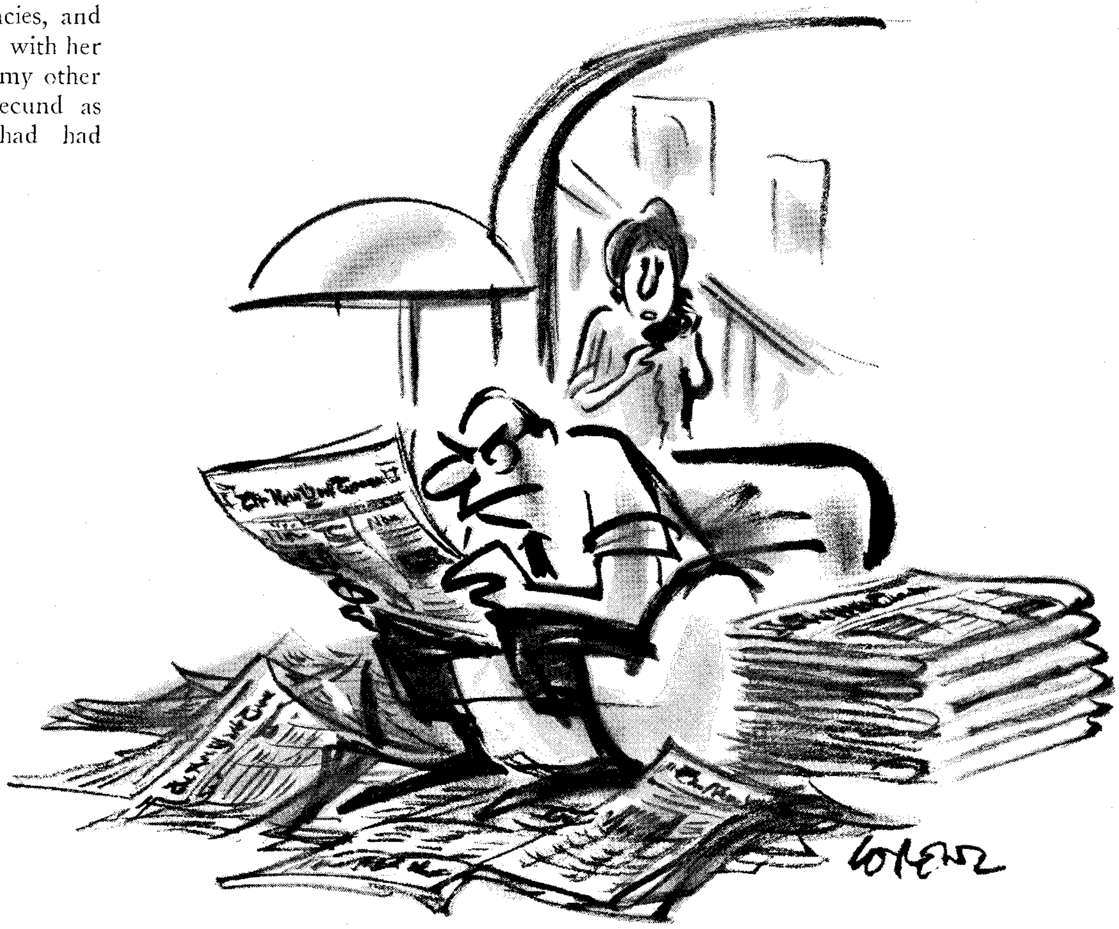
Truth, then. Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro were laughable unfortunates. They were also an embarrassment to the family. They had no secrets and no discretion. Mama Chucha had fifteen full-term pregnancies, and with the last five she competed with her own daughters, all of whom my other aunts feared would be as fecund as she. They weren't—they had had enough of large households—but even a decent, average American number of children made for an enormous crowd at the Golden Wedding anniversary. Mama Chucha showed me the group photograph taken that day—sons and daughters-in-law, daughters and sons-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Papa Leandro and she alone faced the camera squarely; the others had to stand sideways in order not to overflow into the yard next door. "As it was, the photographer stood across the street to get everyone in," Mama Chucha said, and laughed with her old shrieking abandon.

That shriek—high, thin, always with a note of derision that could easily turn into laughter—was all her own. None of her five sisters had it; Grandmother came from an upper-class Cuban family and allowed of no peasant shrillness among her girls, including the ones she adopted—girls who had come from Cuba to work in the cigar factories and whom she took in and mothered. She was a civilizing influence in West Tampa, and even when my aunts were venerable old women they turned ladylike and softened their voices when they reminisced about her. All but Mama Chucha. She had only one manner, though she respected and loved her mother as much as her sisters did. For a long time, I suspected that her shrillness was an affectation to annoy her sisters, but I think now she was too unself-conscious for that.

Grandmother died when I was two, but I knew how she felt about Mama Chucha. I gathered it from unfinished exclamations of my mother's and aunts'—"If Mother were alive!" Lips were pressed together, then opened for exasperated sighs, and each sister shifted in her seat, letting the squeaks and groans of the old porch furniture speak for her. "It was all due to Papa Leandro, who . . ." The sentence was never completed. If any of my uncles was around (it would have to be sufficiently late for the cafés to be closed; no cigarmaker sat on the porch with the women after dinner), he would simply guffaw. You had only to say "Papa Leandro" and my uncles laughed.

My other uncles were Spanish, Papa Leandro Cuban. Cubans are not to be taken seriously, I decided. They are something of a joke. I didn't really decide this; in childhood, one breathes in snobbery in tiny particles, imperceptibly. Later, when some irritant acts as a magnet, these particles come together to form a sophisticated concept, like "Cubans are not to be taken seriously." I was being formed by my aunts' sighs and my uncles' laughter. I was acquiring a certain tone, and it excluded behavior like Papa Leandro's (I didn't quite know what that was yet) and shrieks like Mama Chucha's.

I heard her at top register when I was seven. She was giving birth. I remember sunlight—my whole childhood in Florida is bathed in sunlight—and a thin, blue, overexposed sky. A faraway, unoppressive roof. We were playing marbles and I was squatting, shoes off, with three other boys at the corner of our block. This was in Ybor City, the Latin section at the eastern end of Tampa. Our block was paved—so much grander than Mama Chucha's block in West Tampa—but there were



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no sidewalks, and at the corner we had patted down a stretch of sand, scraping off the loose, dusty top layer to get at a moist, firm surface for our game. We had to play fast; in a few minutes, that warming, friendly sun would make it necessary to scrape off another layer.

"Your turn, Pini," one of the boys said.

"Damn, shut up!" I said. I had to concentrate; I did not want to lose this marble I'd taken out—an amber one, with tiny air bubbles in its depths, that Grandfather had brought me the night before with nine others in a drawstring sack made of cheesecloth—and my fingers got moist and slippery the more I thought. I was not good at handling little objects like marbles. I was better at baseball, and much, much better at a sloppy, running game we called tennis yard, a version of hide-and-seek that could take you blocks away. All you had to do was run—run fast, yelling, cursing, laughing—to home post.

An uncle who was a foreman at one of the cigar factories owned the first three houses on the side of the block where we were playing. One aunt lived in the house on the corner; we lived in the third house, a copy of the first; and in the middle one—the largest house on the block—lived the aunt married to the foreman. It was from there that Mama Chucha screamed. We looked up because it sounded like an angry mother's call. Then she screamed again, and I remembered that I had been warned to stay away from the big house that day. I was used to having the run of all three houses, and I had asked why. "Because Mama Chucha is visiting and she is sick." I knew she wasn't sick, just pregnant, but I wasn't going to let on to my mother that I knew about babies.

When Mama Chucha screamed the third time, one of my friends said, "Somebody is sick."

They knew about babies too—we had pooled our information—but I couldn't tell them Mama Chucha was having one that moment. Like a cat. Right in my aunt's front bedroom.

Then came the sound we had never heard. Strong cloth tearing, it might have been, hugely magnified. We half got up, looked at one another as at menacing strangers, and when the sound stopped ran for home. I don't remember if I lost the amber marble that day. During a pause in Mama Chucha's shrieking, I went back to the corner for my shoes, and the ground was already gray dust.

That evening, the family didn't follow the custom of congregating at the big house. Nor could we children play

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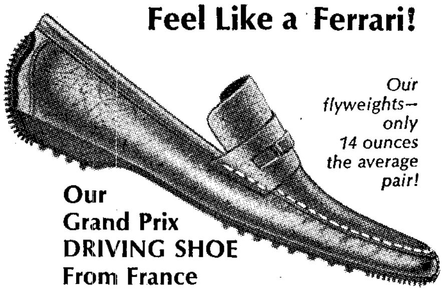

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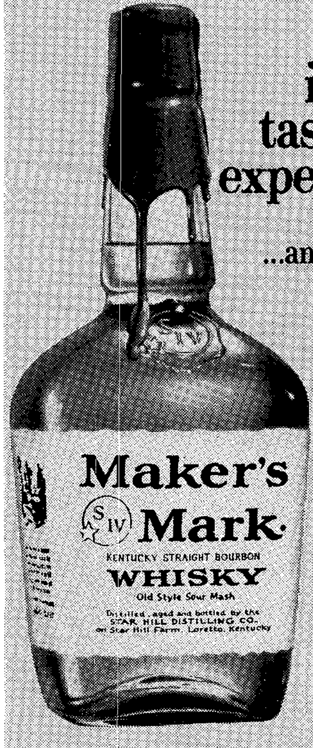
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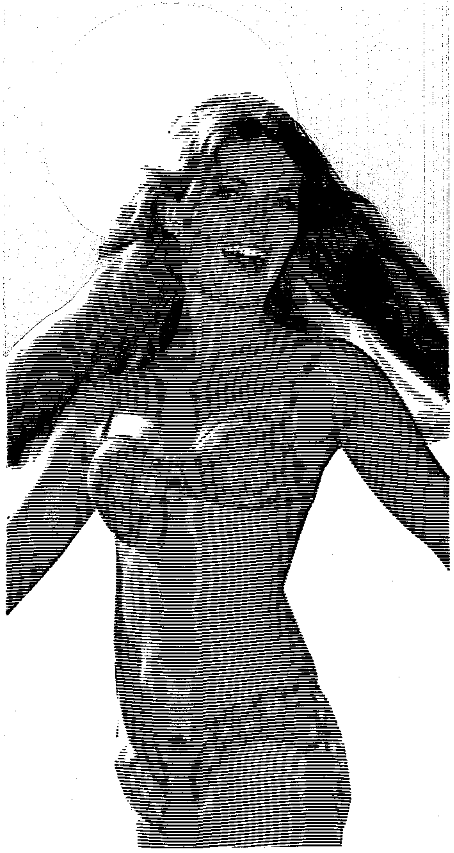

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tennis yard; the women of the block conspired to keep us from making noise. We sat under the street light at the corner and talked about sex. Quietly, so that all the mothers were very pleased with us. Everyone came over to my house. Even Papa Leandro, after he made sure that Grandfather was not there.

Grandfather had left early for the Cuban Club to avoid the encounter, and it was taken for granted that he would return late. Grandfather grunted when he heard that the new baby was a girl, asked for his dinner early, took his daily shower, and went over, starched and shining, to see Mama Chucha before Papa Leandro arrived. An aunt reported that he gave Mama Chucha a ten-dollar bill and that Mama Chucha had the nerve to let a tear roll down her face and say, "I was always your favorite, Papa."

"Huh!" said my mother. She was the youngest and a widow and sure she was the favorite, for he lived with us.

"The way she screamed, with such abandon," said an aunt who was not really sure *she* was the favorite. "You would think she never had a baby before."

Aunt Titi laughed. She had a wonderful laugh. I stood beyond the doorway and did not laugh along with her, in order not to be discovered. She made fun of you and also loved you when she laughed. She was the oldest, a widow, too, and mothered the whole family; she naturally had been the one to assist the midwife that day. " 'You had your fun, you had your fun,' I told her," she reported. " 'Now yell. Good and loud!' " Then she saw me. "Out! Out!" she said, and pointed to the front door, for which I was already headed.

When Aunt Titi went back to the big house to take care of Mama Chucha, I returned to mine and found three uncles at the round table in the dining room. (No one ever sat in the living room, called the parlor.) Usually, it was in the big house that the men gathered for after-dinner coffee before they scattered to the cafés and clubs, but tonight my mother was serving them; it gave our home a certain importance. "It is your sister's fault that you have all this work," the foreman uncle said to my mother. "We had to leave the field clear for the lover to visit his beloved!"

My mother got a pained expression and shook her head, but my uncles laughed. One of them said, "What did Papa Leandro say when he found out it was another girl?"

"They ought to tie him up so it

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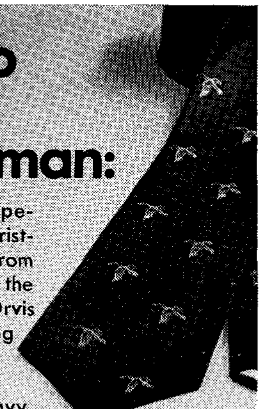

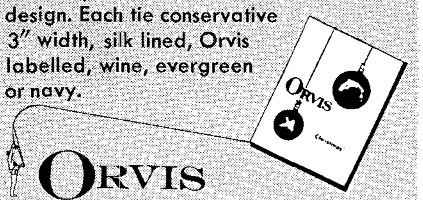

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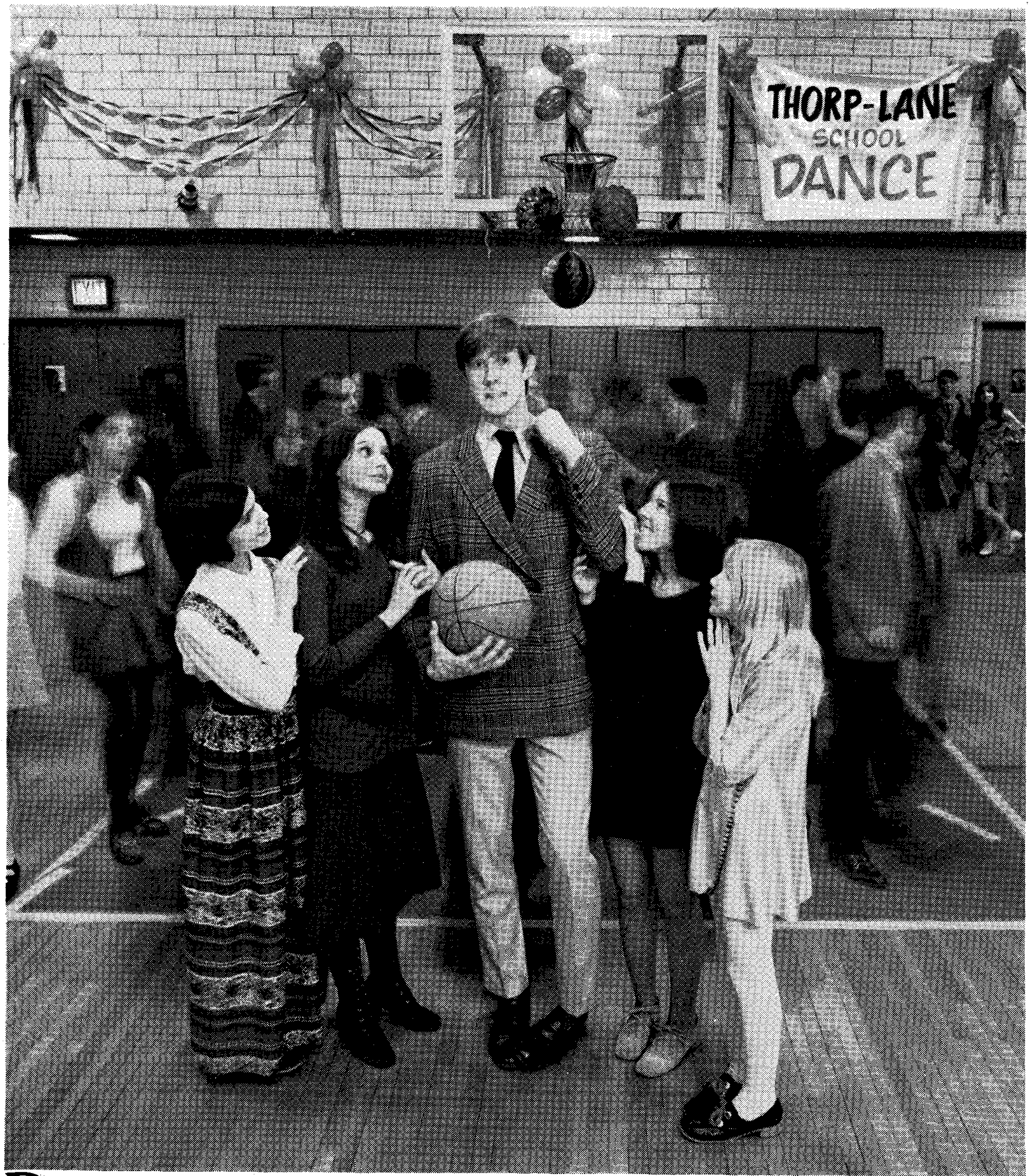

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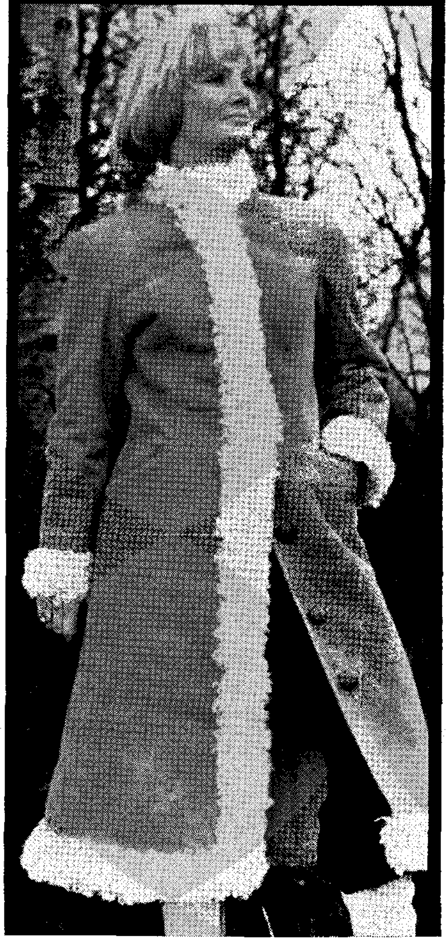

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does not happen again," another said.

My mother looked at me, ready to tell me to go somewhere, for she could not ask the men not to talk like men. My foreman uncle turned and slapped me on the buttocks and drew me to him—his way of approving my sneaking into the conversation. Then Papa Leandro entered, and my mother became too interested herself to think about me.

"Well, well, there is the male!" said the foreman uncle. "Eh, what do you have to say, eh?"

Papa Leandro smiled shyly, half closed his eyes, and gave a slight shrug. He was a big man—wide at the shoulders, wide at the hips—and he let his medium paunch, a firm proud one, extend over his belt. The shy smile and shrug did not go with that frame or with his jowly face.

"What is the matter that you can produce only girls now?" the foreman uncle asked. "What is the score—six girls and three boys?"

"Another mouth to feed," Papa Leandro said. "*Another mouth to feed*."

But he didn't mean it, and he put a bottle of cognac on the table. The fragrance of his cologne and hair lotion spread in the room, and my uncles began to smile again. I saw patches of talcum on Papa Leandro's neck. Aunt Titi once said, "That Chucha—sometimes I think she is like an adolescent girl in love. Why does she have to talk about how she loves to see Leandro get all perfumed up, with talcum all over, to go to the Cuban Club dances? While she stays home!" I looked at the talcum on his neck and thought about what Aunt Titi had said; I was thrilled, for it was my first experience with deduction: talcum meant sex.

"Papa Leandro, are you going to the dance?" I asked.

The uncles all laughed at once.

Papa Leandro looked disgusted. "What is the matter with you, boy? Don't you know it is only Thursday?"

When she put me to bed that night, Mother told me she had been shamed by my behavior. It was a sign of bad upbringing for a child to make a joke at an adult's expense. "Besides, he is your uncle," she said, "and you hurt his feelings." This confused me—first, because I enjoyed Papa Leandro and did not mean to be rude, and, second, because I said nothing my uncles would not have said; on neither count should I have been reprimanded.

Saturday night, Papa Leandro went to the Cuban Club dance. Immediately after his evening visit to Mama Chucha. My aunts were shocked but said nothing until he left. Then they quar-

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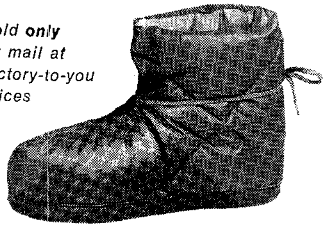

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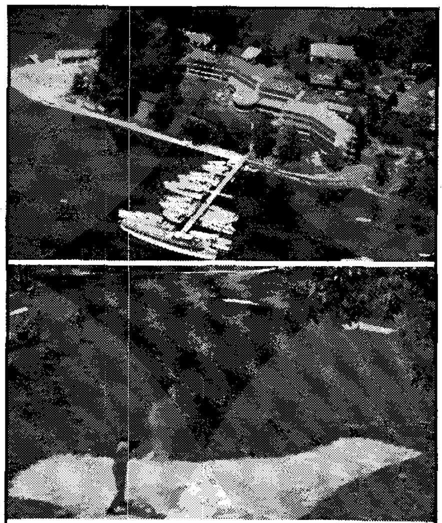

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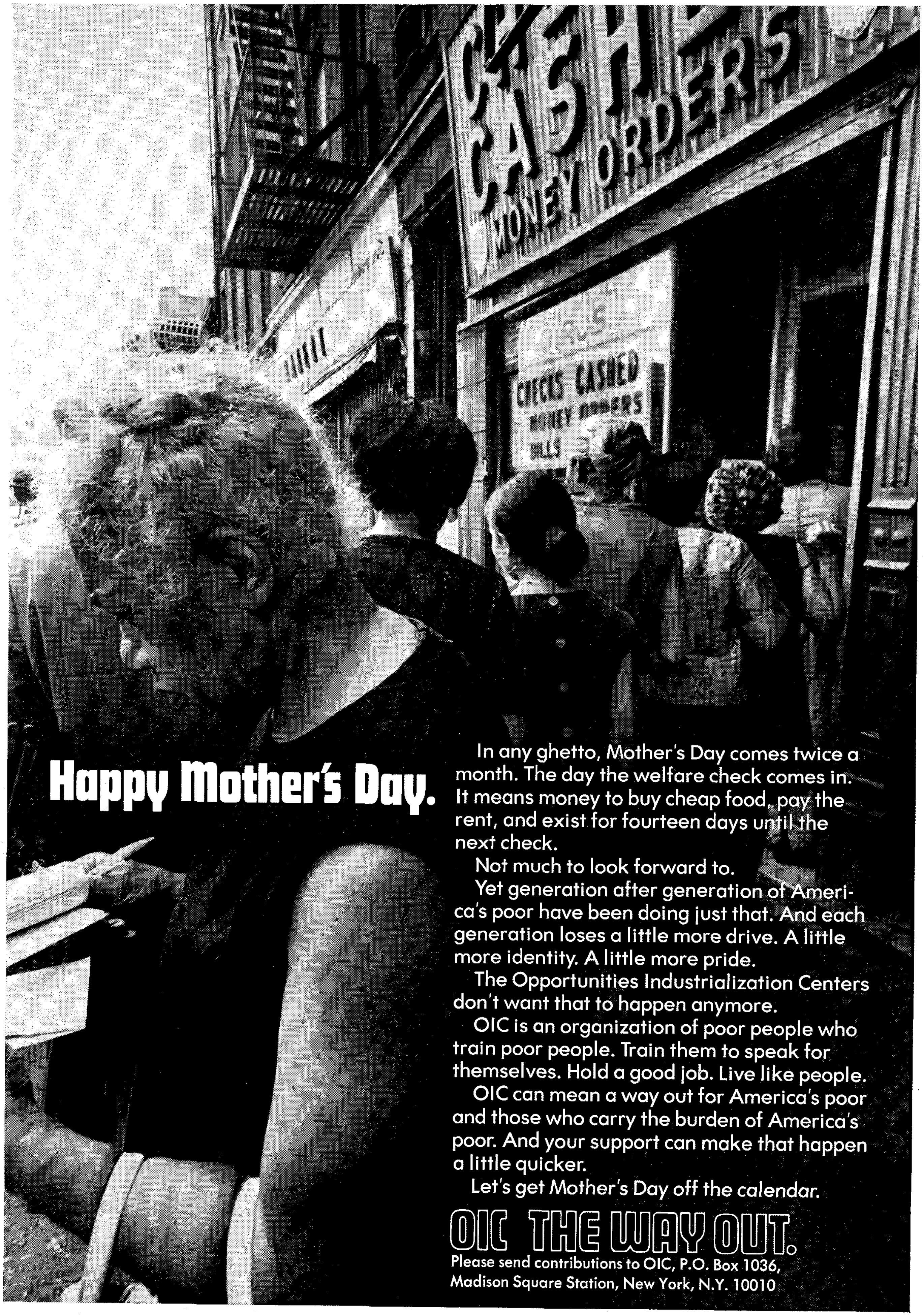

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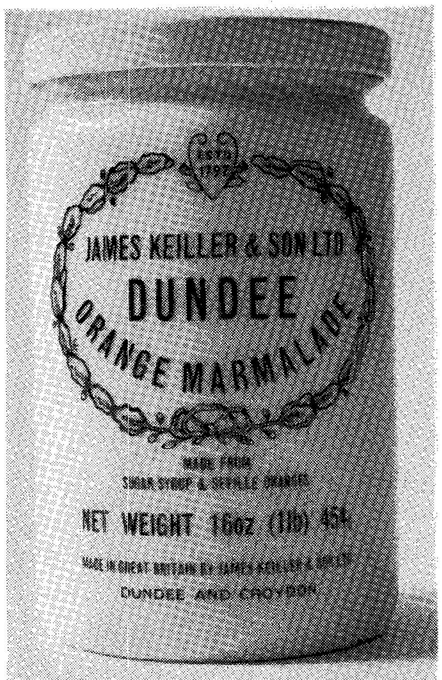
relled with Mama Chucha. Not Aunt Titi—it just made her laugh, until she saw that Mama Chucha had got out of bed and begun to dress. "Ybor City aristocrats!" Mama Chucha yelled, but she stopped when Aunt Titi adopted their dead mother's tone and said quietly, "This is nonsense. Get back into bed."

I had gone up to the porch to get a drink from the pitcher of lemonade that Aunt Titi always made on hot nights, and I heard this. Also, their crying, the apologies still edged, and then, like a dam breaking, their reminiscences of Grandmother—this last coziness a revelation to me, for they sounded like my sisters and girl cousins when they irritatingly formed a charmed circle, all exclusivity.

Aunt Titi came out to take the tray with the pitcher and glasses to the front bedroom, under whose window I was squatting with my glass of lemonade. *I drank lemonade always with my* throat half closed, moving my tongue through the sweet juice carefully to trap the bits of pulp; I squashed them against the roof of my mouth and they released a pure tartness, in my mind like the deep-green lemon tree in the back yard by the alley, slightly astringent. "What are you doing here?" Aunt Titi said. I took the last swallow and held out the glass to her for an answer, shrugging and grimacing with the kind of quiescent reproach that the grown men answered undeserving questions from their wives. It made Aunt Titi laugh.

When I jumped off the porch and ran back to my friends at the corner under the street light, I knew I had now really found out about sex. The difference between men and women. I meant to tell them—I opened my mouth in preparation several paces away—but they were impatient to begin another round of tennis yard and did not let me. By the time we had exhausted ourselves and were seated under the street lamp again, ready to exchange thrilling information, my knowledge had evaporated. I told them Aunt Titi had boiled the bedsheets in the tin tub over a wood fire in the back yard; that's how much blood came with a baby.

Mama Chucha had so many babies! Years later, myself a father, I looked at her with new knowledge, and noticed that her left shoulder sloped precipitously. I then conjured an image of her with a baby always held on her left arm, folding her body to that side so the child might straddle her left hip, while with her right hand she stirred the big, battered pots on the kerosene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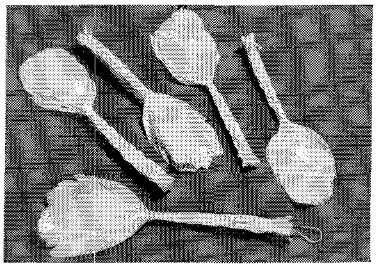

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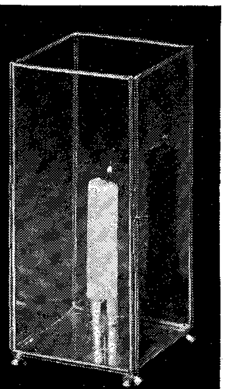

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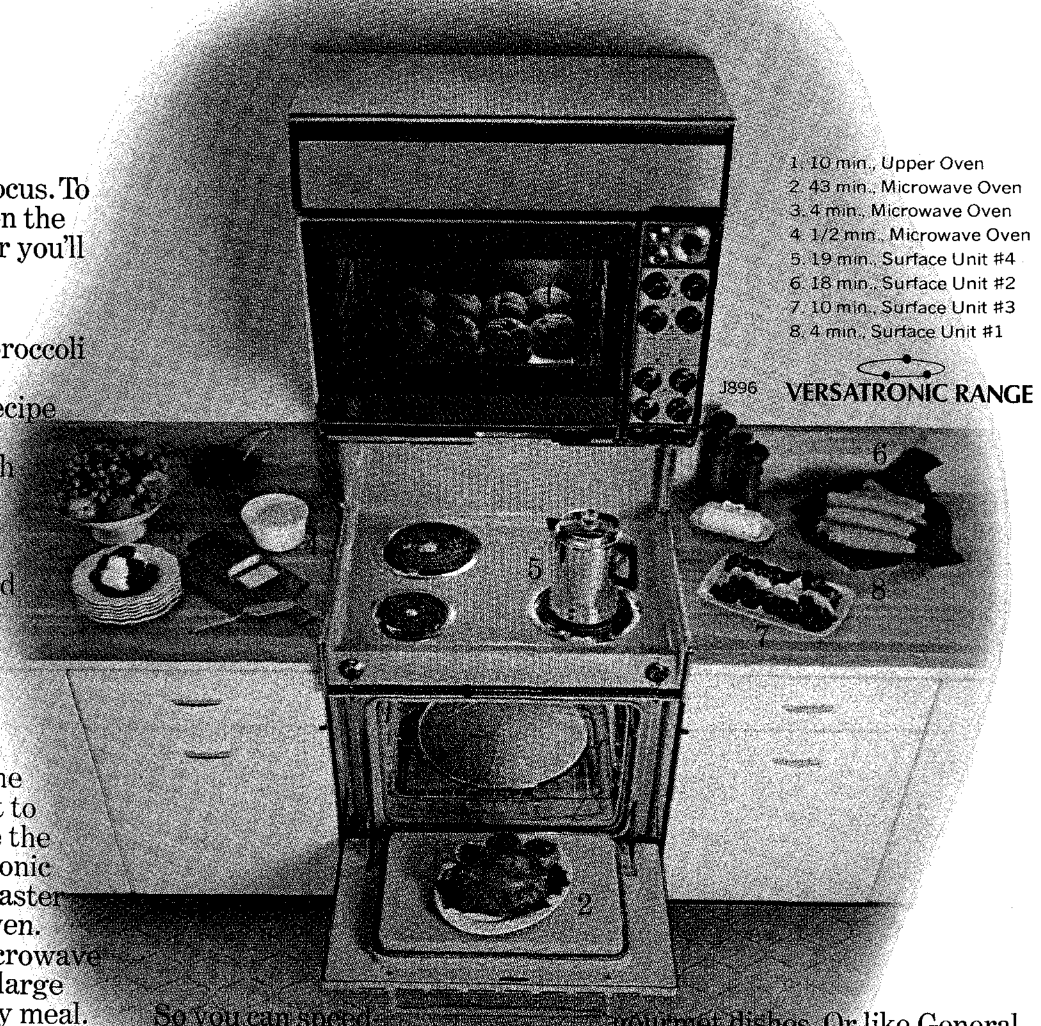
1. 10 min., Upper Oven
2. 43 min., Microwave Oven
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4. 1/2 min., Microwave Oven
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J896
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1
2
5
6
7
8

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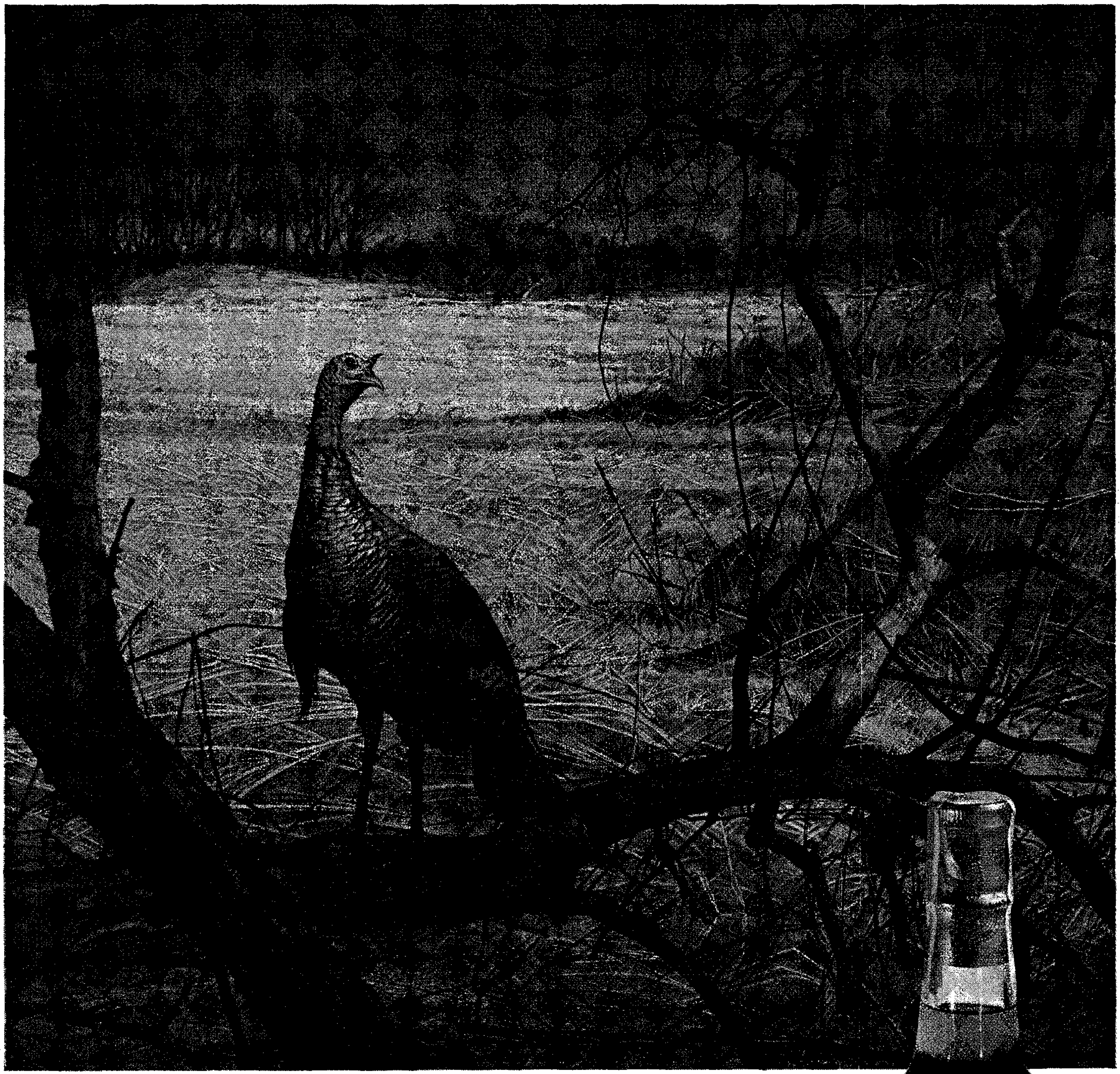

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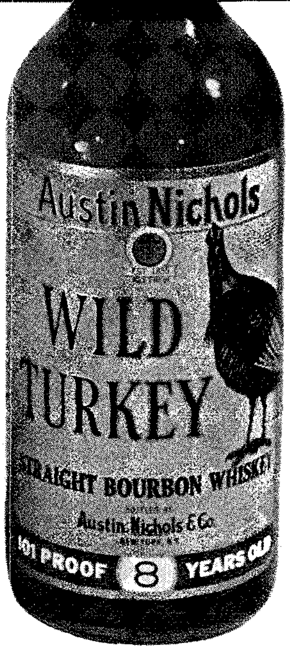
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stove. I saw her like that once. I was twelve, somewhat prissy with apprehension about oncoming puberty, and had been taken there by a girl cousin, nineteen years old, who, in a sudden burst of nostalgia and contrition, decided to revisit the Methodist Church of West Tampa, to which she had gone as a child. Afterward, feeling charitable, we went to visit Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro, and had to stay, noblesse oblige, for lunch. A bent fork, a tin plate, and a can with the label off were the place settings. Mama Chucha stood at the stove, with a baby on her hip, and screamed at each to come up in turn to get served.

A LONG blank after that day, until I was fifteen and was sent in the middle of a summer afternoon to tell Papa Leandro his mother was dead. I was, I knew then and know now, a terrible emissary, but I drove a truck that summer for a coöperative grocery store and could get to West Tampa in ten minutes. Had I not driven the truck down our block to show off, Aunt Titi would not have caught sight of me as I slowed down for the new generation of kids playing marbles in the hot sun. She sent me on the errand.

"Papa Leandro's mother?" I said. How could Papa Leandro have a mother?

There was a strange woman with Aunt Titi. She gave me the kind of disconcerting look that showed, for God's sake, she had seen me get my diapers changed. I hated her swiftly, definitively, forever. "How he has grown!" she said, of course.

"She lived up in Orange Grove," Aunt Titi said. "You saw her many times."

"Orange Grove!" I said.

"It is not all crackers there," Aunt Titi said.

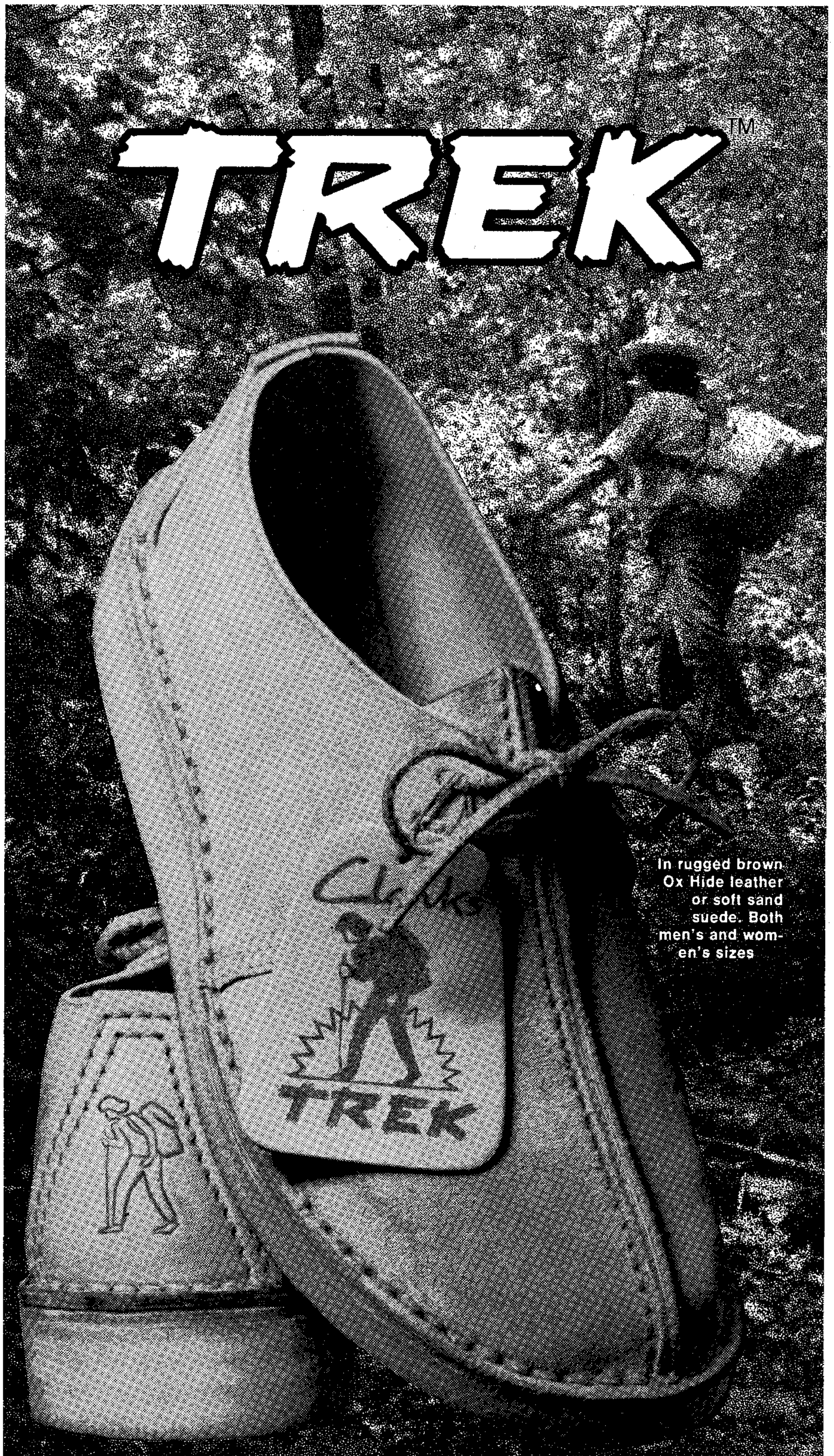
"I live there," the woman I hated said.

"Anyway, there is no one else—you have to go," said Aunt Titi. "And you do not need to worry, because Papa Leandro will show you the way to Orange Grove."

"I have to bring him *back*?"

Aunt Titi gave me an exasperated look and exchanged an understanding one with the strange woman—all this very quickly, the way Latin women can. "You want him to spend an hour on the trolley knowing his mother is dead and he may not get to the house before they take her away to be embalmed?"

"They never look the same," the damned woman said. "I thank the



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Virgin of Covadonga I saw my mother while she still looked natural!"

I didn't know if I could find my way to Papa Leandro's unpaved street in West Tampa, or if I could just take off with the coöperative's truck. "*Hombre*, of course, in a family emergency—they can wait for their groceries," said the one member who was at the store, a cigarmaker out of work, and with relief it came to me that I could, after all, follow the trolley tracks to West Tampa. Once out there, where it was cozily Latin and yet no one was likely to know me, and cops would not ask me for the driver's license I didn't have, I could park the truck and at unworried leisure reread—or, rather, eye—a comic-strip booklet, loaned to me strictly for one day, of the pornographic adventures of Popeye and Olive Oyl and Wimpy.

"*Hombre*," the cigarmaker had said. I had earned this titular promotion by hard work and my trustworthiness at the cash register and also, I saw now, because I had been entrusted by my family with so important a mission. It was a solemn moment, and I decided I would not look at the comic strip on the way to West Tampa. But I did stop, after all, alongside some empty lots where a solitary cow tied to a tree grazed, to transfer it, for the sake of seemliness, from my back pocket to the spot under the front seat where I kept rags to wipe the windshield. And, naturally, ended by spreading the comic book on the floor of the car. I bent over, my head under the steering wheel, amazed at what this vantage point did to Olive Oyl's even more tortured position. My body was in torment. A large drop of sweat fell on the pulpy paper and I banged my head on the wheel when I straightened. My loins ached, and my left leg trembled on the clutch, making the truck hump away with a loud racket. But only the cow noticed me.

Papa Leandro lived on Stonewall Street, and you had to look out for the turn or you would pass it up for another alley. Unpaved, narrow, dusty, that day it was strangely quiet. Mama Chucha, I knew, was at work in a cigar factory stripping tobacco, the lowest-paying job; two sons had gone to New York, spurred by the Depression; one daughter was married and living in Miami; another son was taking Papa Leandro's place on a W.P.A. road-clearing job. But where were the others? I tiptoed into the living room, heard snoring, turned, and saw Papa Leandro in denim coveralls lying on a bed in the adjoining room. His loose jowls quivered as spouts of air worked their way out his open mouth.

I turned back, opened the screen door again as wide as it would go, and let it slam hard. I glanced into the bedroom; Papa Leandro had not even shifted position. The screen door slammed again. I almost jumped—and a good thing I didn't, for it was Celia and she was looking at me with a mocking smile. She was barefoot and wore a loose dress; she was my age but all filled out. Her breasts held the dress two inches away from her body, and I touched my back pocket where the comic book had lodged. "Hello," she said, loud as Mama Chucha, and suddenly giggled as if she knew.

"I have a message for Papa Leandro," I said.

"What? What?" he muttered from the bedroom.

"Papa, Papa!" Celia shrieked. "Cousin Pini is here!" She wiped her hands on her hips, and her breasts stood out more. "No use slamming the door," she said, and that explained why she had giggled. "He sleeps like the dead."

"All right, all right," he said and half sat up and squeezed his eyes tight shut to wake and rotated his jaw to get his dentures in place.

I whispered my prepared statement from the doorway. "I have come with bad news. . . . Your mother . . ."

"Is she dead?"

I nodded. Celia shrieked.

"Oh, God damn it!" Papa Leandro sat up fully on the bed and put a hand on a bundle next to him that I had not noticed until now. "You put Tupi next to me without a diaper!" He put his feet over the side of the bed and Tupi, that year's baby, rolled to the center.

"Diaper!" Celia said. "What diaper?"

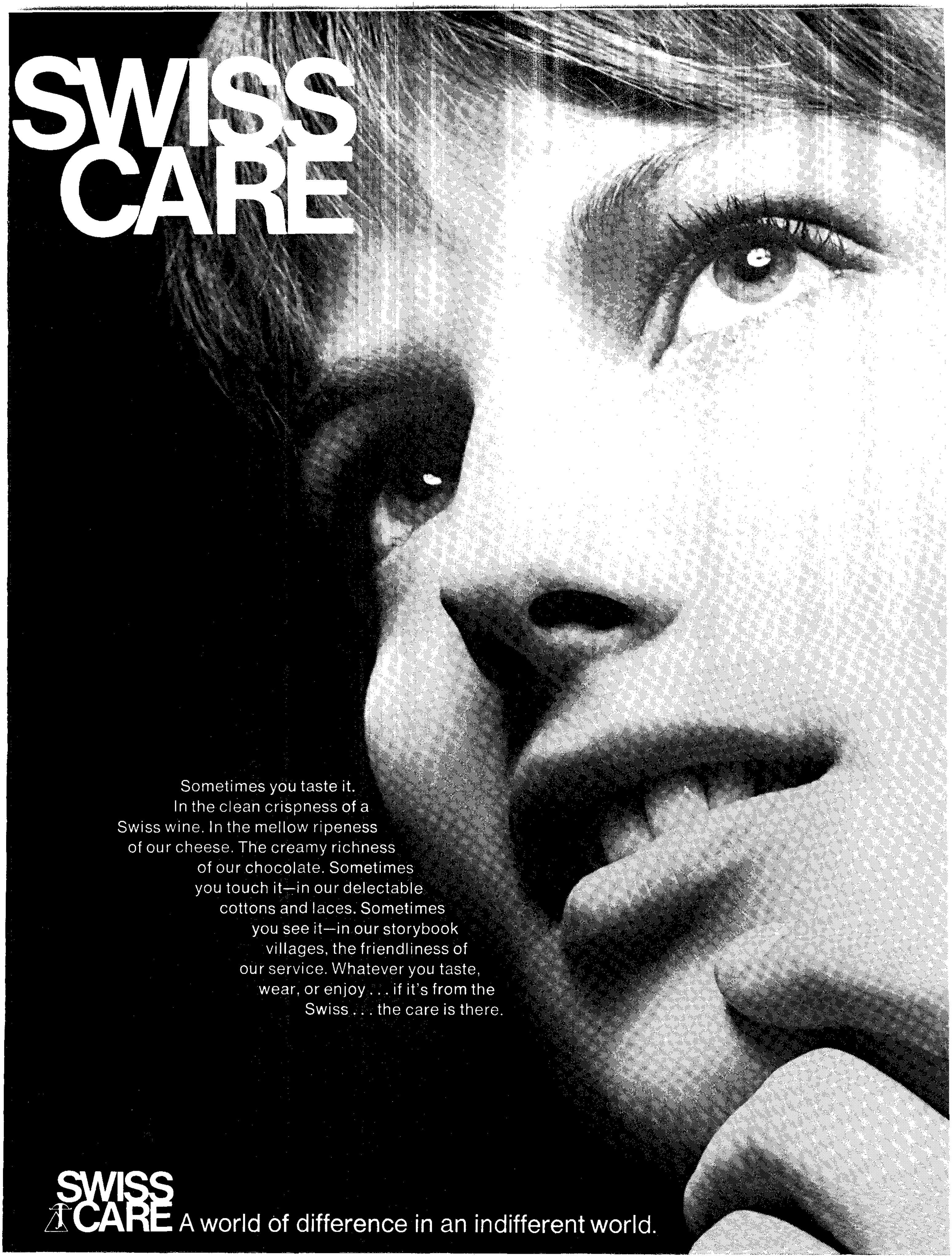
"All right, woman—a towel, anything," he said, and groaned as he got up. "But all you think about is getting off to that woman at the corner to talk, talk, talk—"

"And you sleep, sleep, sleep!"

"It is my kidneys, girl. I have to lie down," he said. "I have told your mother, I will tell her again, she cannot go off to the factory and leave the house in your hands. I am sick—"

"Someone has to earn some money," Celia said, and turned her face away, as if to indicate that I wasn't to listen.

"Oh God, what I have to put up with!" He picked up a corner of the bedsheet and wiped one hand with it. "I am going to take my place in W.P.A., sick as I am. I may as well



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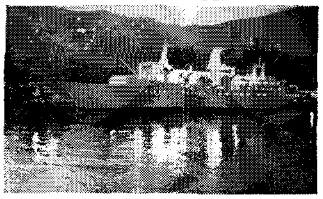

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die there—" He turned to me, his eyes very large. "Pini, who brought the news?"

I told him. Also about the truck. It came out all wrong—not in the dramatic way I had planned.

"You are like my son Cuco—he would not let me go work on the W.P.A.," he said. "It is because of my kidneys."

He went off to the kitchen to wash, and Celia picked up the baby and yelled after him, "Do not use up all the hot water on the stove, I have to wash Tupi!" She held Tupi on her hip while she pulled the bedsheet into a bundle, and laughed as if getting dirtied were no more than Papa Leandro deserved. She laughed louder when she saw me look away from the tiny, pink cleft that Tupi's kicking legs revealed. But she cried when Papa Leandro got into the truck, sweet-smelling, careful of his dark suit, dabbing at his neck where he had cut himself shaving.

"I want to go see Grandmother," Celia called from the porch, Tupi still on her hip. "She took care of me when I had diphtheria!"

"There is plenty of time—you look after the house," he answered. "Tell your mother when she comes home."

I was overgrown. My legs were too long and my left knee always hit the steering wheel when I let out the clutch, causing the truck to take off like a startled horse. It made Papa Leandro laugh—not at me, just at the experience. He was happy to be in the truck; he looked eagerly at every porch on his block, but when he saw the woman at the corner house lean on her railing to stare at us he only nodded soberly. Then he sighed. I worried that he might start talking about his mother. I twisted my leg around, so that it came up at a wide angle when I let out the clutch, and we turned the corner smoothly, allowing Papa Leandro to keep his dignity before the watchful eye of the woman on the porch.

"What is that pedal for?" he asked, and pointed to the clutch.

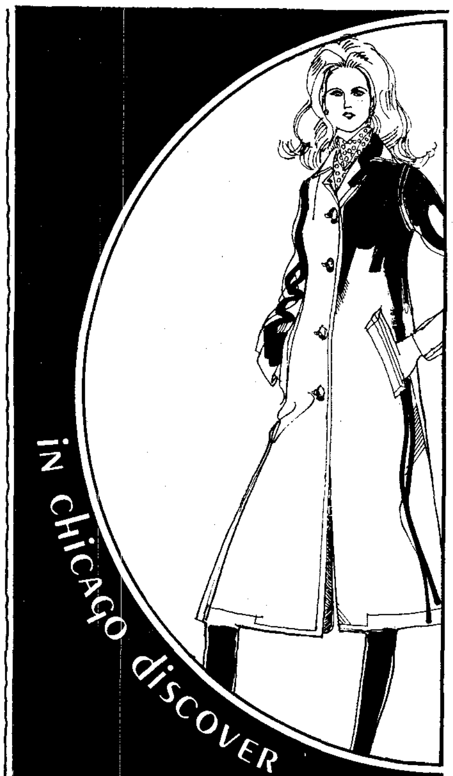
I knew what it was, but not what it was for. "That is the clutch," I finally said.

"Ah, the clutch," he said and nodded, as if saying the word brought understanding.

I said, "Yes, the clutch," shifted to high, and in the assurance of my new understanding drove down the street without bucking.

"What do they pay you on this job?" he asked after he lit a long cigar.

"Two-fifty," I said.



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"You have got yourself a corner lot," he said.

"Five hours every day and twelve on Saturdays," I said.

"Those Spaniards . . ." He looked at me out of the corner of one eye, to see if I considered myself more Spanish than Cuban. "They know how to get their money's worth. Eat all you can on the job, that is my advice to you."

I nodded. I did not tell him that I usually went to work a couple of hours early because it was a pleasure to drive the truck and handle the cash register, and stayed late because my predecessor on the job—a seventeen-year-old, now an apprentice at a cigar factory—passed on to me sex information that he obtained at first hand. Or literature like the comic book under the seat.

"When I was a boy in Jesús del Monte, we had a horse that my father rode into town," Papa Leandro said suddenly.

I looked at him. I had heard grown men reminisce—it was one of the pleasures of the coöperative—but none had done so solely for my sake.

"I used to sit in front and hang on to the mane. And then my younger brother got that post and I sat on the rump. I liked that better—it was like being there all by myself and my father did not know what I was doing. I was king. Then came the terrible time when I was too big and there were more brothers and I did not get to ride into town at all. *Aiee, aiee!*"

He wheezed and waved the cigar smoke away. He looked at me, inviting my compassion, and I nodded, knowing that even if I said something he would not consider it an impudence. "Then I was so big that my father stayed at home and sent me into town and I rode the horse with my younger brothers in front and behind. What a responsibility! The one in front tried to pull out the hair in the horse's mane and the one in back pinched the horse's rump. But to tell you the truth that horse was so old by then nothing could raise his spirit. After a while, I let them pull and pinch and I rode into town with real dignity, the envy of the town boys."

He pointed his cigar at me and winked. "Like you now, eh?" He laughed in an indulgent way, as fathers never do with their own sons. "Come on, let me see you use the clutch again." The Grand Central Avenue Bridge leading into the business section of Tampa made a small hill ahead, and it was a good idea to shift the old truck into second. "I see, I see," he said, and made me believe

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that I, too, could see how it worked. "I wish we had had a car in Jesús del Monte."

Jesús del Monte—Jesus of the Wooded Hill. Already then I had begun to grow cold to such names. No one in books or newspapers, no one who mattered had a Spanish name. But in Papa Leandro's gravelly voice Jesús del Monte sang like a line of poetry. A romantic, happy wood such as Robin Hood inhabited. Verdant, moist with dew, a kind sun—unlike Tampa's—making the leaves glisten and dappling the ground. Years later, during the war, on a cold night watch I remembered. Out of the wood on horseback, reaching forward to part the branches ahead, came a boy. Like me—I could not see Papa Leandro as a boy. Not that I saw myself gawky as I was; I had the grace of Leslie Howard, the litheness of Douglas Fairbanks. The sun made me blond. Jesús del Monte.

"Of course, if you must know the truth," said Papa Leandro, lowering his voice, partly to sound confidential, partly because we Latins always did in the American section, "my old man figured that if he sent me as his emissary there was not much his creditors could do but send messages back with me. Just enough money to pay for that day's order but nothing on the old account. That is how the old man played it—"

Without warning, Papa Leandro grabbed my arm and pulled. "Turn, turn!" he commanded, and crouched, his head at his knees, and looked up at me.

We swerved, I braked but forgot the clutch, Papa Leandro bumped his head on the dashboard and cursed, and the truck stopped abruptly. No collision. In those days you could hit a curb or a pole but not another car, there were so few. Papa Leandro kept his head down and continued to curse until I had made the turn and gone two blocks. He bumped it again when he sat up, and I laughed. Now I have wounded his dignity, I thought, but he laughed and slapped me on the shoulder. The truck swerved again.

"I had to do it," he said, and gingerly straightened the squashed, hot end of his cigar. "You were heading for the headquarters of the W.P.A. Some bastard might see me, and that is all they are—bastards, bastards, bastards!" He lit the cigar again, leaned back and laughed and wheezed. "But we fooled those crackers, we fooled them."

The turn he forced me to make led

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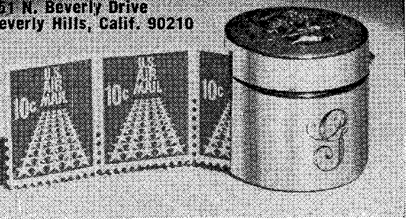

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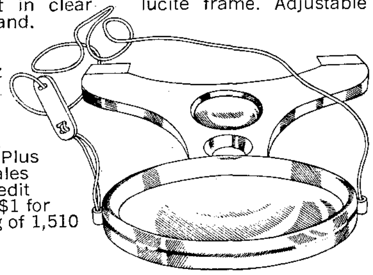

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
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toward the railroad station, and I therefore had to drive—Papa Leandro guiding me—through one of the Negro sections on our way to Ybor City. It imposed its own quiet. Not because we were afraid. We were quiet—perhaps I should say *I* was—because we were Latin. I had known for a long time that the Americans could, when we irked them, tighten their loose, sweet drawl to spit out the words "Cuban niggers." These nigger streets, then, without a blade of grass, whose houses molded without paint, where all the men were unemployed, seemed an abyss on whose edge we Latins teetered, and I was afraid to look to left or right and encounter those magnet eyes—enormous, staring, expressing everything that their owners suppressed from their speech and gestures when the white men passed—threatening, it seemed, to make me swerve.

"Never wear yourself out for them," said Papa Leandro. "They pay you because they need you. They do not own you—remember that."

I nodded, but he must have seen that I looked vague.

"I mean those fools at the coöperative," he said.

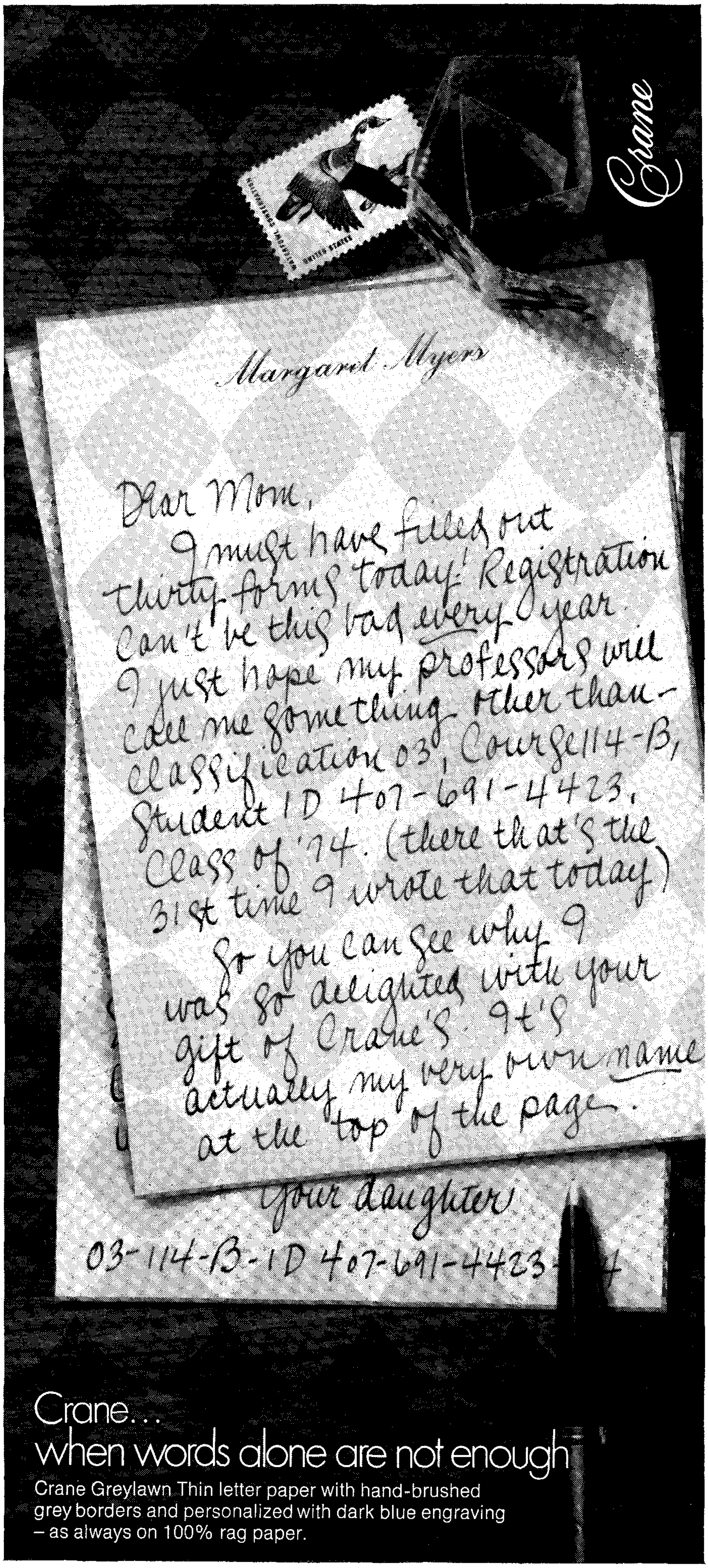
His was not the same They-Them that I had always known. My knowledge of Them was long, and had gone through some changes. At first, I thought They were the Americans, on the other side of Nebraska Avenue, those barbarians who had killed Sacco and Vanzetti. I was seven. I sat on the fringe of the usual gathering in the dining room at my foreman uncle's home, and Cousin Pancho walked in, his eyes wide with the news. "They have executed them!"

"Barbarians!" said my aunt.

"Murderers!" said my mother.

But during the Depression They castrated and tarred and feathered a Socialist named Shoemaker, who lived on the other side of Nebraska Avenue. Those tall ranks of men wearing sheets and hoods and carrying guns didn't advance on us Latins alone, then, to disperse strike meetings at the Labor Temple or picket lines at the factories. They killed Americans too. They were Capitalists, and I now saw Them as fewer but fatter. And here was Papa Leandro telling me that They were also Latin (perhaps Spanish, not Cuban?) and included, in fact, the thirty-five cigarmakers who coöperatively owned the grocery store and this worn truck that got the shakes when its wheels rode the trolley tracks.

"Take Fifteenth Street," Papa Leandro said, "so you will pass by the co-



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I must have filled out thirty forms today! Registration can't be this bad every year.
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operative and they will see that you truly were taking me to Orange Grove.”

How explain to him that I was trusted? That this was so because I was a “hardworker” (in Ybor City Spanish, this was one word) and did not hold back an atom of eagerness—just the opposite of what he wanted me to be. I said nothing, and turned into Fifteenth Street. It began somewhere around the railroad tracks and the whorehouses and went past the movie house and restaurants and stores and bakeries and Dr. Trelles's clinic and the Ybor City grammar school, where every one of us had first met the terrifying English language one block away from the Clock, the biggest cigar factory. At this point, Fifteenth Street met Michigan Avenue, along which the trolley ran on a single track. The trolleys waited for one another at a switch at this intersection, and it was here that Mr. Cuscaden, the American, lived, across from the school, his house hidden among orange and lemon trees, on grounds that extended for five blocks: an island of American territory in Ybor City, patrolled by unfriendly dogs and Mr. Cuscaden with a BB gun. We did not walk on his side of the street, and it was years before I looked that way other than out of the corners of my eyes. When I was working, at a cafeteria in New York, Mr. Cuscaden died and left the land to Tampa for a park, and when I returned after the war baseball fields and a swimming pool were swarming with the Latins we thought he hated. And, ten years later, Negroes too.

Fifteenth Street now goes on forever through new shopping areas, past houses you know Latins never lived in, and ends at a bend of the Hillsborough River, along whose banks are middle-class homes with moss-heavy oak trees and small boats tied up at the end of the lawns. (My aunt, the one who cried out “Barbarians,” lives there today, next to a retired Army colonel, and walks down to the river's edge with a cane, when she is not on the phone talking to her sisters.) Only the middle-aged say Orange Grove now, and we smile to think of the faraway sound it had when I drove Papa Leandro there—the very bounds of our world, where half-civilized crackers roamed. In fact, it was just ten blocks away from the coöperative I was driving by at that moment. I wanted to look casual in case I might be seen, and I said to Papa Leandro, “I thought only Americans live in Orange Grove.”

“Orange Grove,” he said and

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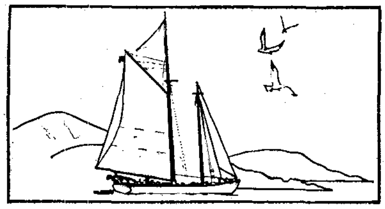

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I conducted a little survey of my own among Chrysler owners. Friends. Acquaintances. Cab drivers. I never met a more enthusiastic bunch.

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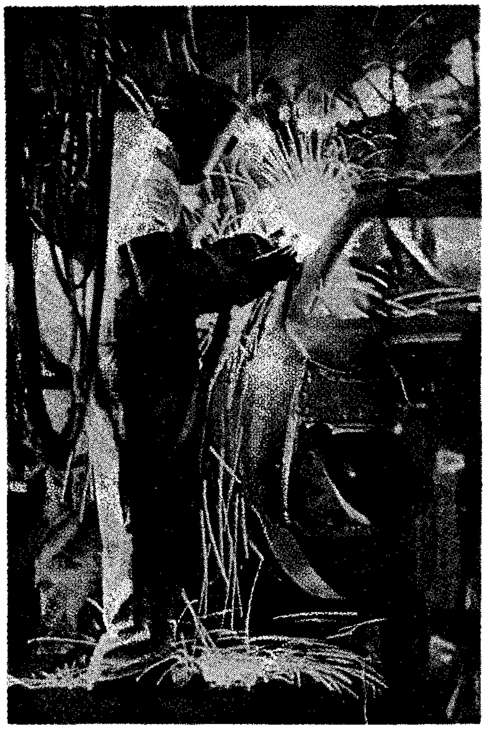

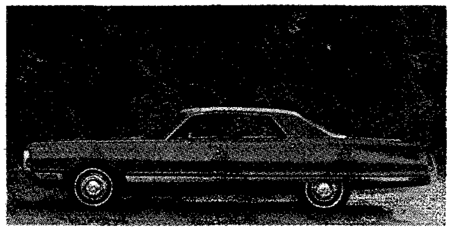

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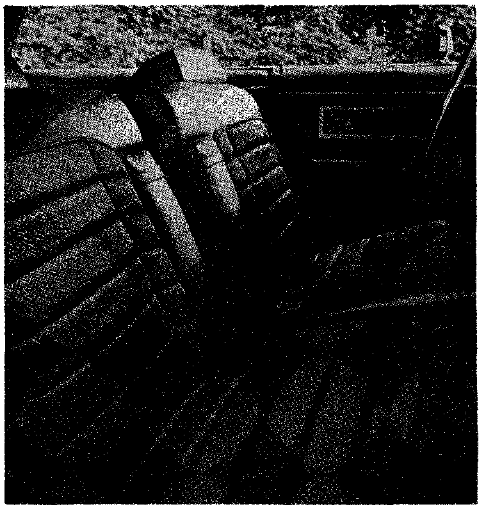

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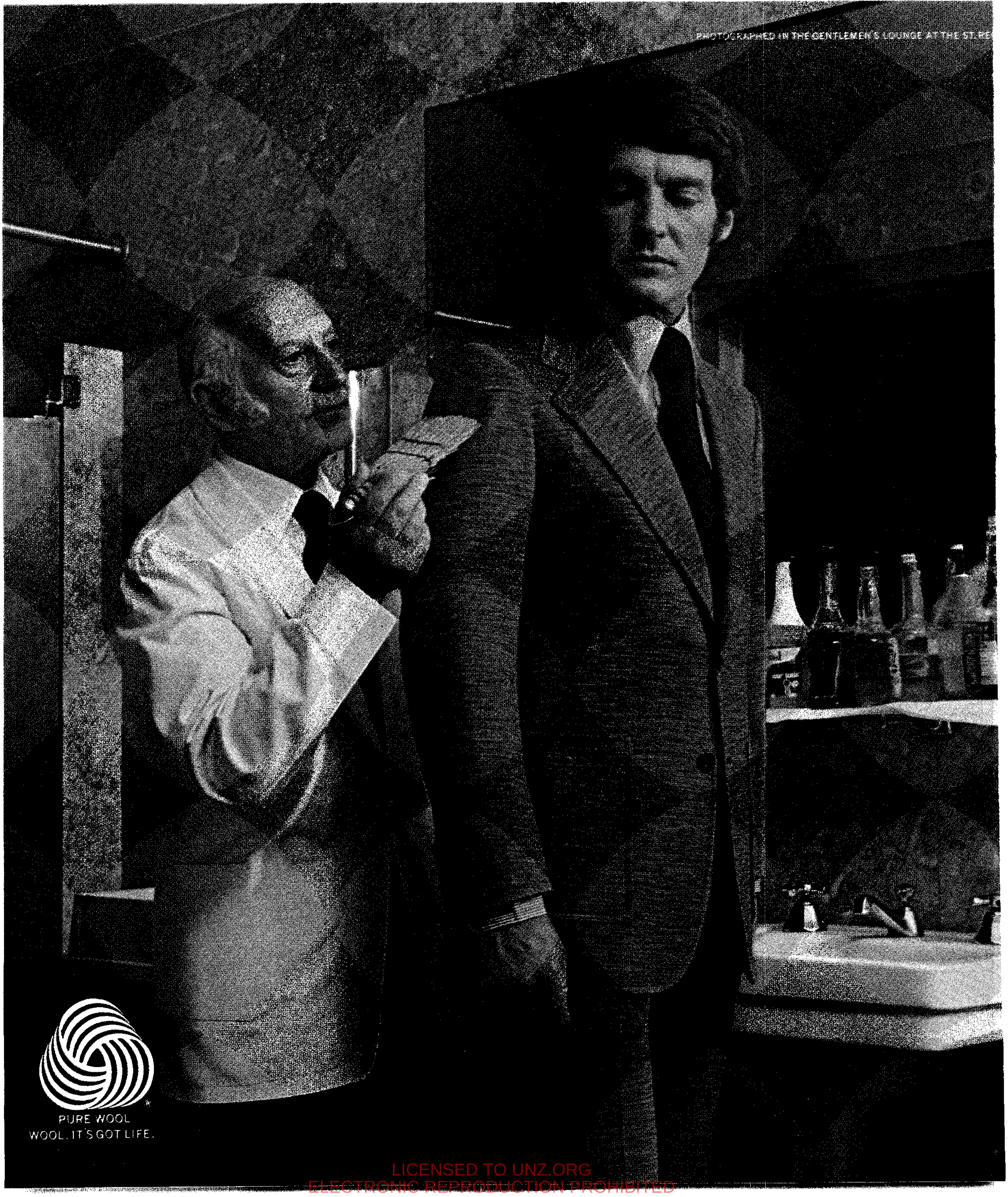
PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GENTLEMEN'S LOUNGE AT THE ST. RE
PURE WOOL
WOOL. IT'S GOT LIFE.

smiled, for he had made an attempt to pronounce it, as I had, with an American accent. "Orange Grove," he repeated, and his smile went wrong; his big, fleshy face, still with traces of talcum on it, looked at war with itself. "Oh Little Mother, Little Mother! Why did I bring you here to die so far from Jesús del Monte!" He wheezed and hiccupped and hit the dashboard with one hand, and said "Little Mother!" again. Then he held on to the dashboard and sobbed.

Holy smoke, I thought. Jesus H. Christ.

Just as unexpectedly, he touched my arm and told me to slow down for the next block, and took out the handkerchief folded in his jacket pocket and blew his nose. "Here," he said, as if to a chauffeur, and looked dignified and sober.

There on the porch was the woman who had brought the news to Aunt Titi, and I said, "I have to leave now, Papa Leandro."

He nodded to me and the woman at the same time, let himself out of the truck, and after he had closed the door with great care said, "Pini, these are the good favors one never forgets." And he never forgot. Many years later, when I was vacationing with my wife at a nearby gulf beach, he and Mama Chucha came to call, and he said to my wife, "He is my favorite nephew—he is good to me once upon a time."

I got away fast from Orange Grove, perspiring with relief. Cubans, I thought, Cubans! I wiped my forehead on my shirtsleeve. It's the only time I remember sweating in Ybor City. I can remember how cool the night air felt on me after running for blocks at tennis yard, and my mother's saying every time she saw me, "Look at your shirt!" Or Aunt Titi saying it. Always, when they said it, my collar was wet and the whole back was stuck to me. But I never noticed it on my own and never remembered when it happened. I do remember a girl in junior high school whom I studied closely, while my throat got dry, for the way she perspired. That is why I thought I watched her. She was olive-skinned and never flushed and never really perspired, but on the wings of her nostrils there appeared, in moments of excitement, three beads—sometimes four—of perspiration, clear and shimmering like the jewels Indian women clip to their noses. She would take from under the belt of her dress a handkerchief with a tiny rose embroidered on one corner, and dab first one side of her nose, then the other, and look

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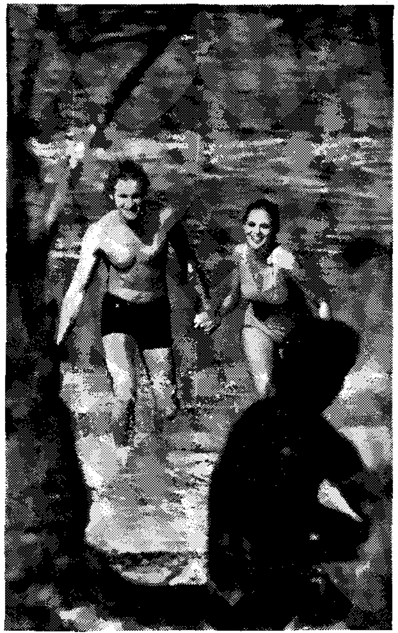

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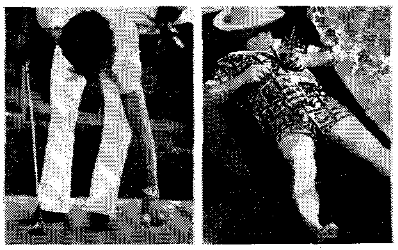

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down at her books, as if lowering a curtain between us.

Once I got away from Papa Leandro, I began to see that my time with him would make the kind of story that my aunts and uncles—especially my uncles—would enjoy. I didn't get to tell it. Three hours later, when I returned home, I found we were all having dinner at my foreman uncle's house because Aunt Titi, who lived there and cooked for them, had gone to West Tampa to take care of Mama Chucha; Mama Chucha had broken an arm. Mama Chucha broke her arm when she fell out of the car her son Cuco borrowed to take her to Orange Grove. It was her fault. She knew that Cuco—a good boy, who regularly replaced Papa Leandro on W.P.A.—liked to take corners fast, and since she hadn't closed the door properly and leaned on the window to see the sights, she fell out a half block from home into soft sand, weeds, and sandspurs and managed to break her arm. My mother cooked for all three houses that night. In the midst of so many cousins, there was no time for irony. I received special treatment; my mother and aunt saved the white meat of the chicken for me, and they said several times how fortunate it was that I came round with the truck. It gave me stature in the family.

"And Papa Leandro, how did he take it?" my aunt asked.

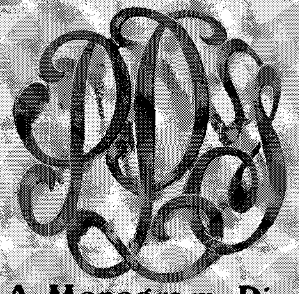
I said he dressed quickly and was very sad, and left out all the rest.

"Poor man," said my mother.

"Oh, to lose a mother . . ." my aunt said. She laid her hand on my head a moment and I shared with Papa Leandro the humbling and ennobling experience of losing one's mother.

And so began the talk about the dead. To be continued throughout the next day and night and the next, with only a pause during those two hours preceding the ride to the cemetery when the relatives and friends and emissaries of friends who could not risk or afford staying away from the factory came to the house to take one quick look at the open coffin in the living room and to say, "I accompany you in your loss." Large gatherings: the men stood in the yard and at the curb and made trips in twos and threes to the kitchen (always through the yard, never the house), where there was cognac for them; the women on the porch and in the bedrooms, but one or two of them, the more stalwart, tiptoeing through the flower-filled living room to the kitchen, always to return with *tilo*—camomile tea—for those with nerves,

Love Entwined



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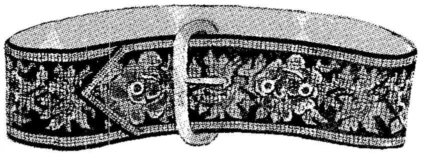

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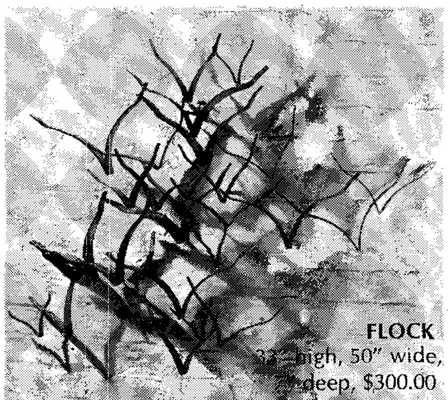

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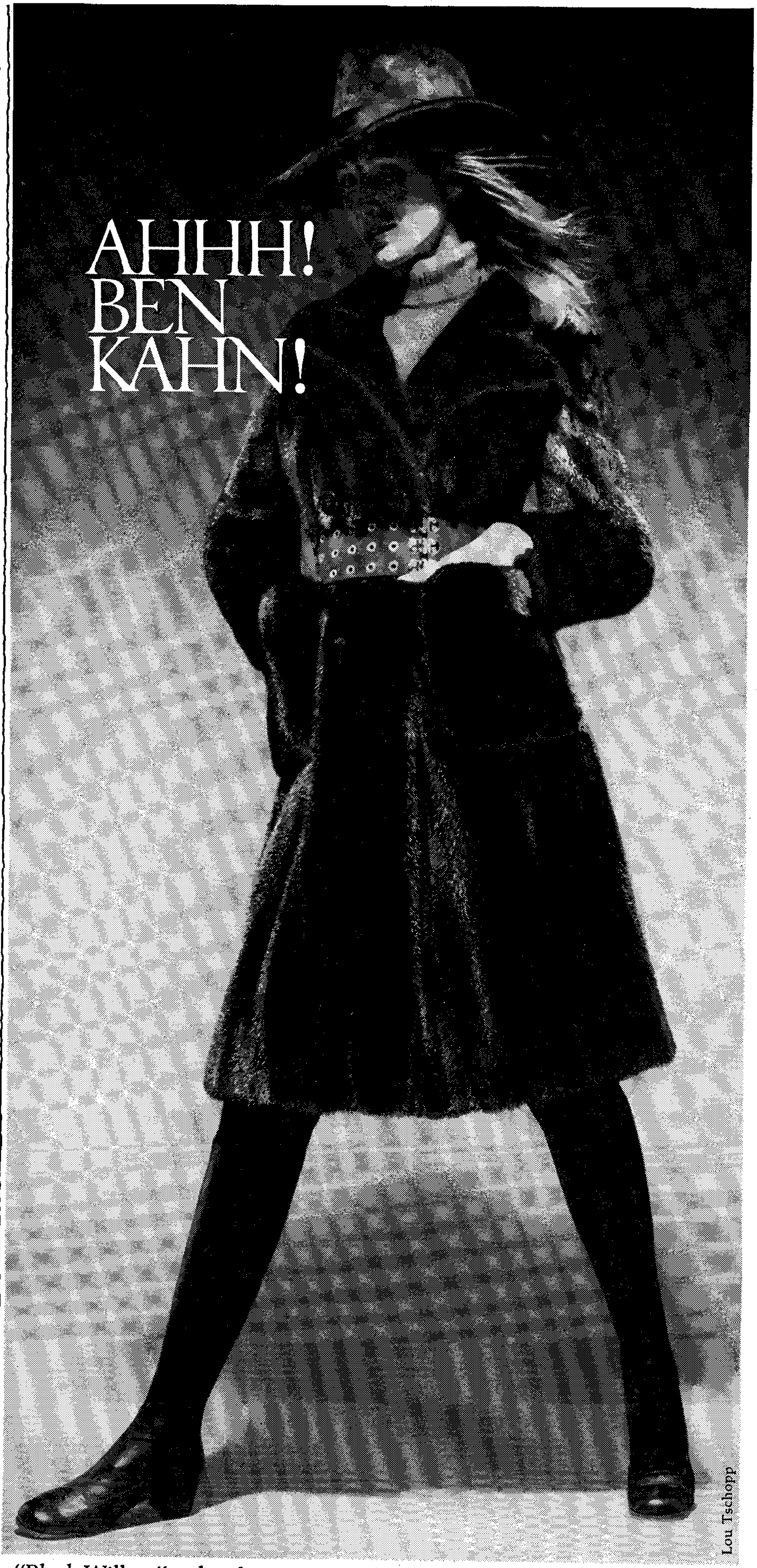
When I drove up with the truck for the trip to the cemetery, the porch was full of women, Mama Chucha at the center, and from the yard their names leaped out at me, repeated as they were with every sentence. On a day like this, the women used each other's names; every "you" was followed by a Christian name, as if to say "I don't forget *you*, your identity stays with me and you will never die." Such beautiful names: Avelina, Eladia, Manuela, Pastora, Angelita, Consuelo, Evelia, Mercedes, Luz, Amparo, Fela, Filomena. They asked about one another's children: Conchita, Marina, Raulito, Pepito, Lilita, Cachita, Paquito, Quico, Sarita, Violeta, Aquilino, Charito, Cielito, Esperanza, Fefé. How silly they sounded to me then—how undignified.

How undignified, too, for a grocery-delivery truck, likely at any moment to an attack of the shimmy, to form part of the line following the funeral car to the cemetery. With me at the wheel. Only Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro could have thought it appropriate. I said so to an uncle who accompanied me to the coöperative to ask for the use of it in the family's name, and he didn't laugh, as I'd expected, but simply said, "It is for their children to ride in." There were compensations. Celia sat next to me and kept the small children on the benches in the back quiet. At first, she didn't have to, for they were still awed by the sight of their dead grandmother. Papa Leandro had stood them in line before the coffin when the funeral car drove up to the house and everyone became quiet, and he told them to kiss her goodbye. I did not see it; I heard my aunts tell it, and they thought Papa Leandro had acted correctly.

It was my first funeral. I didn't own a jacket but wore a long-sleeved shirt and a tie that belonged to a cousin. Celia looked at me out of the corner of her eye. She wore a borrowed dress—probably an older woman's, for she looked more grown up and subdued, her breasts lost in its fullness. "I am glad you're driving and not my brother Cuco," she said. "He's crazy."

Given the old truck, my trouble with the clutch, Celia's presence, my strangled Adam's apple, the children behind me, the line of cars—all these things should have turned the ride to the cemetery into a disaster, a funny-sad disaster of the poor. It wasn't.

Papa Leandro went straight to the open grave, and Mama Chucha found her own way there. She didn't take his arm—Latin women never did that; it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would have been too intimate a gesture to make in public—but looked back to see how big a crowd had come. Some seventy people. Not bad. Then she saw Celia with the children and she raised her good arm and waved for them to come to her. The two youngest pulled back, and my mother and aunt took them and kept them in the third rank, where you could not see the hole. They themselves could not bear to look at an open grave; it gave them vertigo, they said. The seven-year-old immediately closed her fist on one leg of Papa Leandro's pants; twice he had to unstick it, pulling the fingers away from the cloth one at a time.

There was no ceremonial lowering of the coffin; it was simply placed in the hole, and from where I stood I saw Papa Leandro lean forward curiously. A man called El Maestro stood on the pile of earth nearby, so that he was a head taller than the group, and slowly looked around to signify that he was about to speak. Papa Leandro straightened and stared ahead, at attention.

El Maestro was a reader at one of the cigar factories; from his vantage point on the platform built in the middle of the factory floor, he was used to speaking over the heads of cigarmakers. Early in his career in Ybor City and West Tampa, he had adopted so didactic a tone and maintained so upright a posture of his short body that he was nicknamed El Maestro. He was not unapproachable, however; he played dominoes at the Círculo Cubano, poker at the Centro Español, never missed a drawing of the numbers game at Serafín's Café, and for thirty years had been singing in the zarzuelas—Spanish light operas, staged by the amateur group at the Centro Asturiano—going from romantic tenor roles in his youth to grandfatherly baritone ones now without anyone's complaining that his vocal range hadn't shifted; in fact, it was comforting that it had not. Just as it was comforting to those at the cemetery—you could feel it in a certain relaxation that came over the group when he got up on the mound—to know he was going to *despedir el duelo*. It means Farewell to the Mourning.

"*Compañeros*," he said, "one of our own has died."

The words that followed were like a song, and how El Maestro connected one to another was a mystery and a wonder to me. I know now that they were flowery and sentimental and that the Farewell to the Mourning was as rule-ridden as the letters for all occasions we were taught in junior high school. I daresay that no child of my generation in Ybor City ever found an opportunity to write or receive a bread-and-butter letter, but El Maestro's speech had a function—even for me, who two days earlier was surprised to hear that Papa Leandro had a mother. The function was solace. It came from following the rules: praising the enduring qualities of the dead; naming the mourners, so that all eyes turned to them for one exalting moment; suggesting to each resignation, not out of religion—that was not popular—but out of his own good conduct in life toward the dead; and recalling to those who stood beyond the first rows of the stricken the now bearable old griefs. The women wept. The men made short, abrupt movements of their heads, as if suddenly distracted. I thought of the death of my father some years earlier, while he was in Spain. I thought I mourned him, but it was the power of the Spanish language that moved me—those swells and pauses that El Maestro conducted, an eloquence so unlike the prosaic commands of Aunt Titi and my mother, the gossip of the women on the porch at night, the teasing, hectoring jokes of the men over coffee; it resolved our separate beings in the unity of art.

El Maestro swooped and picked up some sand and dropped it into the grave. Papa Leandro moved forward, picked up some, too, and threw it with an effort, and Mama Chucha, as if afraid to find herself standing alone, gave a small, thin shriek. The seven-year-old howled. My aunts came toward Mama Chucha, but they did not get to her in time to prevent Papa Leandro from throwing himself on her. "*Mamita, Mamita,* you are all I have left now!" he cried, and the two wobbled, threatening to fall to the ground. "You and the children!" Next to me, my foreman uncle shook his head: you could not trust Papa Leandro to maintain the tone of stoicism proper to a funeral.

THOSE secular funerals—they were the first to go. Or, rather, when their form began to change, when the dead were no longer laid out at home but at funeral parlors and it was there you went, for a few brief hours, to mourn and pay your respects—when that happened, it was already too late to reclaim Ybor City and West Tampa. Such a sensible change, particularly under the special circumstances of Aunt Titi's death five years later. Why should it lead to a freeway cutting a swath through the

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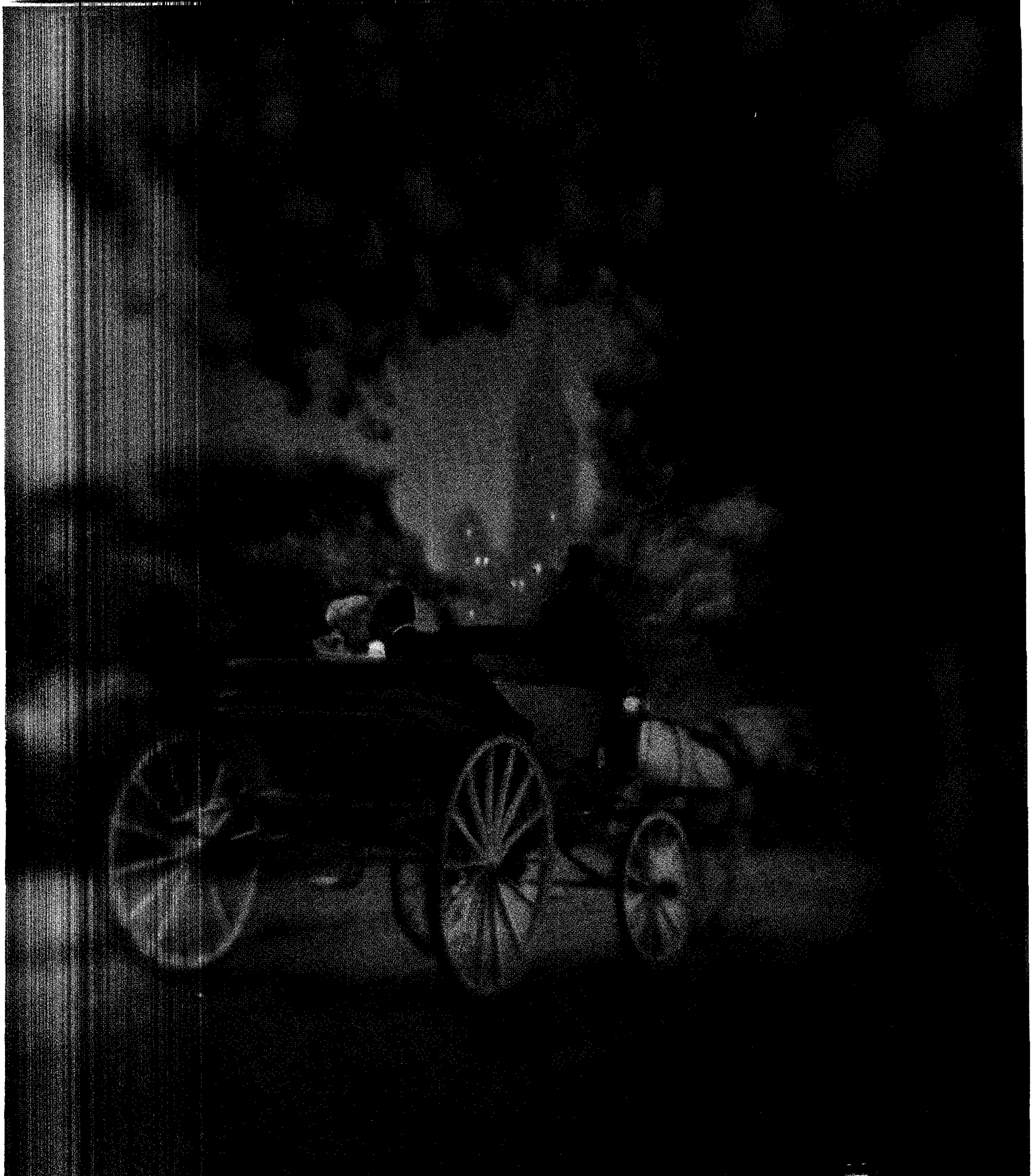

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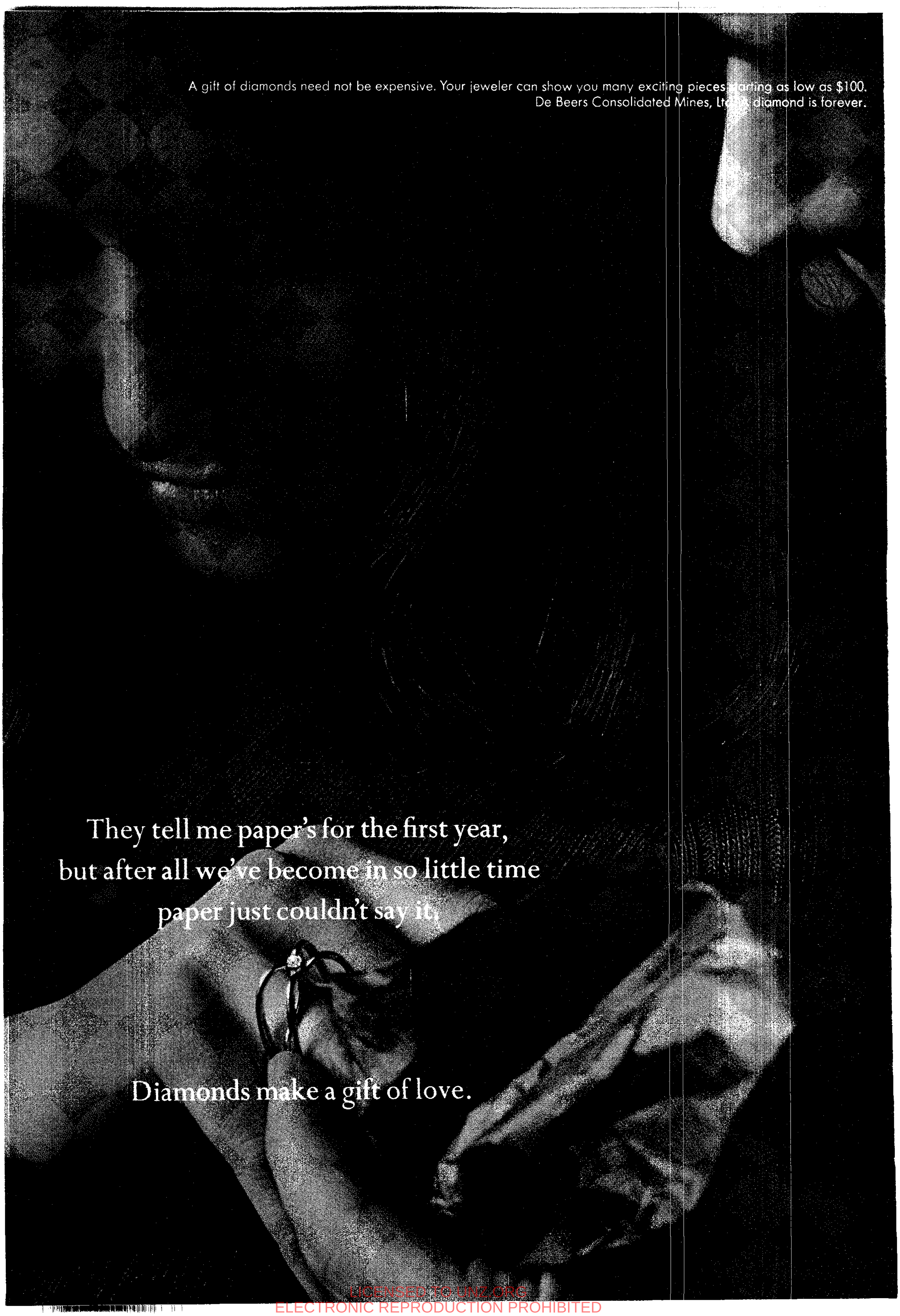
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community and urban-renewal bulldozers levelling block after block of wooden houses? You stand on the steps of the Cuban Club today and see all the way to Twenty-second Street, and the fuss that Mama Chucha raised about laying out Aunt Titi at a funeral parlor now seems full of prophecy. No one walks, not even on Seventh Avenue (only the Americans ever got to call it East Broadway), although the Chamber of Commerce has given it a center island with palms, and the sidewalks, once so crowded, have been decorated with iron grillwork that looks like plastic. Bad Negroes from Mississippi and Tennessee have moved into the old, termite-ridden houses, and the old men who still go to the clubs to play dominoes start home early so they will not be assaulted by one of them.

Aunt Titi was not, in fact, laid out at a funeral parlor. My aunts and mother had planned that she should be when they left New York with her body on a train called the Silver Meteor, and they had been supported in this by two uncles and all their children, now grown and working in perfume factories and cafeteria kitchens in Manhattan. But Mama Chucha had never left Tampa. She, Papa Leandro, and the younger children survived the Depression on relief and the money orders that Cuco and the other boys in New York sent each week. Unlike the rest of us, who gravitated to New York as soon as one aunt-and-uncle found an apartment there (within a year there were twelve of us in six rooms), Mama Chucha had never seen a Jewish newspaper, a Chinese restaurant, the morning twenty-five-cent show at the Paramount; she had never been in a subway underground and been hurtled—astoundingly—into the open air to ride alongside the tops of buildings and see beyond them the Hudson River and, out the opposite windows, the dark valley of Harlem. Mama Chucha had not felt that little click inside her—like the uncoupling of noiseless trains—that separates one from the ways of West Tampa and Ybor City. She screamed when she learned at the railroad station in Tampa that Aunt Titi's body was not going directly home.

"Americans, that is what you are," Mama Chucha cried. "Florida crackers! Without feelings! I am the oldest now and she is going to my home!"

Mama Chucha won the argument that followed. There was a wake for Aunt Titi, though not at Mama Chucha's; it was held at the big house, where now Aunt Titi's daughter lived with her husband and child. Aunt

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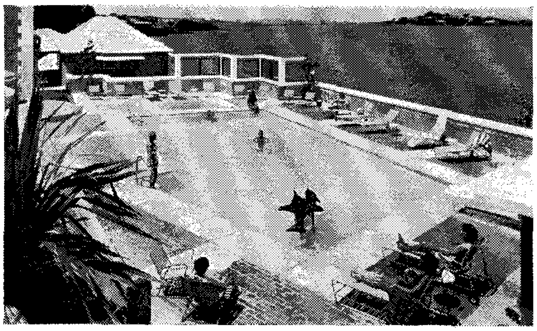

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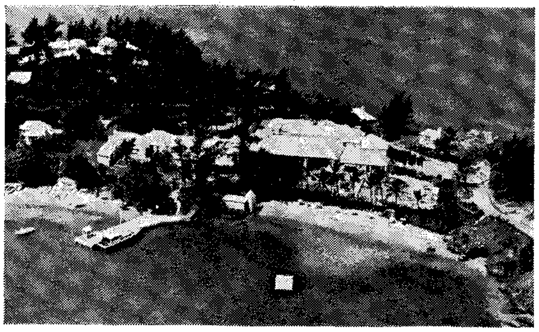

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Titi's daughter met her aunts at the railroad station in Tampa and heard the argument, but no one consulted her and she did not feel she had any say in the matter. I was not there (this happened during my first three months in New York, when I was dishwasher at Hector's Cafeteria on Fiftieth and Broadway, and had lost my virginity on a pile of soiled uniforms in the basement with a very experienced Polish bus girl), and for a long time I imagined that the women had all had a good cry and been overcome by a wave of sentiment and nostalgia. Not at all. They argued for two hours and, dry-eyed, arrived at a strictly defined understanding.

The next day, when they returned from the cemetery, they drank several cups of *tilo* together and the tone of that talk colored their remembrance of the event sufficiently to fool me until I learned what happened. And fooled my uncle (once a foreman), who asked, teasing his wife about the sentimental account she gave, "And did Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro pay for a penny of the funeral expenses?"

That was not nice. "I was not talking about money," his wife said, and gave her sisters a look that meant no one was to reveal how Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro had acted at the cemetery. Mama Chucha had wailed and hugged Papa Leandro and so distracted the gathering that no one noticed when Aunt Titi's daughter fainted. Nor were they to tell how Papa Leandro kept calling out that Aunt Titi had been a real sister to him. Nor ever to mention that they had given their last twenty dollars to Mama Chucha. Of course, in time they would tell their daughters—the girls were women, after all—and the men would find out but never be able to confirm any of this.

Not so at Mama Chucha's and Papa Leandro's; in that household, everyone knew everything about one another. Cuco was the cook's helper at Hector's Cafeteria (I owed my job to him) and I'd only just returned from the basement that glorious day when he came over, slapped me on the behind, and yelled above the whooshing of the dishwashing machine, "Listen, Clark Gable, if you're too weak to stand this afternoon, I'll give you a hand!" He ran away laughing, and when he paid a visit to our crowded apartment in Washington Heights on the weekends he dropped broad hints to everyone that I was a formidable lover. I was stunned, and it was not until five years

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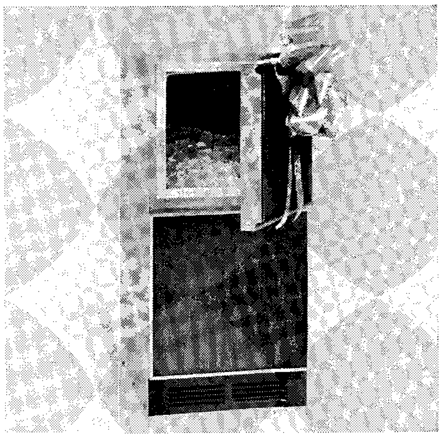

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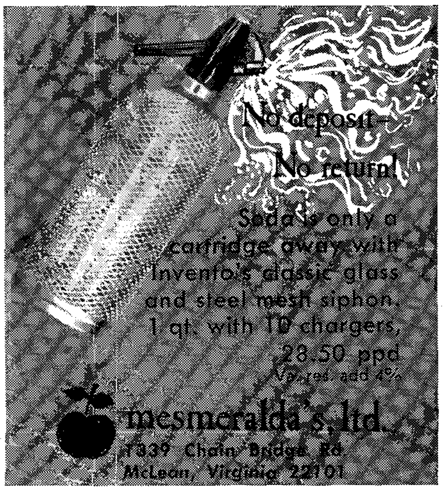

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later, during the war, that I was to see Cuco publicly embarrassed in his turn.

We had all returned to Tampa as soon as there were jobs in the cigar factories, and it was there that Cuco came on leave from the Philippines and I drove over from Ybor City with my mother, an aunt, and two cousins to say hello to him. My own leave was ending, Cuco's was just beginning, and we arrived at the house on Stonewall Street just as "that battalion" (my foreman uncle's phrase for Papa Leandro's household) had finished greeting Cuco. When Papa Leandro picked out a little packet from a large tin box in Cuco's duffelbag, I was shocked and pleased. Papa Leandro was looking for souvenirs. He had already expressed loud disappointment that I had not brought anything from the Mediterranean, and he was grumbling and impatient because he had hoped for one of "those Japanese swords" from Cuco. Their home was crowded: several of their children had married; Cuco's fiancée and family were there. The duffelbag lay on the table, and everyone was gathered round it—Cuco had just taken from it a Philippine embroidered tablecloth for his girl. "You bring them up," Papa Leandro was muttering, "and they forget you when it comes to gifts." He found the large tin box, pulled it away from Cuco's reach, and opened it. His mouth pursed with calculation, he dropped the box on the table, and said, "This looks like a lot of junk to me."

Cuco reached again. "Japanese insignias and uniform buttons," he said brightly. "Let me show you."

But he was too late. Papa Leandro picked up the little packet. "What is this?" he asked.

Geraldo, Cuco's younger brother—my age and based at Drew Field in Tampa—reached across the table and swooped the packet into his pocket. Everyone round the table saw this. Cuco tried to control his embarrassment and also his pleasure that his brother had rescued him. Then Celia began to laugh, giving him away. She held her first infant asleep in her arms and was pregnant with her second, and as she laughed she looked at me the way she had years ago when she had caught me studying her breasts.

With one hand guarding the tin box, Papa Leandro struck out with the other at Geraldo. "What is that?" he said. "Give it to me, I found it first."

"Too late, too late," Celia said, not looking at him but at the others, including Cuco's fiancée. "You could have used it years ago, Papa, but

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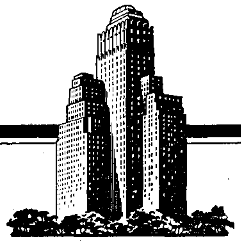
now—" She stopped and shrieked with laughter, and the baby in her arms stirred a little.

Cuco's fiancée had been looking down; she stepped back and with a twist of her shoulders moved away toward the kitchen. Celia stopped laughing abruptly and Cuco threw up his hand and left for the kitchen too. By this time I felt sorry for him, but I was disconcerted by Celia's behavior. I blushed. Geraldo whispered in Papa Leandro's ear, and Papa Leandro shrugged—while discarding one item from the tin box after another—and said with a broad gesture, "He's a man, isn't he?" (Papa Leandro's gestures were never less than operatic.) He flung the tin box across the table and said, "There is nothing here," and motioned to the front of the room.

On a small table sat a radio set, the first they had owned, and Papa Leandro announced that Geraldo had given it to him. It was not a commercial model but the kind used in small scouting planes, and it had been smuggled out of the airbase one part at a time. No one was allowed to touch it but Papa Leandro—not even Mama Chucha, and she giggled like a girl when she told us this. Papa Leandro turned it on and told the company, one hand held up to insist on attention, to watch the tubes light up. "When they become warm," he explained, "we shall hear Radio Havana!"

This was news to none of us, but we indulged him. Cuco and his fiancée came back to the living room, showing no signs of any quarrel, and Papa Leandro shushed them because the first sounds of music were coming out of the naked little set. "Santa Bárbara!" said Papa Leandro, meaning it was a rumba about the most popular Cuban saint, and he brought his feet together, held his right arm crooked and away from his body and with the left motioned to Cuco's fiancée to come to him. "He is going to dance!" Celia said. Cuco's fiancée went forward, and I moved back and indicated to my aunts to do the same. "No," Celia said. "Papa Leandro can dance on a dime."

To dance on a dime—a phrase I knew from childhood. In it there was a world of comment on American dances. On their ineptness and lack of control, their jiggling, kicking, hopping—the laughable way Americans danced the rumba. Papa Leandro held the girl a good six inches away from him, the palm of his left hand held up so that she simply placed hers lightly on it, his right barely touching her at mid-back. He held himself straight but



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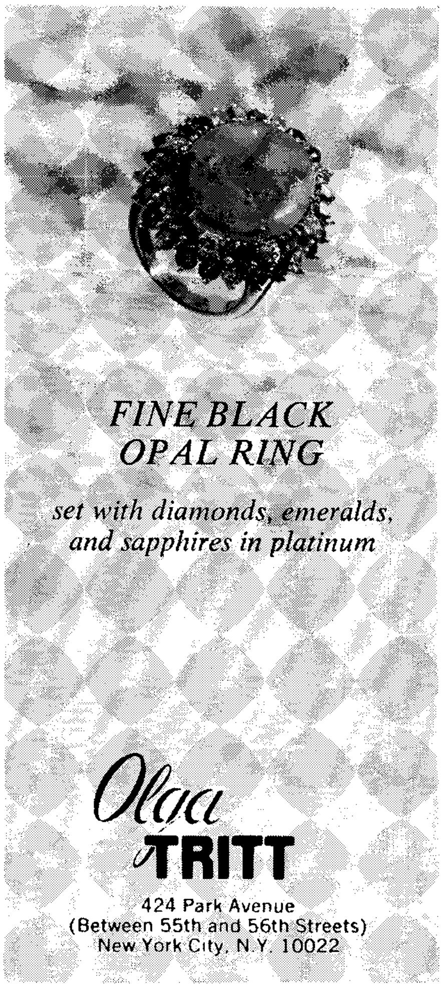

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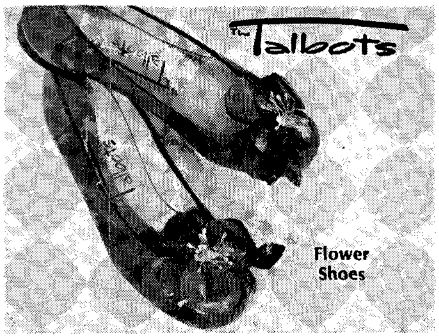

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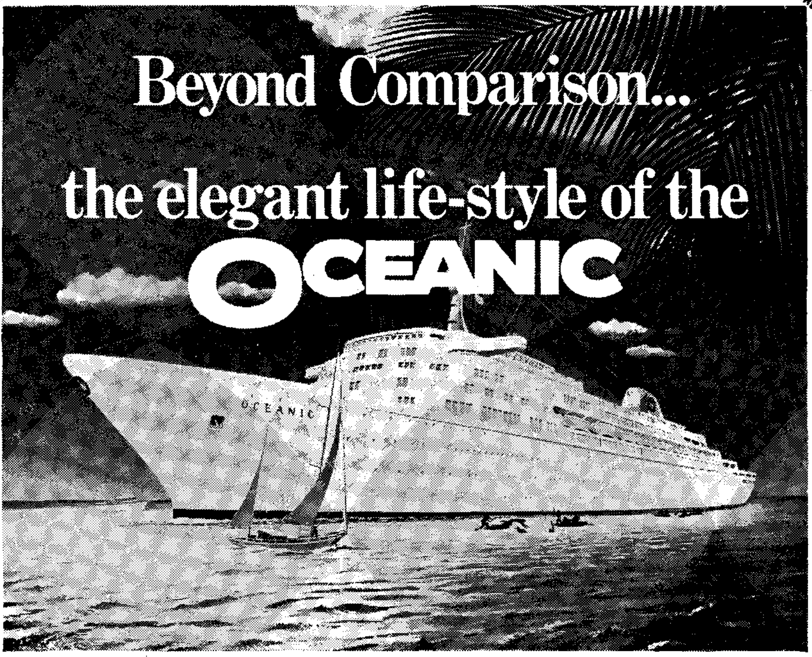
not stiffly, and all the folds of his face settled into a serious look. I watched him with the merciless eyes of youth; he was fat, his waist and hips were enormously wide, the belt drooped in front to allow for his belly, and in back his pants sagged. Cuco's fiancée looked up at him, set for the ritual, waiting for a signal.

The music was loud, brassy, irreligious; a trumpet played alone except for maracas swishing the beat, and it climbed until it broke into a kind of scream, and then a woman's voice took over, ecstatic, shrill, gasping. Papa Leandro moved his feet, one no more than an inch forward, the other even less to the side. He did not lift them off the floor and his head and shoulders and chest maintained their equable posture; above his waist nothing moved. But from the first slide of his feet a complementary motion began in his hips that did not stop until the music was over.

I could not tell what caused this smooth, unbroken, undulating motion of the hips. I studied it—up, down, to the sides—as if it were a problem in physics. Did they move in response to his feet or was it the reverse? In that crowded living room I could move my feet the way Papa Leandro was doing without being noticed. Nothing, however, happened to my hips. I found a place to sit, so that his hips were at eye level, and I looked at his feet, cautious and unhurried, going over that spot of the floor, without stamping or friction, and his body seeming to turn not of his own volition but as if the floor were revolving and bringing into view slowly and from every angle the marvellous, oiled motion of his hips. Across from me, Mama Chucha, who still stayed home when he went to the Saturday-night dance at the Cuban Club, watched with a smile so personal that I looked away.

I REMEMBERED that night with some special feeling two or three years after the war ended, when I was back in New York and Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro came on a visit. All their children were grown and working, and one daughter, married to a Tampan who owned a cigar store, lived in New York. So did another cousin (daughter of the uncle who was again a foreman in Ybor City), who lived, with her husband and children, on a tree-lined street of one-family homes in Queens, an exotic among wary Republicans. It was to her that I talked about Papa Leandro's dancing, and learned that when she was a young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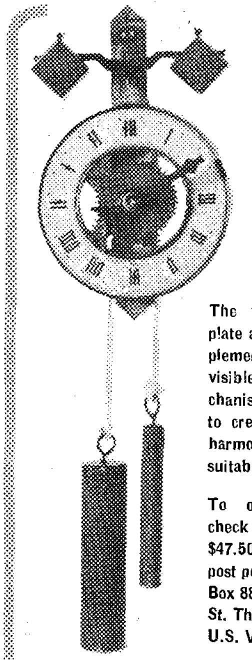

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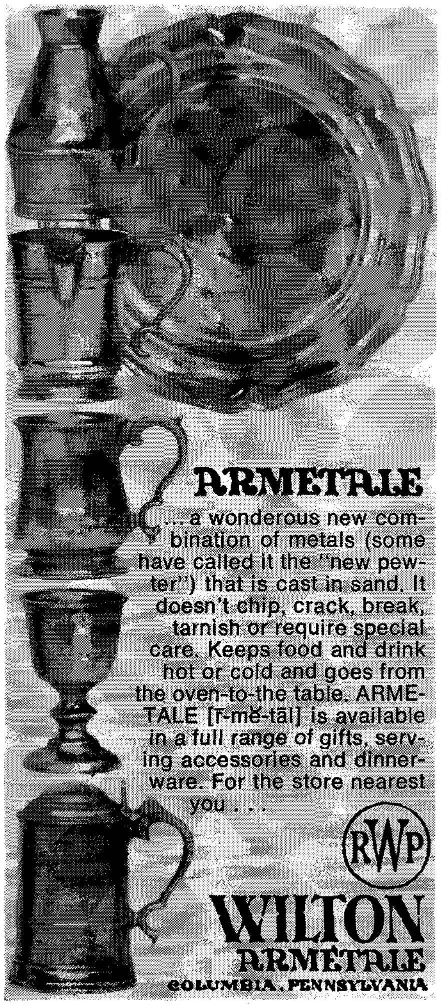

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lady in Ybor City, as yet uncommitted to any young man, she always counted on two numbers with him at the Cuban Club Saturday nights.

"The first time I saw him there, I was embarrassed," she said. "I was wearing my first evening gown and worrying if I'd get asked to dance and I wished to God he wouldn't come over to me. And he didn't—not until he saw me dance and decided I was up to his standards. You didn't break away with him or shake your behind or yell *agua*, and if a conga line started he simply led you to the sidelines and lit a cigar."

She spoke in the past tense, but Papa Leandro still went to the dances, though he had some arthritis, a bad liver, and sugar in the blood, as he put it, and would not diet. He also wheezed. He brought to New York, in a carton he would not check on the train, all the medicines he kept on a round-top table next to his bed at home. He had begun collecting them during the war—drugstore items, from aspirins to eyewashes to antacids; medicines prescribed to him; and medicines prescribed to members of the family and friends and neighbors whom he visited at the end of their illnesses to collect what was left over. Sometimes he woke in the middle of the night and reached over and sipped a mouthwash when he meant to take cough syrup. Mama Chucha would scold him and yell, and the next day would turn it into a funny story that she told everyone, hoping to discourage him. If you laughed too much, as I did in New York when I carried the carton for him from Penn Station, she cut off her story and said, "But Papa Leandro never drinks and that is something not everyone can say."

Once, when an arthritic swelling of a knee had lasted for a couple of weeks, Cuco brought him a cane he found in a second-hand store. Papa Leandro had never had another attack, but he liked the cane and in New York he used it to point out the sights that he feared Mama Chucha might miss. Or to indicate a building whose stories he wanted her to count. I took them down to the caverns of the financial district one Sunday afternoon and she and I took turns counting. On Broad Street, he stopped and stared at the statue of George Washington from across the street. "Mama Chucha, when we go back to West Tampa," he said after he finally looked away, "I do not want to hear you ask anyone which they like more—Tampa or New York."

Her shrill protest was like a sea-

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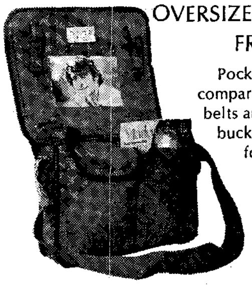

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gull's cry in the empty streets. "You used to ask, too, all the time!"

"But I knew better," he said. "I am no cracker." And he turned into Wall Street, stopped, raised his cane to his waist, and pointed. "What is that?" he asked. "A black church!" I said it was Trinity Church. "You see how smart these New Yorkers are, Mama Chucha. They should dress the Pope in black too."

"Listen, that does not look like a Catholic church to me, so don't talk. The Protestants were very good to us in the Depression."

"The hominy grits? The sacks of beans? They did it to make themselves feel good."

Mama Chucha giggled. She liked him when he talked that way; it would not have been manly for Papa Leandro to sound grateful. Yet when the cousin in Queens offered to take them out of the city on the last of their four Sundays in New York, Papa Leandro said he wanted to go to Hyde Park to pay his respects to President Roosevelt. I went along, squeezed between them in the back seat, and was pleased to be looking at everything through their eyes and also to explain the sights, for Papa Leandro asked as many questions as a child.

It must have been the filling-station attendant giving us directions to Poughkeepsie that inspired Papa Leandro to discuss the English language. "I think I would learn to speak English if I lived in New York. They do not speak like the crackers at all. Do not tell anyone, but at first I thought it was another language—strong, to the point, fast. When I came to Tampa and heard them talking in that slow, soft, hypocritical way, I said to myself, 'I am not learning that.' "

"So you did not learn," Mama Chucha said, "and what will you do if you meet the wife of President Roosevelt today?"

"Listen, I shall say to her, 'Please thank you, please to meet you.' You think I am without manners?"

There were a lot of people at Hyde Park and we had to form a line to enter the main house. An attendant came out occasionally, counted off a group, and extended an arm when he came to a stop on the line to show who were to proceed inside. When our turn came, Papa Leandro stepped out of line and shook the attendant's surprised hand, thinking he was President Roosevelt's son, and said what he had planned to say to his mother. Mama Chucha laughed and tugged at his coat, and my cousin involuntarily cov-

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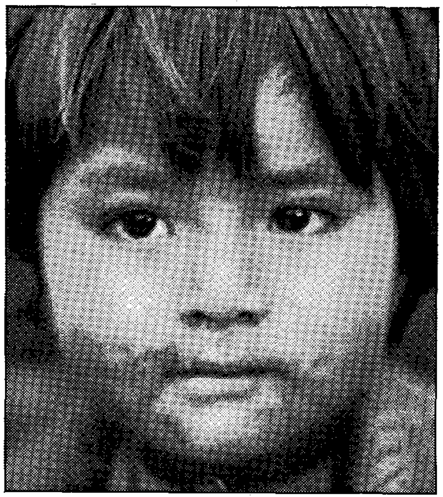

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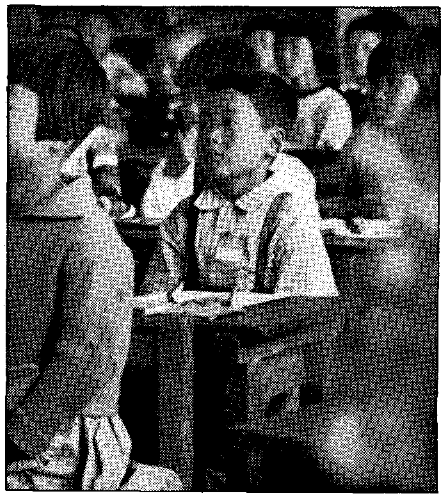
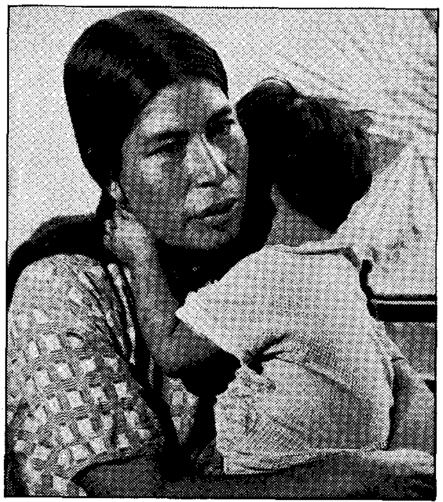


The Foster Parents of this child know that without their contribution of $16 a month Kang Choong, his brothers and sisters might never have gone to school.



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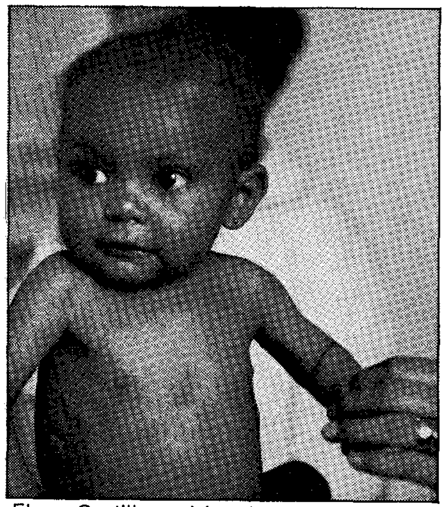

Elana Castilla and her family would probably never see a doctor. Never receive the medical care, health counseling and vitamins they need to survive.

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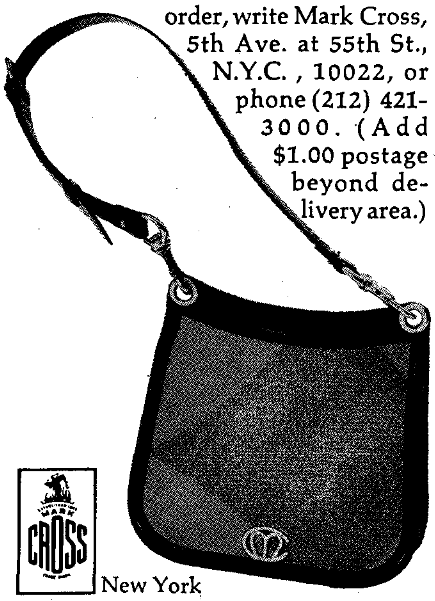

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ered her face with both hands. The attendant, however, was pleased.

"Someone had to show him some courtesy," Papa Leandro said, and went into the house feeling he had been the only person in line who acted correctly. But inside he seemed both thoughtful and uninterested, and when we came out again he did not understand why we couldn't eat the lunch we had brought with us on the lawn of the estate.

"His wife still lives here," my cousin whispered. "It is not a picnic grounds."

"But there is plenty of space," he said. He looked back from the parking lot and shook his head. "He was a rich man."

"Oh, yes," my cousin said, not getting his meaning. "That is why it is so wonderful that he should have cared about the poor."

"He was a *very* rich man," Papa Leandro replied.

"Not so much rich as aristocratic," my cousin explained, and I could see that in Papa Leandro's world view President Roosevelt joined at that moment the Protestants to whom one did not have to be grateful.

But I have his poetry to prove that he did not always feel alien. He began to versify—to use his verb—late in 1960. By then his night table had no room for more bottles and pills, and his ills were many and indisputable. No one suspected him of malingering anymore; he needed his cane. He woke often during the night, tried one or two of the medicines, and, when he thought up a poem, woke Mama Chucha. She could write, and she took them down in a school notebook, careful to note the date of each composition, using double l's and y's interchangeably, also v's and b's. On the cover of the notebook she wrote, at his instruction, "Leandro Limas The Peasant Poet."

I must explain that these are not poems; they are *décimas*—loosely, a poetic form popular in the Cuban countryside, consisting of rhyming couplets or quatrains to be sung to the traditional ballad music of the peasants. I read them with Mama Chucha, just before her death in 1966, sitting on the steps of Celia's house, next door to the old house on Stonewall Street. Mama Chucha was frail now—had, it seemed, inherited all Papa Leandro's illnesses—and her left shoulder was so caved in during that last year that she was like a winged bird. Querulous. All the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren did not fill her life; she kept

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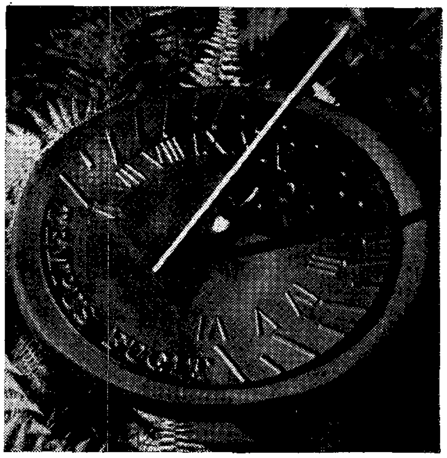

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looking over her shoulder at her old porch, missing Papa Leandro. The sun shone on the little notebook in her lap. I read aloud one of the last quatrains he wrote, in 1962; that was the year he died. It is dedicated to my mother, on the occasion of her sixty-fifth birthday.

"To My Sister Lola
Lola, from my heart
I sing you this verse
For you have reached sixty-five
And will get your pension."

This praise for the Social Security Act is not a paean of thankfulness—most of that generation considered Social Security their right—but Mama Chucha and Papa Leandro *were* thankful, even though in the years he was writing verse Papa Leandro was bitter about our country's unfriendly relations with the Cuban revolutionary government. It made him think again of his origins:

"When in Tampa
I began to versify
Young and old heard me
And to one another said
This old man is not from here.
And I who heard them
Was filled with joy
And told them I'm a savory poet
From the Valley of San Juan de Yumurí."

Mama Chucha and I read the poems to the noise of the great-grandchildren. They ran in and out of the house, played at the bottom of the steps, tried to settle on Mama Chucha's lap two at a time, and when in real trouble ran to Celia, who sat on the porch glider and laughed at whatever I read aloud.

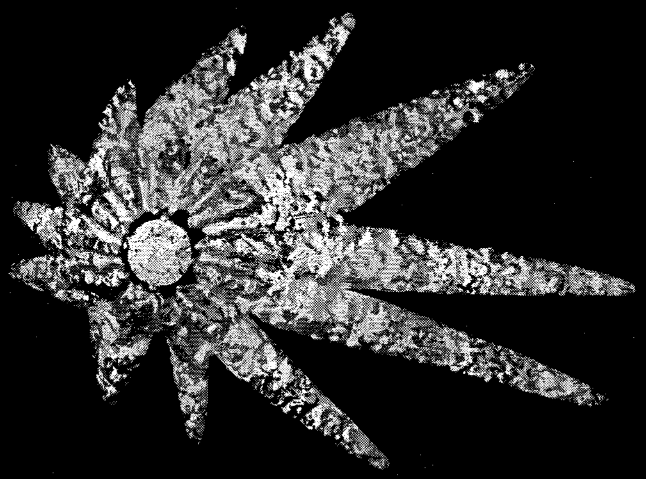
"Little Mother, could you see me
Oh what pity you would feel
For now that I am old
I am learning to walk again."

"Remember, remember the time you came to get Papa Leandro when his mother died!" Celia said. She was fat and round-faced now, but the legs that hung from the glider were still good. "How terrible I was—I wanted to go with you not because of Grandmother but because I wanted to ride in the truck!"

The last entry in the notebook I read to myself. It was addressed to the milkman and contained an obscene epithet for President Kennedy:

"You sir who ask me
To versify in your presence
I say to you that we have
A —— for president."

Papa Leandro hated Kennedy for the Bay of Pigs invasion, but I did not think about that when I left. It was the "we have" that sang in my mind. Yet I drove away from Stonewall Street mildly unhappy. I was hurt—



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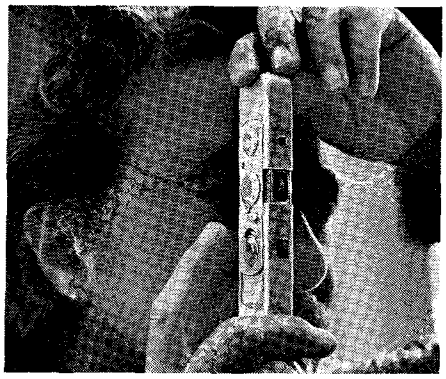

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hurt? Yes, hurt—not to have found in Papa Leandro's notebook a poem addressed to me. I took the freeway that now shoots you from West Tampa to Ybor City in five minutes. Why did I keep coming back? There was nothing in my home town but nostalgia. Everything else had been buried by this accursed freeway, and every nodule of memory tumbled, as if by a relentless psychoanalyst, with urban-development bulldozers.

Then I remembered, and I felt better, the time Papa Leandro and Mama Chucha, in 1962, showed up at the motel apartment on Clearwater Beach my wife and I had rented for a winter holiday. His saying to my wife about me, "He is good to me once upon a time." He spoke louder than usual because he was speaking English, and some people at a cocktail party the Midwesterners on the adjoining terrace were giving turned to look. Haughtily I stared them down, held my own drink in a way I thought would show those Midwesterners I was from New York and infinitely more sophisticated than they, replied to Papa Leandro in Spanish, and thought to myself that this English Papa Leandro had used he had learned from his great-grandchildren, who spoke no Spanish at all.

"I want what you are drinking," Mama Chucha said, looking at my gin-and-tonic. The tension within me broke and I laughed, not caring who looked.

"I want some too," Papa Leandro said. "And I want to urinate!"

"Which is it, man?" she said, laughing. "You cannot do both at once."

They had not yet sat down, and Papa Leandro leaned one arm on his cane and the other on Mama Chucha. "Urinate," he said and removed his hand from her shoulder as a reproach. "Urinate," he repeated, and headed for the door of the motel apartment.

"The door next to the kitchen before you get to the bedroom," I said, and started to make a drink for Mama Chucha.

They were staying at a house on the beach that Celia and Cuco had rented, and had walked over by themselves to surprise us. "I told him to go before we left," Mama Chucha explained, looking questioningly at the cheese and crackers on the table, "but he was dying to get away, like a chicken with an egg to lay."

"Too many children!" Papa Leandro called from the screen door, and let it bang when he went inside.

Mama Chucha carefully lowered herself into a sling chair. We heard

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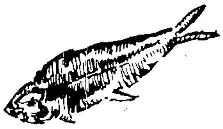

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Papa Leandro moan and then call in a loud, desperate whisper, "I have gone blind! I cannot see!"

"What? What?" Mama Chucha answered, and could not get out of the sling chair.

"Everything is black—black!" Papa Leandro yelled, and we heard the noise of a falling chair.

Before I could put the drink down, my wife ran inside. It surprised me to see Mama Chucha lean back and grin. "It is the sun," she yelled. "The sun!" She motioned to me to stay and continued yelling toward the apartment. "You always forget, man, you cannot go into a room from the sunlight and expect to see anything!"

I did not care what the Midwesterners made of this Cuban commotion, and sat with my back to the other terrace. I could see Mama Chucha look over at them with interest. She forgot me and nodded once or twice, as if returning greetings. When my wife came back out, she motioned her to sit next to her. "You are smart not to bring the children," she said. "Get away by yourselves. Like Papa Leandro and me."

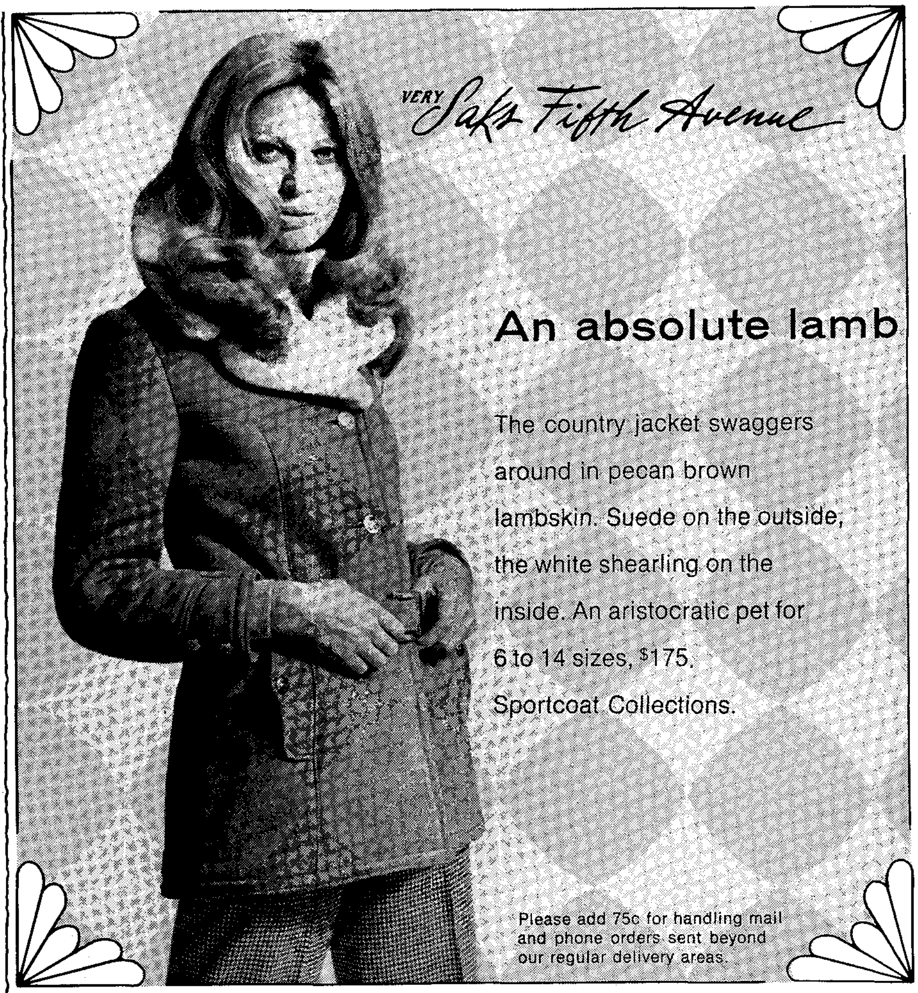
"You look wonderful," I said.

She made a face like a comic gargoyle. "New teeth," she said. "The children also built us a bathroom, but Papa Leandro will not let them tear down the outhouse. A good thing, with his loose bladder. No, no, Pini, do not put anything strong into his drink. Make it look like mine and let him think what he wants—but no liquor."

Papa Leandro returned to the terrace happy. "Here I am," he said, and walked to an empty sling chair smiling. He nodded at it as if he were being introduced. "Look at that, Mama Chucha. One piece of cloth and one piece of iron. That is how all our furniture should have been. Do you know that we have thirty-seven grandchildren?"

"I thought you wanted to get away from them," Mama Chucha said.

"Listen, Mama Chucha." He looked beyond us to the water's edge and then up and down the beach. "This is the very spot where we used to come before the children married." He patted the sling chair and said, "I am afraid of it," and winked at my wife. He took a straight aluminum chair by the table and sipped his drink and none of us talked because each of his movements held our attention. "Very nice," he said and winked at me, and with his free hand pointed to the beach. "There were practically no houses here then, just locker rooms. Not that we used them—with all our children it would have cost a fortune. We used to borrow the



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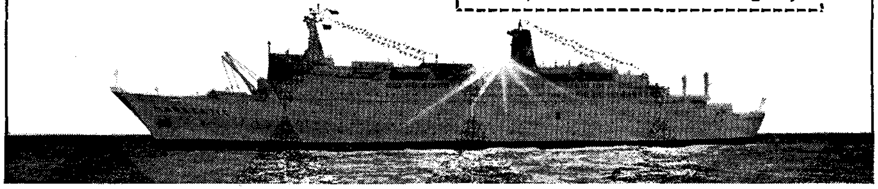

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delivery truck from the grocery store and pile them all in the back. They had signs everywhere, no dogs and Latins allowed, but we did not pay attention."

"No, no," Mama Chucha said. "It was not here—it was over toward the pier, right across from the bridge to Clearwater city."

"Look at me," he said, and held out his arms. He wore a flowered sports shirt, baggy slacks, sneakers, and a baseball cap. "Who can tell me from a cracker?"

"I used to bring a minimum of fifty sandwiches," Mama Chucha said to my wife, "and they were never enough."

"Mama Chucha, Mama Chucha," Papa Leandro said, insisting on her attention. "You are wrong about it being near the pier. The pier now is across from the new causeway. What we took was the old wooden bridge and that left you right about here." He pointed to the bright-colored umbrellas that belonged to the motel. "I tell you it was right here."

Mama Chucha rattled the ice in her glass and shrugged. "What does it matter?"

Papa Leandro leaned back and crossed his feet and looked happy. "You see how we are sitting here like civilized people? You cannot have this kind of life with children. You know why I have a hoarse voice? I have spent forty-five years screaming like Caruso."

My wife whispered in my ear, "I'm inviting them to stay and eat with us."

"Papa Leandro, I think you are right," Mama Chucha said. She put her hands firmly on the two arcs of the sling chair and pulled herself up. "That must be the spot."

Papa Leandro spoke to me. "After the first six were born, I used to say to Chucha, 'Mama Chucha we are starting a whole nation of our own, a whole new nation.' " He began to move in his chair preparatory to getting up. "But all we raised was just a bunch of Florida crackers. That is what they are. Some of them cannot even speak Spanish."

My wife spoke to Mama Chucha about staying to dinner. It pleased her. "Papa Leandro," she said, "we are going to stay here to eat. Pini will drive us back."

I knew he was pleased when he spoke to me. "Remember in New York when you took us to Wall Street?"

Mama Chucha shaded her eyes with both hands and looked at the umbrellas on the beach, one for each apartment, below the terraces. "Since we are going to stay, I want to *be* on that beach."

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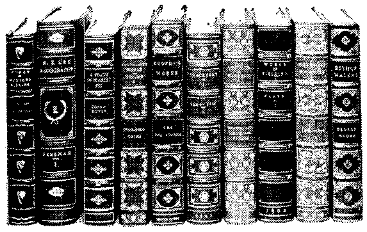

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"Wait, wait!" He held on to his cane and beckoned to Mama Chucha to give him her shoulder to lean on. I folded the aluminum chairs and told them they could sit under *our* umbrella until I called them for dinner. Mama Chucha moved off the terrace, eager to get to the umbrella, and I gave Papa Leandro my free arm to help him navigate the loose sand. I could smell his cologne, and it made me smile inwardly and begin a thought that Papa Leandro interrupted by coming to a halt.

"Now that we are away, Pini," he said, and I didn't know whether he meant away from the people on the neighboring terrace or from my wife or from his own wife, who had gone on ahead, "I want to tell you something. You know the Cuban refugees have been throwing red paint at the houses of those of us who feel the way we do." He stopped to look imperious and to see if I understood. I nodded. "The cowards did it to our house yesterday—before we woke up! As if that will stop me from playing Radio Havana loud. Cuco and Geraldo want to come and paint it over tomorrow. Shall I let them? Is it not a badge of honor?"

Mama Chucha called from the umbrella, "You will get sunstroke!"

He started moving again. "I have given this country my entire adult life. I shall play Radio Havana loud—right?"

"Right," I said.

"And I shall let them paint over the red," he said, winked, and stopped to laugh. I laughed and he laughed some more and we both laughed until he was settled under the umbrella. "You have to fool them all a little," he said, and I remembered what the smell of his cologne had led me to discover: when everyone had laughed at Papa Leandro—as far back as when I was a child—he had been laughing, too.

I ran back to the terrace to get them a second drink, and my wife said, "I heard you laughing."

"Papa Leandro always made me laugh," I said, and now that I spoke English I caught a neighbor listening. I pointed to the silhouette of my aunt and my uncle under the umbrella. "Look at them," I said, a little louder, still riding my problem in middle age. "They're a typical American couple."

—JOSE YGLESIAS

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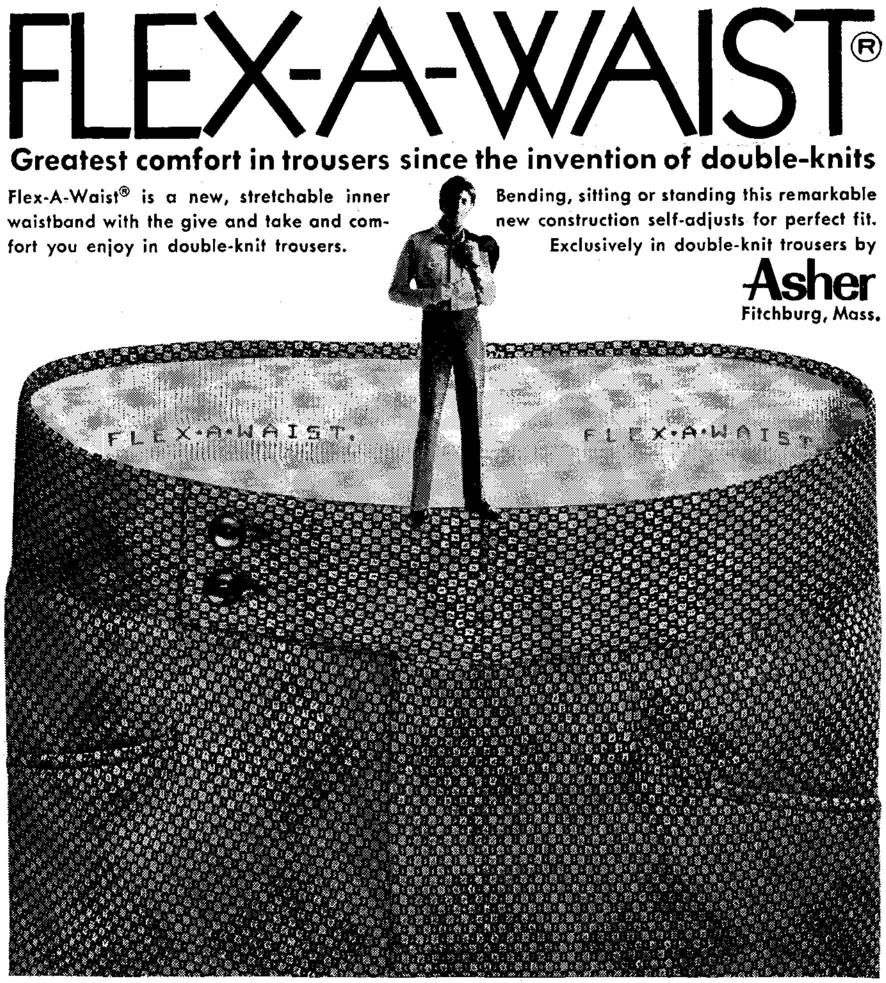
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THE ART WORLD

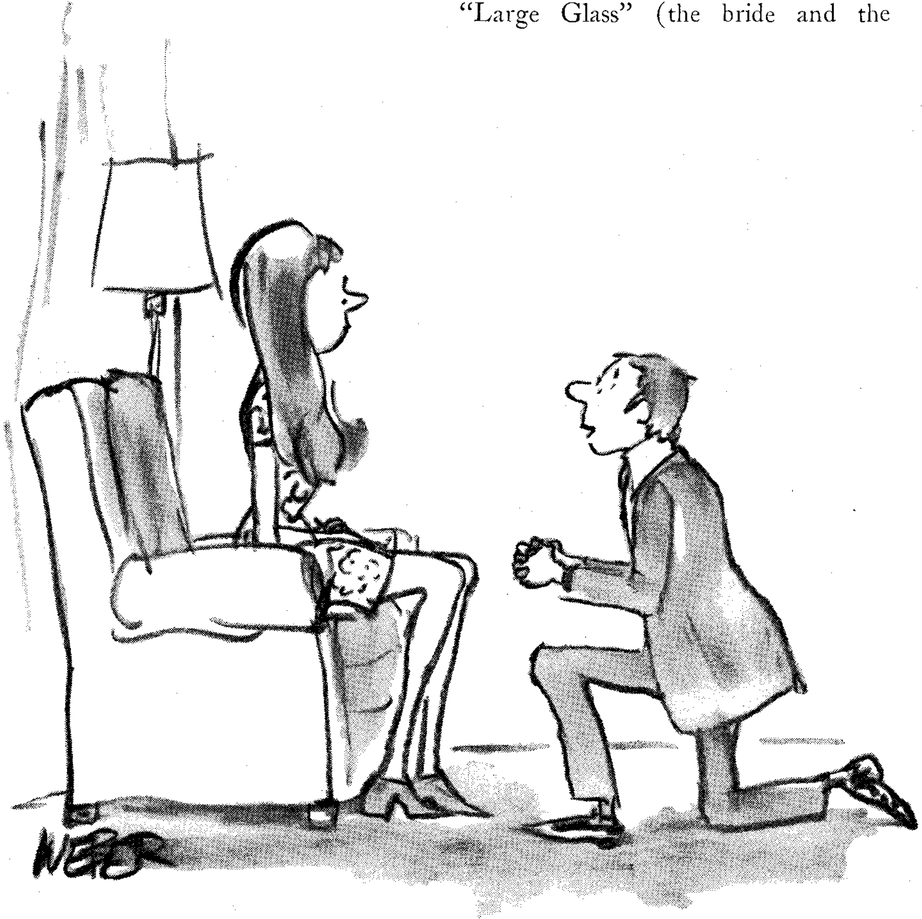
Not Making It

DUCHAMP began his conversation with Pierre Cabanne ("Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp," published by Viking) by congratulating himself on never having worked for a living, even as an artist. "I haven't known," he said, "the strain of producing, painting not having been an outlet for me, or having a pressing need to express myself. I've never had that kind of need—to draw morning, noon, and night, to make sketches, etc." Duchamp's dislike of work was probably a matter of temperament, but it became one of principle, too. When his interviewer listed the products of what was evidently Duchamp's most fruitful time, 1912-13, in which a dozen of his most important creations emerged, among them "The King and Queen Crossed by Swift Nudes," "Virgin No. 1" and "Virgin No. 2," "The Passage from the Virgin to the Bride," "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even," Duchamp's only response was "Ugh!" Contrasting himself with his followers among young vanguardists today, he emphasized that he had always done "as few things as possible"—an effective antidote to the "easy art" that some of his innovations have inspired.

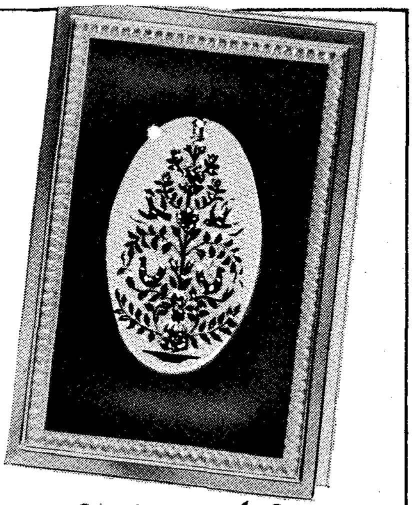
Duchamp's strategy in regard to work involved a complex evaluation of the nature of art in our time. People like to think that art is the mystery of creation, but, Duchamp pointed out, the artist, as a person active in society, is a "man like any other. It's his job to do certain things"—in the case of the painter, "things on a canvas, with a frame." Duchamp said that he had always been drawn to the notion of the artist as a craftsman—a term more venerable than "artist." This was a reversion to the traditional idea of making, and it provided him with a stand against the romanticism of his friends the Surrealists. But he then brought into play an observation that totally undermined any identification of modern art with medieval craft. The contemporary artist, he noted, "doesn't make things for people; it's the people who come to choose things from among his production." Collaboration between the creator and his patron has been dissolved. The collector today can decide what he will acquire, but the artist has the prior decision about what he will make. He can, if he chooses, prepare an inventory for the art market, or he can make works for himself, as if he were a patron in the old style. He can, as well, decide not to produce—a freedom he may exercise in our time without ceasing to be an artist.

Duchamp calls the liberation from dealing with patrons "the artist's revenge." For his own part, he appears to have leaned toward patronage, however, as evidenced by his continuing tie to Walter Arensberg. He would have no objection, he explains, to producing things for friends—as he made the bird cage of marble sugar cubes for Katherine Dreier's sister—as long as "they let me do what I wanted." Normally, though, the modern artist fabricates not for individuals but for an anonymous and ever-changing public. If as a maker he resembles the craftsman of the past, in relation to society he is more akin to the manufacturer of a trademarked commodity. The situation of the free artist seems simple, but one who offers art for buyers to choose from is confronted by a swarm of ambiguous possibilities. There is nothing to prevent him from increasing his output by resorting to improved tools, including machines, or by assembling under his signature objects reflecting his mood but never touched by his hand. ("'Readymades' cover the globe!" cries Dali in a preface to "Dialogues." "The loaf of bread fifteen yards long has become a loaf of fifteen miles!") The artist can determine the physical character of what he makes or selects, but its existence as art depends on the public; Duchamp remarks that it is posterity that will keep objects in the Louvre. Art is defined not by its technique of production, manual or other, but by the inner shape of the society in which it appears. To follow Duchamp's reasoning is to translate art into archeology. It is as if one looked back on the artifacts of the twentieth century from a point far enough in the future to make all of them seem equal.

Duchamp's lazy-man's questioning of why he and other artists should do what they are doing when they do anything opened art to a universe of non-art that duplicated it in all definable aspects. The thought of making by hand brought up by implication the power of the machine to duplicate human activity, which is the theme of Duchamp's major creations, from the "Nude Descending a Staircase," through the "Large Glass" (the bride and the



"I want to give you all the things you've never had. I think I can get a bank loan."



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bachelors), to the various categories of readymades. Duchamp's response to the hand and its mechanical equivalents was one of profound ambivalence—a conflict of feeling that he could not surmount through his dispassionate rationalism and that led him from paradox to paradox. His most influential innovations and significant attitudes are offshoots of his inability to choose between a glorification of manual skill and a dismissal of handiwork as tiresome activity. He shies away from the "manual servitude" of the artisan and suggests to Cabanne that his break with painting was stimulated by its requirement that the artist "work by hand." Among the technical reasons he gives for using glass instead of canvas for "The Bride" is his feeling that glass "took away any idea of 'the hand.' " In his "Optical Discs" and "Rotoreliefs," he experiments with visual effects obtainable through physical movement via mechanical devices. And as a final rival to art he conceives the readymade—a product of the factory which requires only to be signed, titled, and exhibited.

The readymade exceeds art intellectually in concentrating into itself the riddles, contradictions, correspondences, and negations that arise from the modern mixing of art and reality. It carries to a logical conclusion the principle of Cubist collage that painted forms, machine products, and natural phenomena can be made aesthetically interchangeable by locating them within the same picture frame. The integration of art and non-art is the essence of twentieth-century vanguardism in art. And for fifty years artists have sought new ways to push the unification closer, notch by notch. But in the readymade a total fusion of art and non-art had already been achieved—a fact that may account for the progressive thinning out of vanguardism.

THE emergence of Duchamp's non-manual, or semi-manual, objects automatically discredited the craft-based values of excellence in conception and execution by which art had been dominated. In a statement that anticipates the de-aestheticized aesthetics of the anti-form movement of the sixties, Duchamp stipulates that the readymades represent not a shift in art standards but their total elimination. "A point which I want very much to establish is that the choice of these 'readymades' was never dictated by an aesthetic delectation. This choice was based on a reaction of *visual* indifference with at the same time a total ab-

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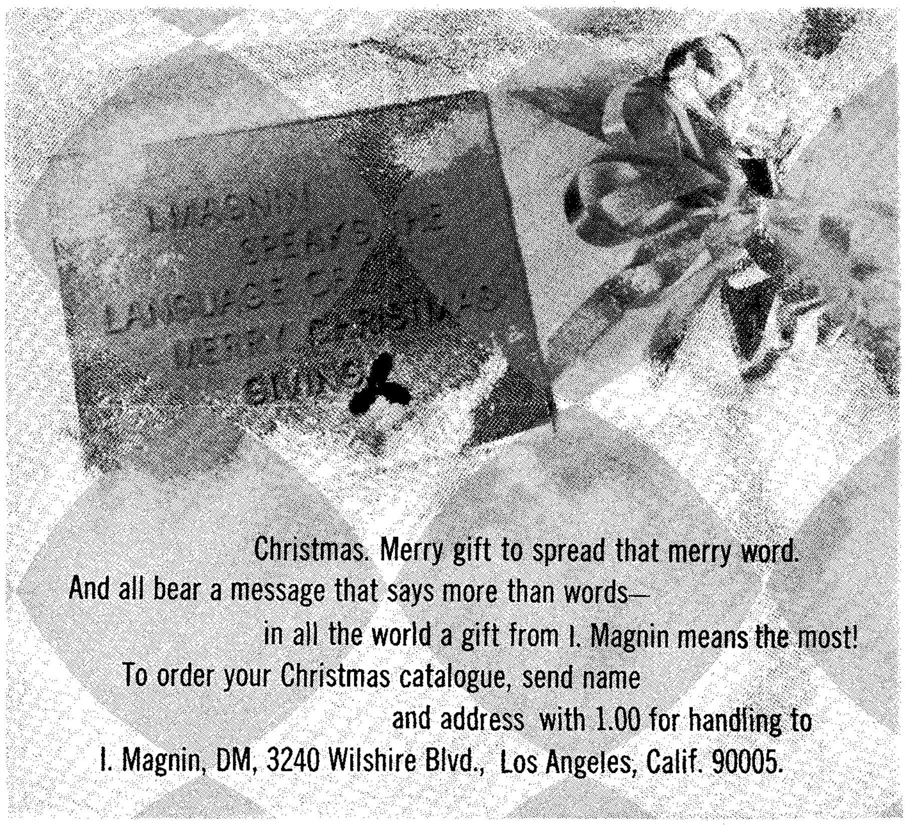
sence of good or bad taste . . . in fact, a complete anesthesia" (his italics).

Having identified art with making, Duchamp concludes that making has lost its attractiveness. The readymades are not art but a kind of infra-art that goes along with art as the minus sign of its qualities. In a speech on the readymade, he imagines "reciprocal readymades" that would "expose the basic antinomy between art and readymades." But, having set art and readymades in opposition to each other, he moves on to a semi-comic summing up that declares all paintings to be in essence readymades. "Since the tubes of paint used by the artist are manufactured and readymade products, we must conclude that all the paintings in the world are readymades aided [Duchamp's term for readymades that are changed by adding details] and also works of assemblage."

The notion that a painting or sculpture is a bringing together of manufactured items found in art-supply stores is a materialistic dwarfing for farcical effect, in the tradition of Rabelais's reduction of a scholars' debate to the gesticulations of the speakers. The deliberate absurdity of Duchamp's proposition has not, however, prevented it from providing a rationale for works that consist of moving or displacing materials from one site to another—boulders in Arizona or ticker tape from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange to the artist's roof. The artist, as I have noted in an earlier column, is transformed into a porter, and sculpture consists of any disturbance of the environment by delivery or by taking away—an animal munching grass is a readymade aided by addition to himself and by subtraction from the meadow. Moving materials from one site to another is a function of technology as well as of organisms, so Duchamp's blending of machinery and bodies in the "Nude" and "The Bride" survives in the earthworks mode of the readymade.

The logic of Duchamp's innovations contemplates getting rid of "the hand" or radically reducing its role. Yet Duchamp has a nostalgia for craft and an antipathy for the machine. His emphasis on the "antinomy" between art and readymades carries a depreciatory overtone with regard to the latter. Applying his principle that art is craft, he insists that making "The Bride," like choosing the readymades, amounted to a "renunciation of all aesthetics . . . not just another manifesto of new painting." He praises Tinguely but adds the reservation that "he's more of a



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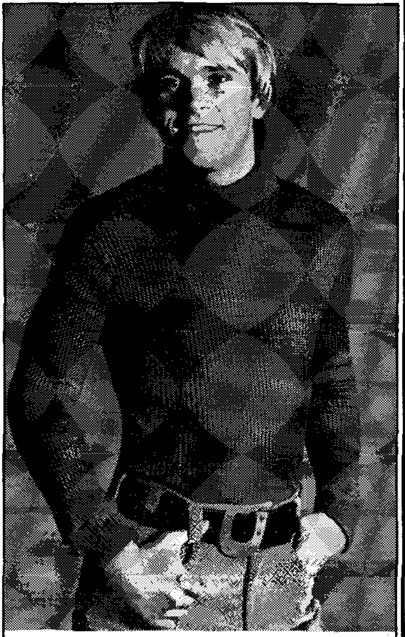

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mechanic." Instead of using a movie camera, Duchamp conceives of turning the film by hand, and he denounces the cinema for failing, as does photography, to "go much further than a mechanical way of making something. It can't compete with art. If art continues to exist. . . ."

Suddenly, the image of Duchamp the arch anti-artist gives way to the image of a person troubled by the crisis of art in this era of mechanical duplication, and giving form to his doubts in visual-verbal riddles, puns, and enigmas as well as in a critical detachment from the vocation of artist. Duchamp declares to Cabanne his antagonism to modern painting for having devoted itself, since Courbet, to appeals to the eye—what Duchamp calls "retinal" painting. "Before, painting had other functions: it could be religious, philosophical, moral." Apparently, this avant-gardist secreted a strain of belief that "real art" belonged back in the Renaissance, or even earlier. Since those centuries of greatness, the art object has become fundamentally unsettled, as the relation between the artist, his product, and the spectator entered into a process of transformation whose end is not in sight. Attempts to establish continuity between modern works and masterpieces of the past inevitably return to the ideal of the well-made picture that satisfies educated tastes. But this effort toward continuity cannot escape turning into parody when the standard of making is the art market and the modern Medici is the millionaire whose collecting follows market trends.

IN an epoch of making for sale, the alternative for the artist who refuses to work for money is making-as-criticism (parody, irony, subversion) or making-for-oneself, that historically indestructible patron. Occasionally, a work carries the hint of an idea; all the rest is manufacturing. Duchamp made no secret of the fact that art attracted him less than did artists; few contemporary works had meaning for him, and he rarely attended exhibitions. "The individual, man as man, man as a brain, if you like, interests me more than what he makes, because I've noticed that most artists only repeat themselves. . . . They have that old habit which inclines them to do one painting a month, for example. Everything depends on their working speed. They believe they owe society the monthly or yearly painting." The tradition of art as work survives as the self-enslavement of the artist and the reduction of the art object to a mechanical reproduction, even

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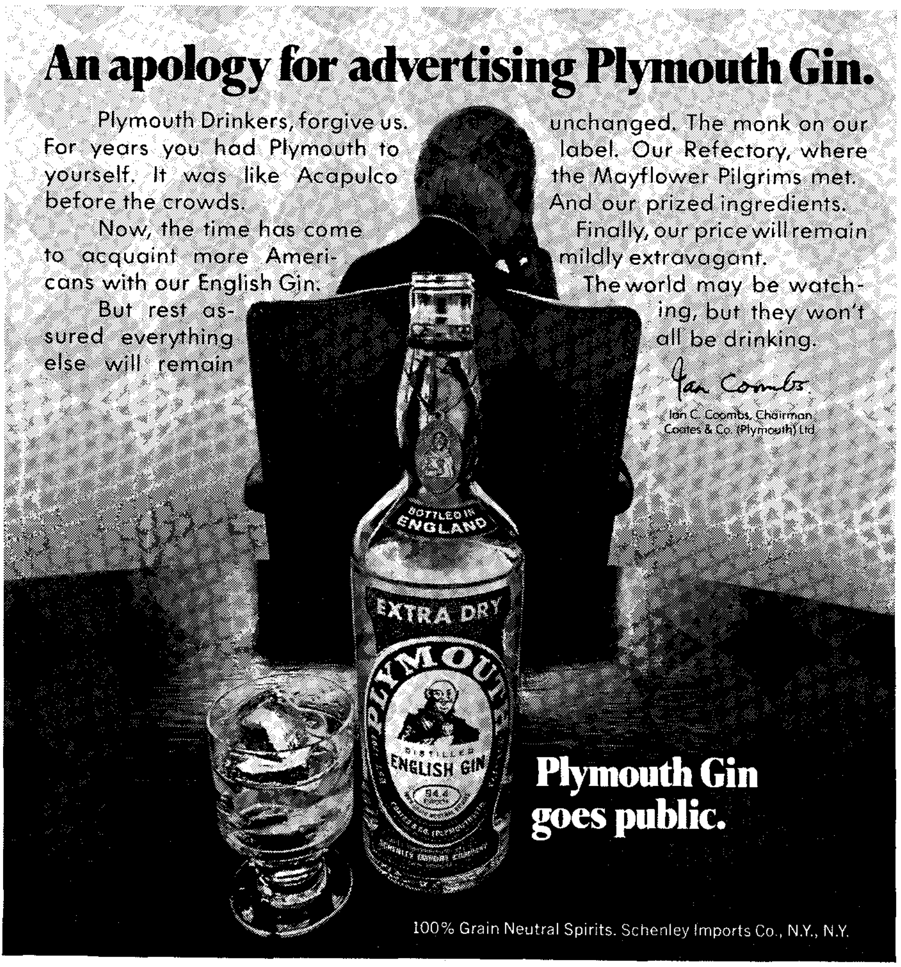
when it is executed by hand. The professional artist is a machine for making art, and his possibilities as a person are more interesting than the readymades in which he repeats himself. "Arman," said Duchamp of the very successful assemblage-maker, "is very capable of changing, however."

Duchamp's stubborn anti-professionalism kept him at a safe distance from the schools of aesthetic absurdity fostered by some of his gestures. The artist freed of making works for patrons could fulfill himself only through resisting the obsessive self-repetition of the artist as supplier of the market. Modern technology exposes the futility of manual copying and forces the artist to reconsider his vocation. Art in the age of readymades ought to consist exclusively of acts of origination. Avoiding the manual multiplication of objects, it can restrict itself to a search for the new. Those incapable of grasping this fundamental alteration in the function of art have condemned Duchamp as a novelty-monger. Duchamp, however, was always the last to exploit Duchamp. Gide asserts that the difference between a novelist and his characters is that the novelist enjoys the privilege of not acting on his ideas; having conceived the "gratuitous act," Gide could leave it to his protagonist Lafcadio to shove a stranger off a moving train. Artists are permitted to act as provocateurs, but they must be on guard against falling into the trap of becoming their own disciples.

What was inimitable in Duchamp was the discipline by which he kept himself on the edge of art—neither of it nor out of it, a fringe personage, a permanently borderline case. As he himself said, speaking about a Surrealist exhibition he helped to organize, art occasionally "borrowed" him from the world. When Cabanne intimated that certain young artists "are a little like your children," Duchamp was quick to point out that though he was delighted to fill their need for a "prototype," there was no great resemblance between him and them, since he "did as few things as possible, which isn't like the current attitude of making as many as you can, in order to make as much money as possible." To be a professional producer of anti-art or non-art art objects is a meaningless role, if not a degraded one; it converts criticism of the art object into a hoax by supplying other objects which take its place. In the dialectic of the aesthetic and the counter-aesthetic in which the art of this century is engaged, every art object can be matched by an anti-art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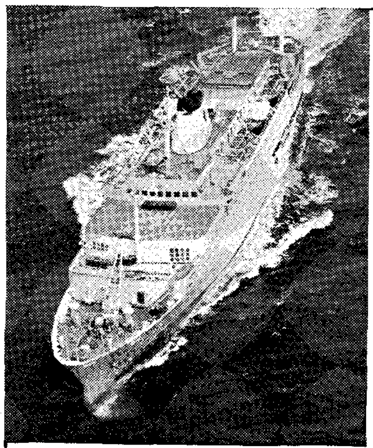
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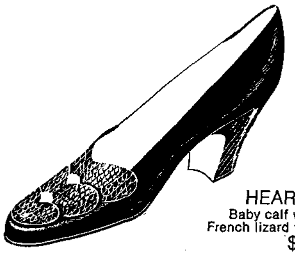

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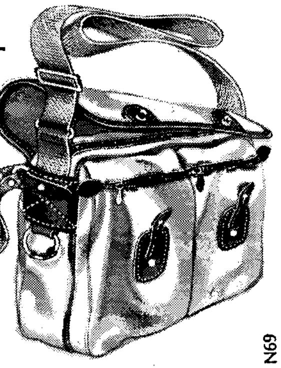

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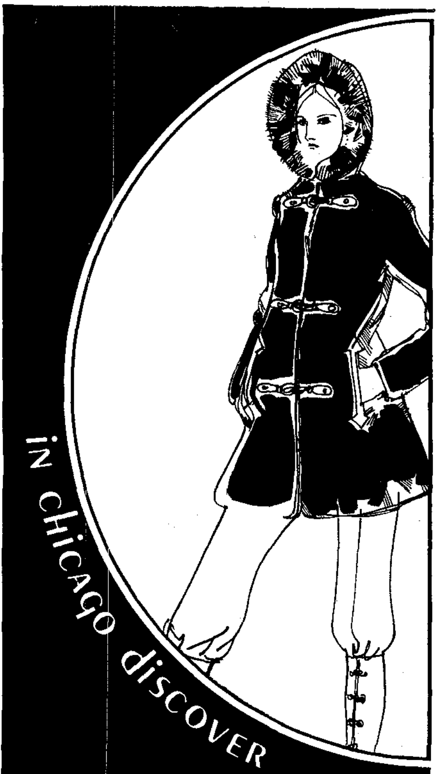
or a non-art object. By erasing a de Kooning drawing and displaying it under the title of "Erased de Kooning Drawing, Robert Rauschenberg," Rauschenberg performed a proper Duchampian gesture, in that his exhibit diverted the spectator from the visual experience of a sheet of soiled drawing paper to the mental concept of a negated work of art. But this concept cannot bear repetition. For Duchamp, it was a quasi-ethical principle that the art-cancelling readymades should be strictly limited in number. If too many aesthetically "neutral" objects appeared, they would turn into art in the minds of spectators, for whom art is "a habit-forming drug," and the critical function of the readymade would be defeated by reverence for art of a new category.

INSTEAD of practicing art as either a craft or a profession, Duchamp established himself as a squatter in the outskirts of art and devoted himself to one-shot projects that happened to arouse him. The "Large Glass," his most extended and complex undertaking (except for the twenty-year "underground" construction, "Given: 1. the waterfall, 2. illuminating gas," unveiled after his death), was not the realization of an idea but the sum of separate experiments, observations, analogies, puns, metaphors, analyses, and technical decisions collected over a decade with what Marcel Jean has eloquently characterized as "*persévérance négligente.*" Hundreds of pages of recondite exegesis, including interpretations based on psychoanalysis, Hindu mythology, alchemy, linguistics, and the influence of Rube Goldberg, continue to be devoted to this work and to Duchamp's accompanying notes, assembled in the "Green Box" and distributed as a work of art in a different medium. "The 'Large Glass,' " conjectures Octavio Paz, in his "Marcel Duchamp, or the Castle of Purity," "is the design for a piece of machinery, and the 'Green Box' is something like one of those instruction manuals for the upkeep and running of a machine." As an almost random set of illustrations picked from a mass of unsystematic calculations, recollected images, symbols, and made-up scientific formulas, the "Glass" is, of course, intellectually impenetrable, a joke that relates to its being transparent as material. Its historical significance lies in its being a painting that is no longer an object but an objectified segment of the artist's mental and emotional life during a given portion of time—a kind of second self projected by him into the art world,



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comparable to such Duchamp aliases as Rrose Sélavy, R. Mutt, and Mr. Salt Seller. Like a life, the "Large Glass" was never finished but simply came to an end. It "held me," Duchamp said, "until 1923, the only thing I was interested in, and I even regret not finishing it, but it became so monotonous, it was a transcription, and toward the end there was no invention. So it just fizzled out." Here, as in the ready-made, "transcription" is the antithesis of art and marks its expiration.

Duchamp liked to explain that he did things because he found them "amusing"—a position not dissimilar to that of Valéry, that other great twentieth-century holdout from creation, who described poetry as a "game." In presenting art as an activity of the mind that he indulges in for pleasure, the artist evades the need to resolve the ambiguities of contemporary art-making by assuming the guise of a dilettante. Yet, despite his detachment and his contributions to the myth of himself as anti-artist, Duchamp's casualness about art was a pose. His dandyism, clowning, and disintegrative wit provided a brilliant formal vocabulary for dealing with the art situation as it is, but his hopes for a new profundity in art had to be passed over quickly to avoid falling into commonplaces. "The painting," Duchamp summed up for Cabanne, "is no longer a decoration to be hung in the dining room or living room. We have thought of other things to use as decoration. Art is taking more the form of a sign. . . . This is the feeling that has directed me all my life." Art as a sign is primarily art for the artist acting as his own patron, and thus both free and answerable in ultimate terms for the fact of its existence. In signifying art, as exemplified by the "Large Glass" or certain Action paintings, the aim is not an art object but a continuum of mental and psychic events of which the painting survives as an evidence. It is making for its own sake and for the sake of the maker. Duchamp found it rewarding to spend the last twenty years of his life at this kind of "craft," without the intervention of "people who come to choose things."

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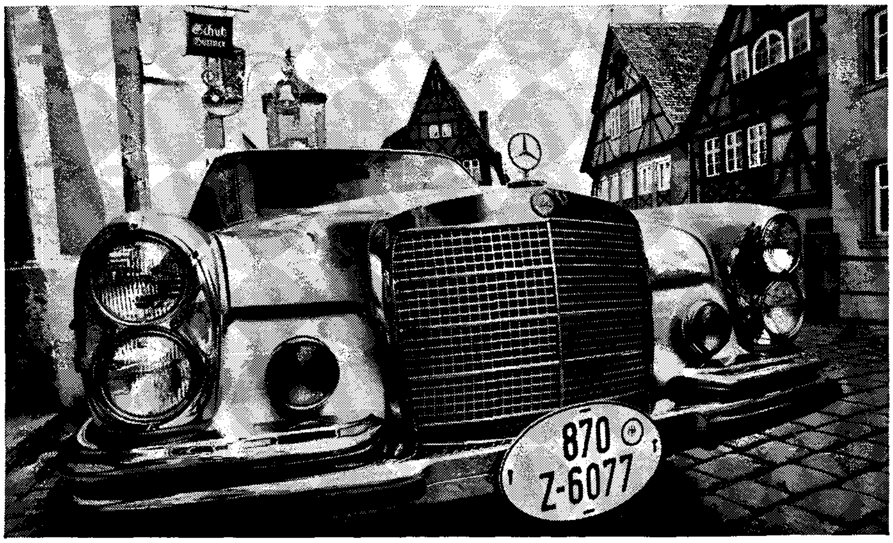

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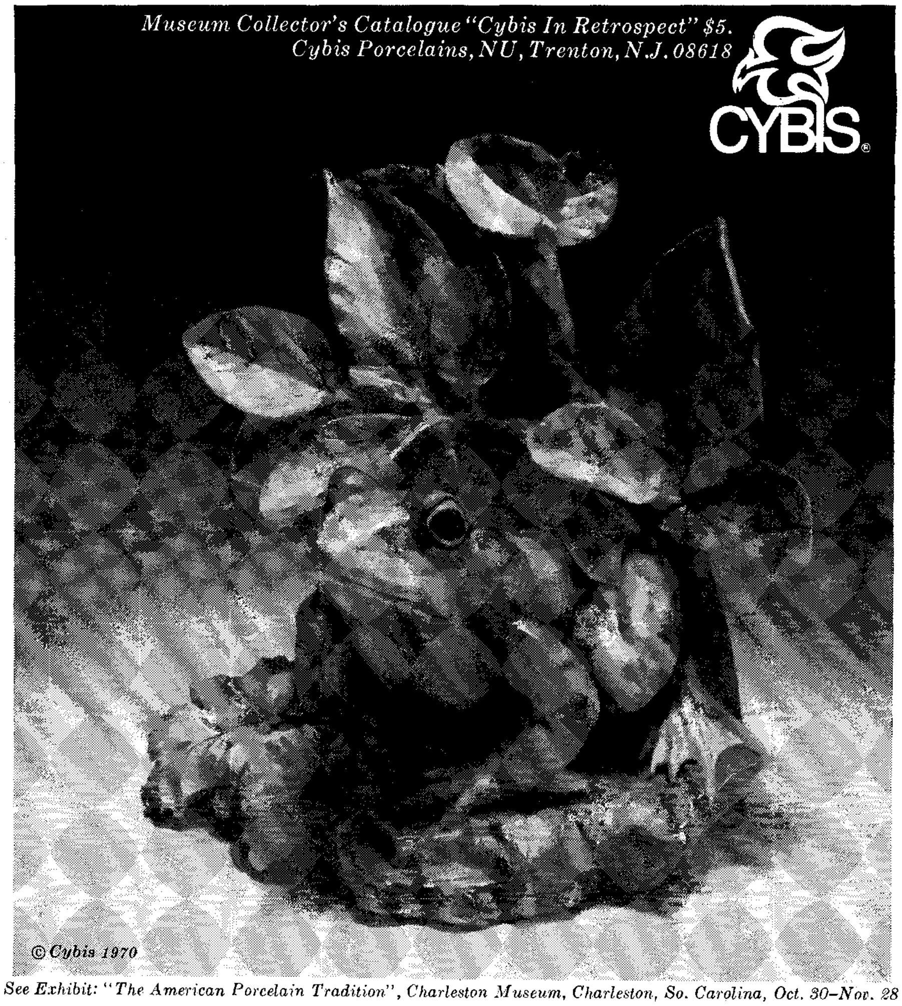

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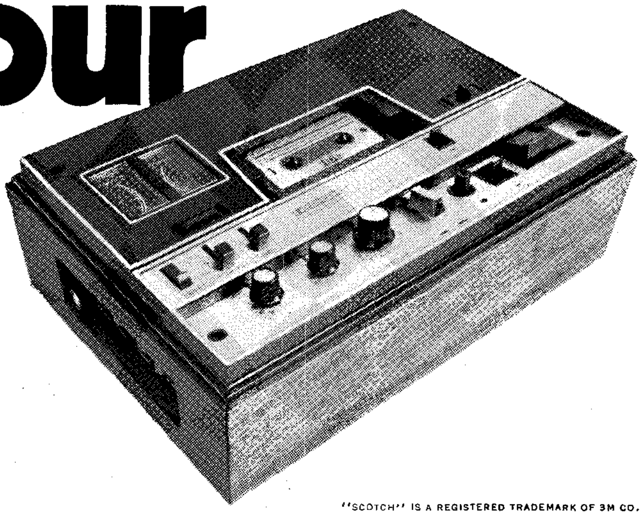

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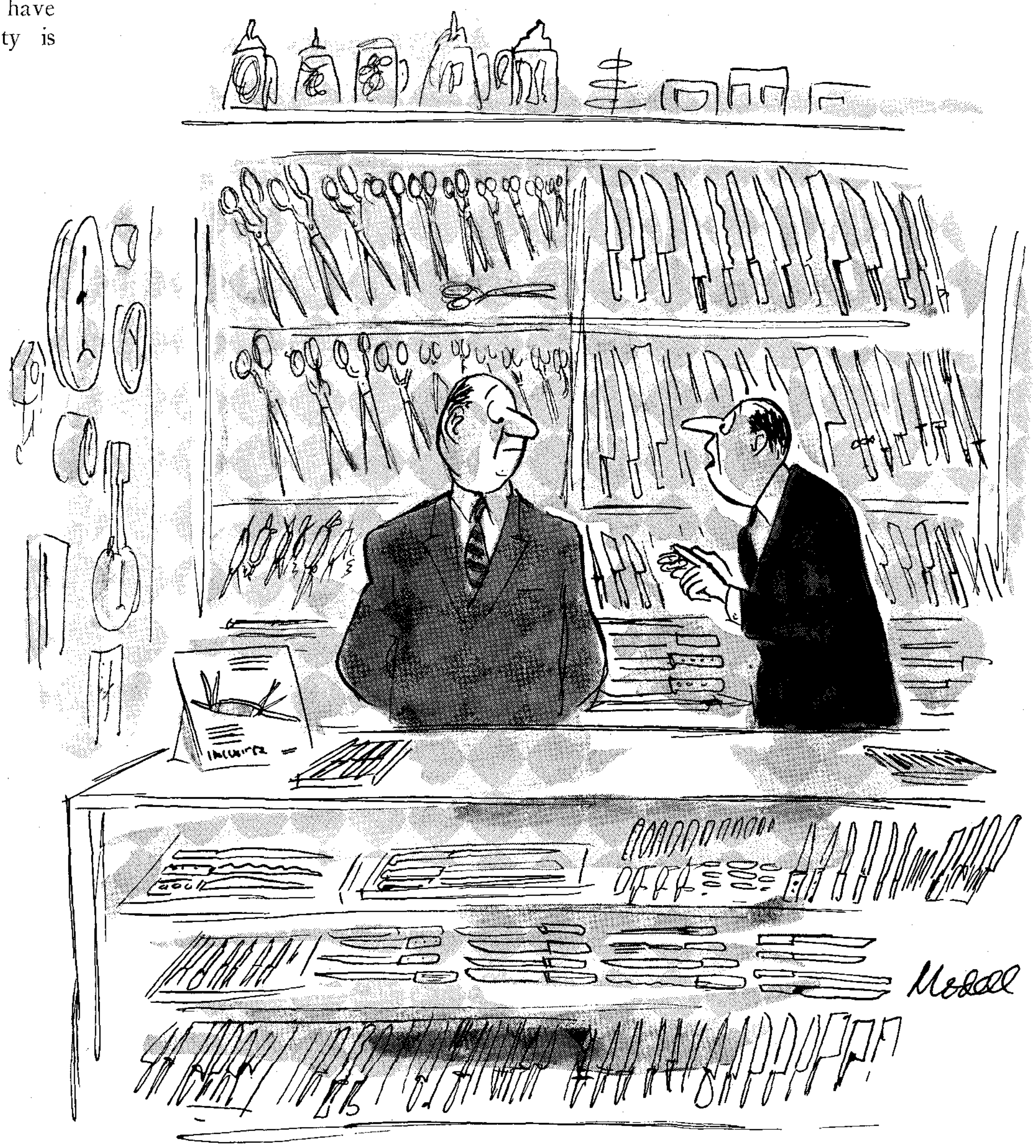
Helen of Troy, Sexual Warrior

THE flaws in the Michael Cacoyannis film of Euripides' "The Trojan Women" seem unimportant compared to the simple fact that here is a movie of one of the supreme works of the theatre, and not a disgraceful movie, either. The play is not just the first but the one great anti-war play. What Euripides did was to look at war's other side, and the view from the losing side was not pomp and glory but cruelty and pain. The Trojan women are powerless, defenseless. As Andromache, Hector's widow, says, "I cannot save my child from death. Oh, hide my head for shame . . ." The shame of these captive women is that they can do nothing but yield to the victors. When the play opens, their children have been taken from them and sent to unknown destinations, and the women are waiting to be shipped into slavery; it closes when they have all been consigned and the city is burned. "The Trojan Women" is the greatest lament for the loss of freedom ever written, the greatest lament for the suffering of the victims of war. An Athenian, Euripides staged this profoundly radical play in Athens in 416 B.C., during a long war, only a few months after Athens had conquered a small island in the Aegean that was trying to stay neutral, killing the men and enslaving the women and children. The play might be called "Woman's Fate." The dramatist's vision of the women whose husbands and sons have been slaughtered is austere and controlled and complete, so that, in a way, he said it all, and for all time. And because he said it all, and yet said it simply, the play is inexorable; we go from step to step until it is all there and the full effect has us by the throat. We knew about the miseries of war before. The play does more than confirm what we knew: it lays it out so clearly that we feel a deeper and higher understanding. Euripides has put it into words for us; he distills the worst that can happen. ("The gods—I prayed, they never listened." "Count no one happy, however fortunate, before he dies.") Despite the makeshift style of the film, one may come out grateful for this clarity, grateful to be caught by the throat, because it has been achieved by the most legitimate of all means—by a drama that states its case, and achieves nobility, through simplicity.

Katharine Hepburn, always forthright, starts as a fine, tough Hecuba, plainspoken and direct, but she comes to seem pitiful and mummified. Too many "O sorrow"s and references to her old gray head, and your mind begins to wander, asking vagrant questions such as "Why are all the women listening to the Queen—don't they have troubles enough of their own?" That is to say, you stop accepting the classical stage convention of the chorus and ask the questions you normally ask at movies. Actually, Euripides was so acutely sensible that within the convention of the chorus he provided the answers to one's natural questions. But in the movie the chorus, instead of going through their own hells, appear to be passive witnesses to Hecuba's, and she, instead of expressing the emotions of all of them, seems to be speaking of her own grief only, and her voice begins to seem thin and querulous. Hepburn is splendid when she's angry—when she has an antagonist. Perhaps our awareness of her as Hepburn makes us a little impatient with the weak, resigned side of the character.

A false nose (a trifle pale but very becoming) gives Geneviève Bujold's mad seeress Cassandra a classical look, and Bujold is becoming a daring and fascinating actress. She stretches the traditional sensitive-young-actress effects with a bursting conviction that they are good effects, and, by strength of will, makes some of them work. That her performance doesn't come off is probably not entirely her fault. The role is the least modern, and the hoki-



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est, in the play—Cassandra's virginal oaths and her prophecies don't mean much to us—and Cacoyannis has staged it with Ophelia-like flutters and with so much camera and chorus commotion that the narrative line goes out of whack. Bujold makes a stunning try, however, especially in her final fit. This performance is a leap in her career; her ambitiousness in tackling a role like this suggests prodigies ahead.

As Andromache, Vanessa Redgrave—that great goosey swan of the screen—fares better. Andromache is not as showy a role as Cassandra; it is written in a no-frills, clear-purpose style that pushes the narrative forward, and Redgrave's Andromache is magnificently uncomplicated. There are those who think that Vanessa Redgrave is a bad screen actress—that she jumps out of the screen at you, that she's always acting and does not allow you to *discover* anything in her performances. I think she *is* always acting, always "on." Though many moviegoers would probably be happy just to bask in her goddess image, she insists on doing something for them, on giving them the most imaginative performance she can. It's true one could look into Garbo, whereas Redgrave often seems to be staring one down, but there's a marvellous romantic excitement about this woman, because one never knows what audacity she will attempt, what heights she'll scale. This may prevent unconscious involvement, because we are always conscious of a *performance*, but our conscious involvement in the tension she creates has its own kind of excitement. She seems to act with her whole soul: you don't see her as a woman trying to play a role—the woman has been consumed by the determination to give the role all she has. Vanessa Redgrave never does the expected, and is never sloppy or overexpressive. Her Andromache is being freshly thought out while we watch—a dazed, pale-golden matron, unflirtatious, enough like Hepburn to suggest that Hector chose her because she was as free from guile and as naturally regal as his mother. Redgrave holds us by the quiet power of her concentration; she does odd little things—a tiny half sob gurgles from her throat. As an actress, she is such an embodiment of the idealistic, romantic spirit that I find myself rooting for her when she reaches for something new and difficult. There is a long meant-to-sound-wild cry when she is told that her child is to be slaughtered. She brings the cry to a sensational screaming finish; I realized I

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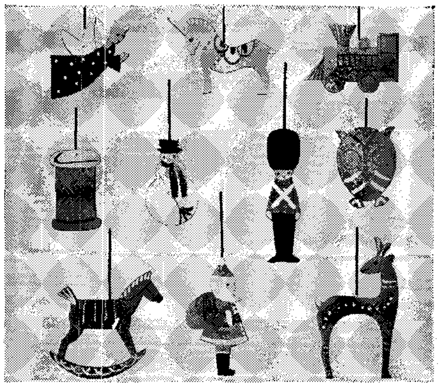

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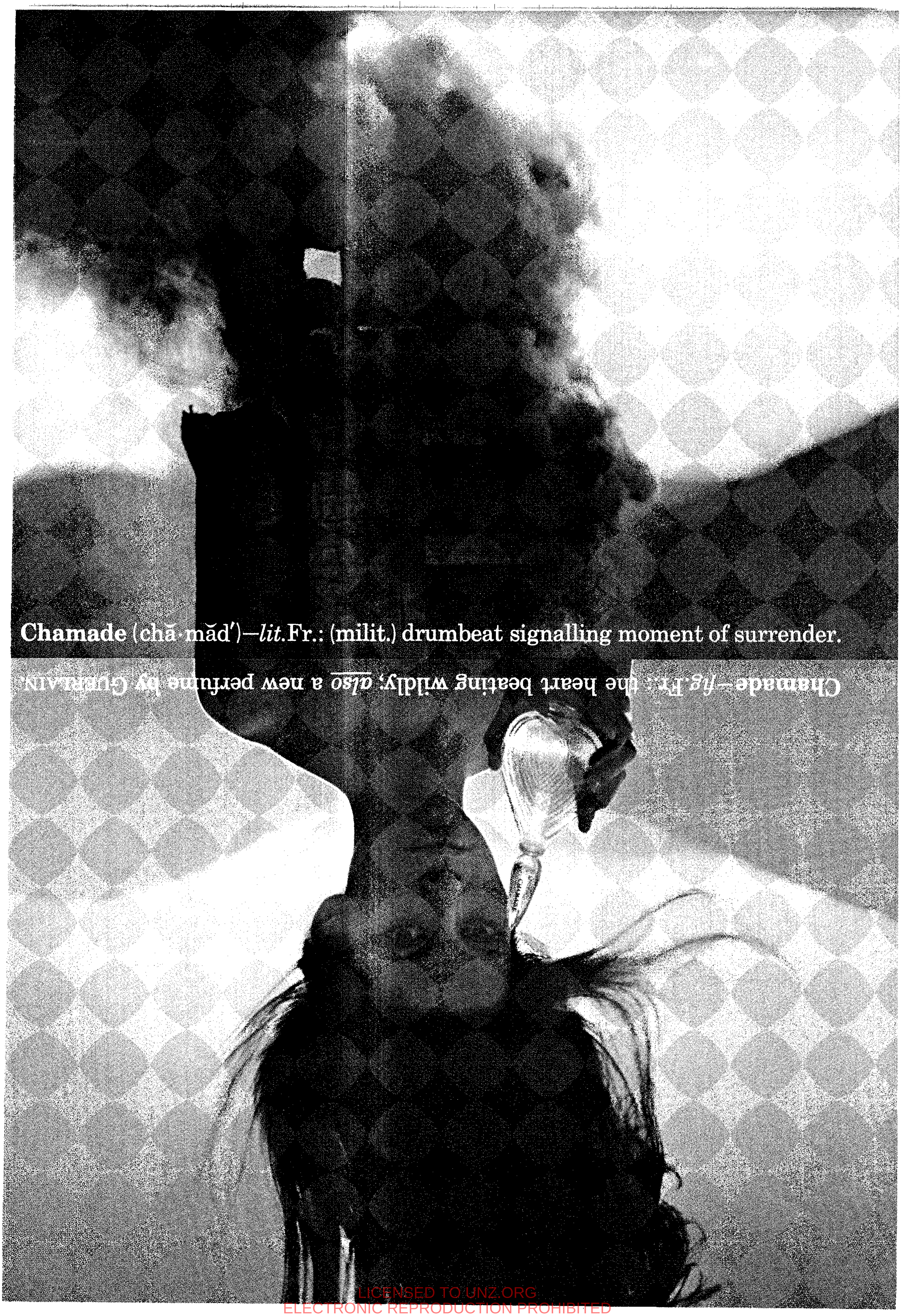
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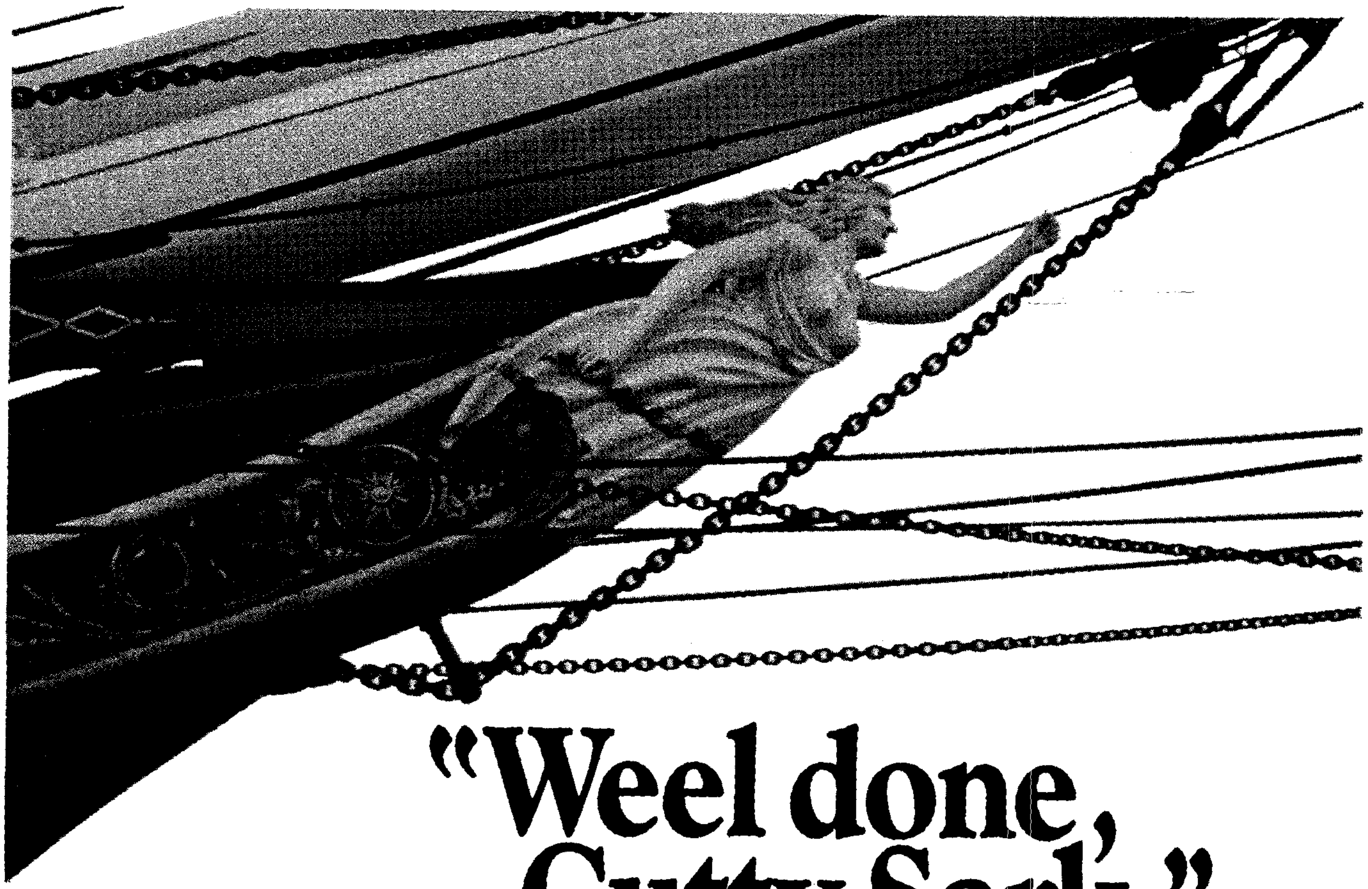

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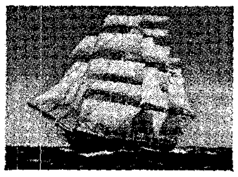

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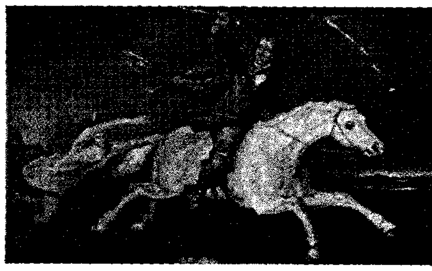

Tam O'Shanter, the superstitious farmer in Robert Burns' poem, saw a coven of witches dancing in a graveyard one night. Dazzled by the antics of one of them – and by the brevity of her short skirt (in Scots dialect, a cutty sark) – he cried: "Weel done, Cutty Sark," and started a chase that was nearly the end of him. The witch Nannie, his beautiful pursuer, became *Cutty Sark's* figurehead. Her skirt gave *Cutty* her name.

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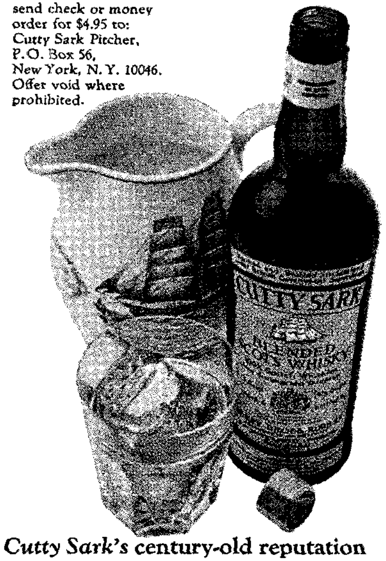

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THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF was hoping that others hadn't noticed how carefully it had begun. (Only once have I stopped rooting for her: I thought her dancing in "The Loves of Isadora" unforgivable, because she lacked the fluidity and lyricism to transform calisthenics into dance.)

Vanessa Redgrave gives the finest performance in the movie, but Cacoyannis demonstrates his love of the material, and his right to film it, in casting her as Andromache, and not in the obvious role for her—Helen. Because it is Irene Papas as Helen of Troy who cancels out the clichés of the legend and lifts the movie right out of the women's-college virtuous cultural ambience that plagues stage productions. "The Trojan Women" is not just a plainsong elegy disguised as a play. Euripides gave it one great melodramatic stroke. Helen, the adulterous wife of King Menelaus of Sparta, she whose flight with Paris, Prince of Troy, precipitated the war, is among the Trojan women survivors. The women would kill her if she were not protected from them by guards. Papas's Helen is a force of nature—a greedy woman who wants what she wants and who means to live. She has the vitality of a natural aggressor. She is first introduced prowling behind the slats of the stockade that protects her, and all we see are her brown-black eyes, as fiercely alive as a wolf's. While the other women mourn their dead, Helen uses all her animal cunning to survive. Cacoyannis makes the point that she is not defenseless—that the ruthless have weapons that the righteous don't have. Irene Papas is on her own turf in this play, and her Helen is a great winner—right there in the flesh. This Helen breathes sexuality; she is not merely a beauty but the strongest woman one has ever seen, and the more seductive because of her strength. You can *believe* that men would kill for her. She is not merely the cause of war, she is the spirit of war. When Hecuba says, "Fire comes from her to burn homes," it is perfectly plausible. The words of Andromache that seem like rhetoric on the page are given body:

O Helen,
many the fathers you were born of,
Madness, Hatred, Red Death,
whatever poison
the earth brings forth—God curse you,
with those beautiful eyes that brought to shame and ruin
Troy's far-famed plains.

The phrasing of the speeches is not always satisfying, however, and ends of

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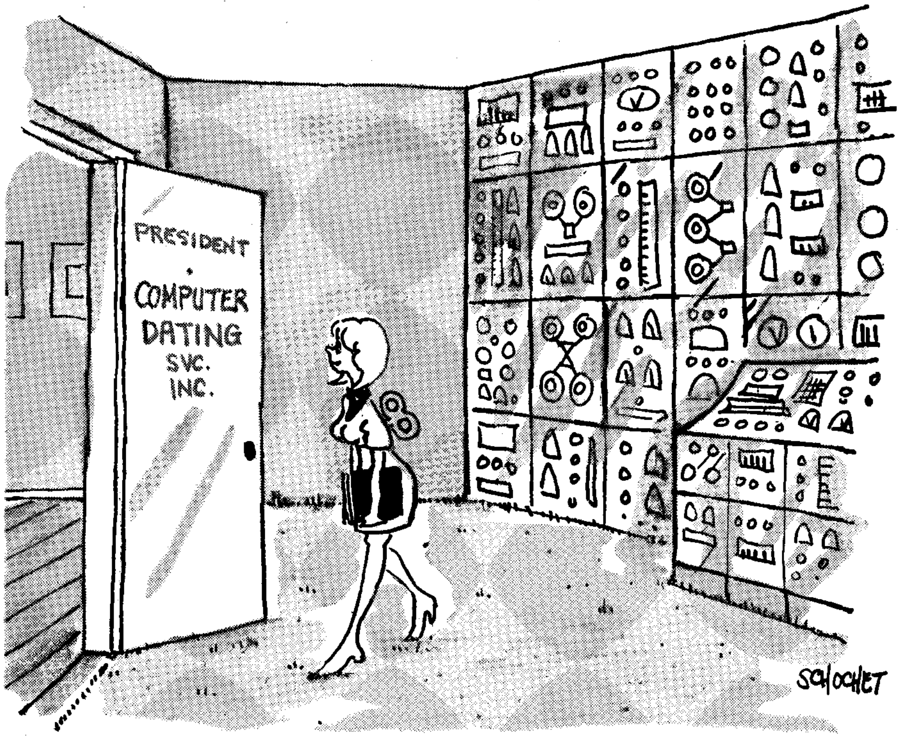

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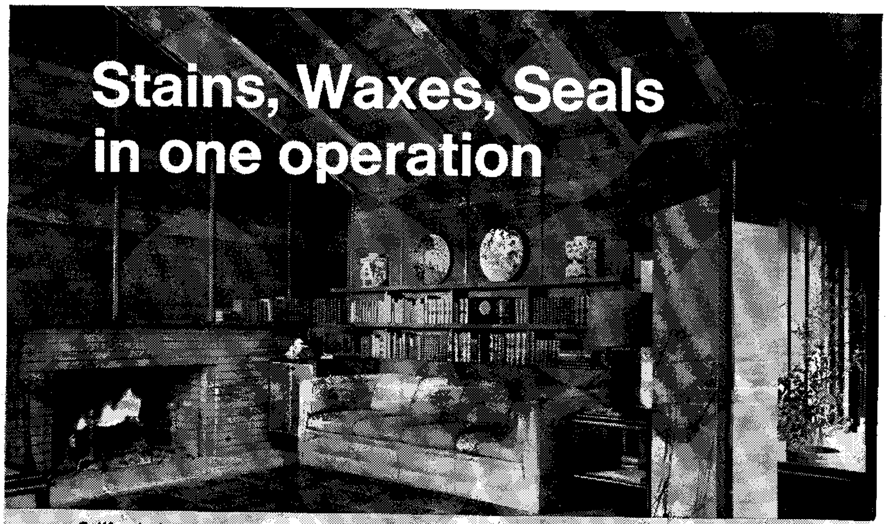

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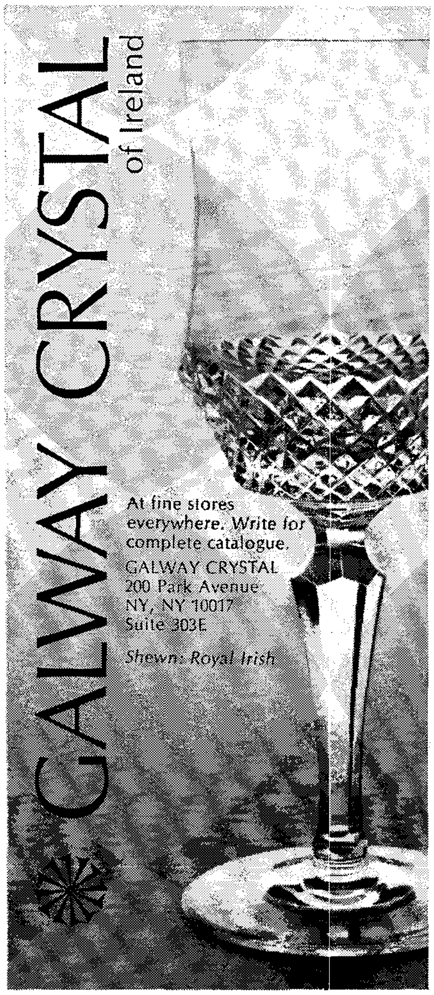

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phrases get swallowed when the characters are especially upset or are in motion. These variations in audibility may make the play superficially lifelike on the screen, but we regret not hearing all the words. And why oh why was the movie shot in the kind of muted dark color that dummies think is right for tragedy? The drained, gloomy spectrum looks like stage lighting. An even more fundamental problem is Cacoyannis's sense of movement and place. In a movie, before characters enter a room we are customarily shown their arrival on the street and at the house and sometimes in the foyer or a passageway. This isn't mere filler. In the live theatre, we know exactly where the characters are—they're on that stage right in front of us. But at movies we seem to need to get our bearings—to know where people are coming from and where they're going and where things are happening. Most of the time, movies provide this information and we take it in unconsciously. When we don't get it, the movie appears to be impoverished and *stagy*. When people enter and leave an area that we cannot locate in terms of surrounding areas, the area is, inescapably, stage space, and we become even more aware of this when the area is outdoors—and therefore unconfined—than when it's indoors. Everything in "The Trojan Women" is outdoors, and yet the movie is claustrophobic, because the locations—the harbor, Cassandra's cave, a field of corpses, and so on—have no more connection with each other than if they were stage sets replacing each other. I would guess that Cacoyannis was working on a relatively small budget and had to piece his Troy together from bits of Spain. But, with all consideration made for the problem, the fact is that he didn't solve it. And he doesn't seem to know how to use the ground he's got. You're not sure where the people are in relation to each other even when they're in the same shot.

It obviously took extraordinary dedication and talent to make this movie—to inspire the actresses to test themselves, and to coach them and blend their voices so that an American, a French-Canadian, and an Englishwoman become acceptable as a family. Yet I question whether a director with so little feeling for the most basic elements of moviemaking can ever be a good movie director. A director with a "film sense" knows where to put the camera so that you don't question the shot; for others every setup looks arbitrary. This play demands a plain, consistent cine-

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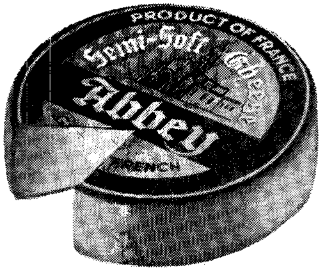

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matic style, with no flourishes—a style as supremely matter-of-fact as Euripides' language. Cacoyannis tries to make the movie impressive—there's embalming fluid in the images—and the tragic line breaks down into sequences. Some are derivative, such as the whirling camera when Cassandra spins about, the cacophonous music and fast cuts when the chorus is distraught; some are effective in an overly prestigious way, such as the freeze frames in the opening sequence while the narrator speaks—like the breaks for words in Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." These are the attempts of a man without a film sense to make a drama cinematic; it winds up an anthology of second-rate film styles.

One may long for the ideal—for a great play transformed by a great movie artist into a great movie. But great movie artists are not often tempted to tackle great plays, and when they do, it sometimes turns out that they don't have the right skills. Short of the ideal, what it comes down to is whether in seeing a movie version one can still respond to what makes the play great. By that standard, I count the Cacoyannis film a success. Even if one is aware of everything the matter with it, the emotion of the play gets to you, and the emotion of Greek tragedy has a purity that you *can't get from anything else.* That's a very good reason to make a movie—to bring people the emotions that only a few in our time have experienced in the theatre. (And the productions they see are flawed and stilted, too—though, of course, in different ways.) Beautiful as the Edith Hamilton translation is, the movie has something you can't get from a reading: Irene Papas's Helen is a demonic illumination of the text. I think one would have to be maybe a little foolish to let aesthetic scruples about the movie's mediocrity as cinema deprive one of seeing "The Trojan Women" with a cast that one could never hope to see on the stage. The actresses come from different cultures, but they bring intensity of life to the screen; that's what makes them stars. If a movie releases that intensity, it hasn't bungled what matters most. —PAULINE KAEL

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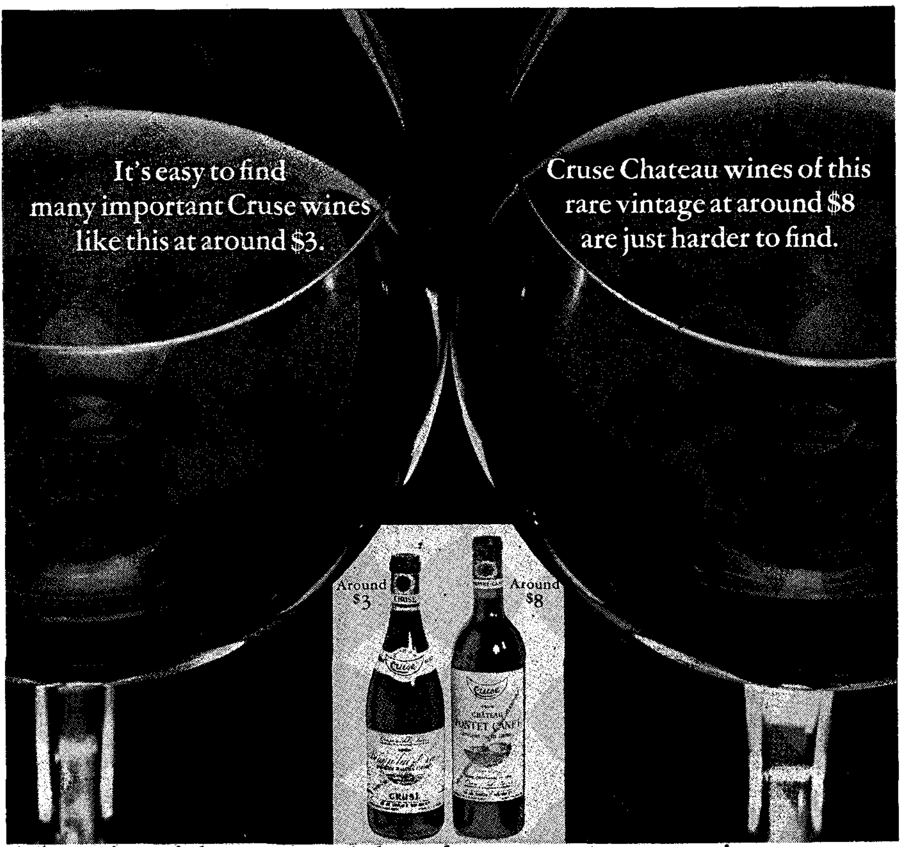
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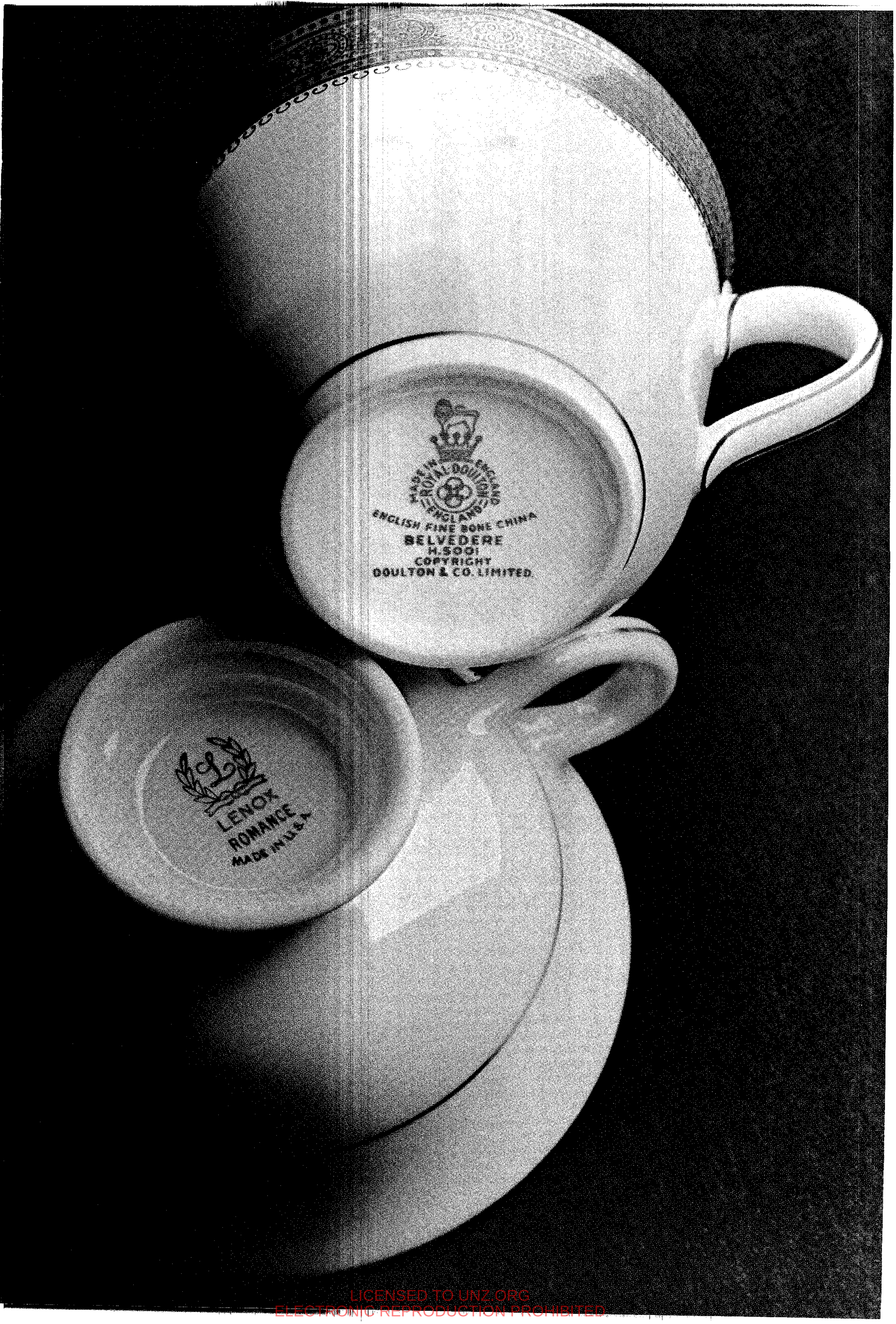
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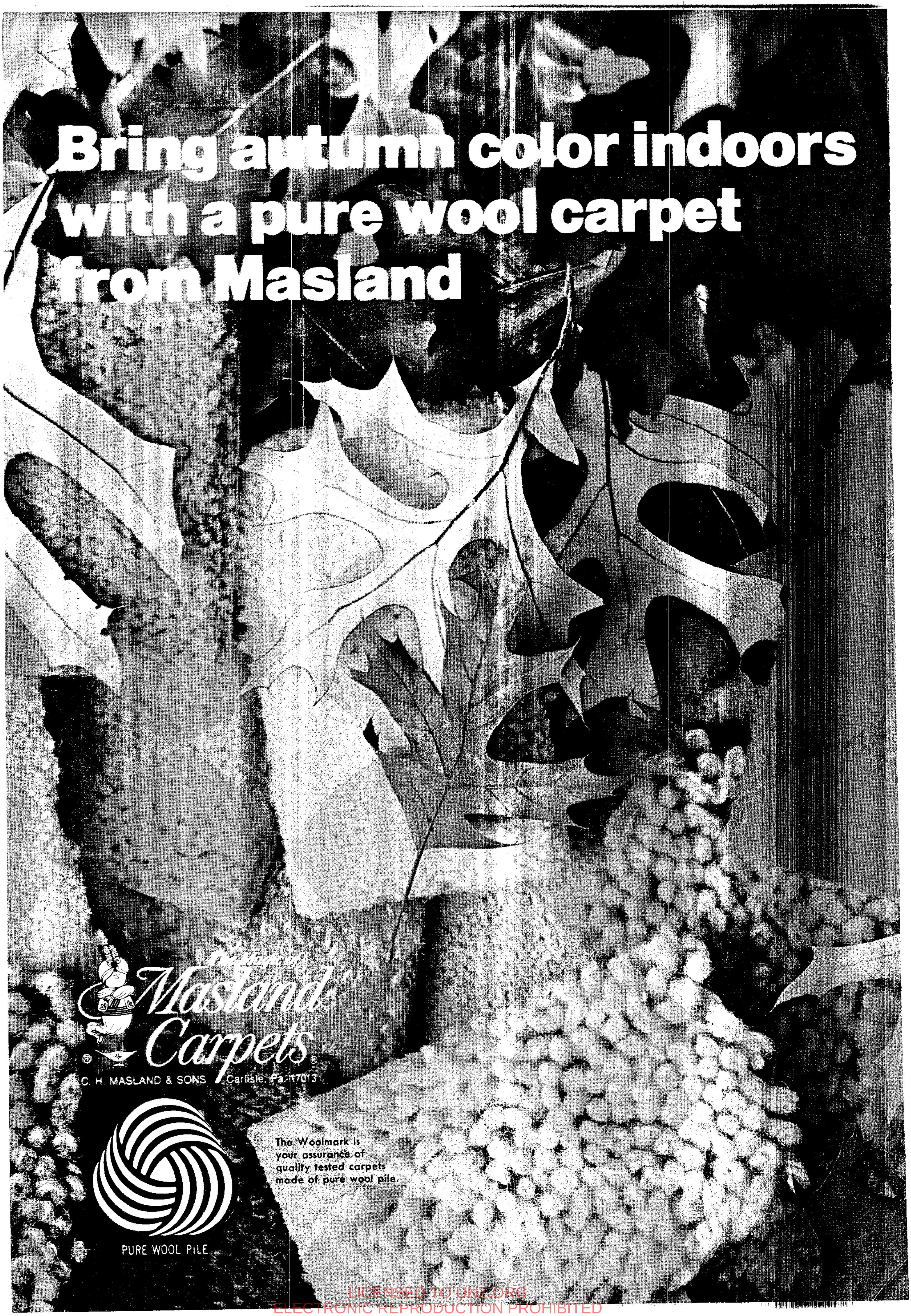

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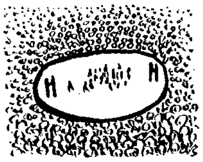
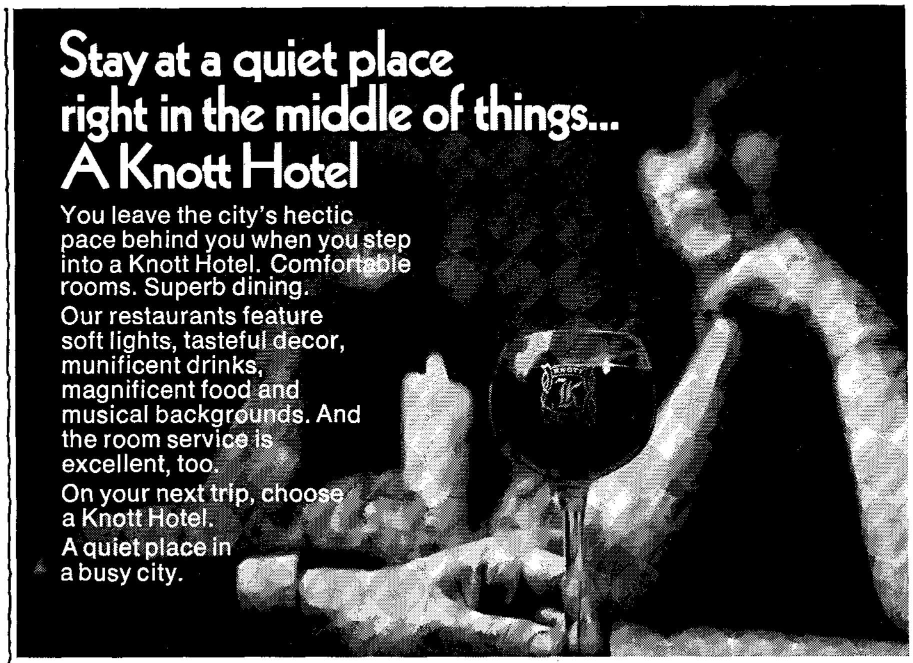


TOUCHDOWN passes have become as standard as pop home runs over foreshortened right-field walls, and no real pageantry attaches to these events unless the ball gets into the wrong hands. Then, as in St. Louis a month back, when the locals were engaged in staving off the Browns, the fun begins; Miller Farr, latching onto a Cleveland pass on his own six, ran it back for a Cardinal instead of a Brown touchdown. As he neared home, a clutch of Brownies moved to intercept him, but Jim Hargrove rumpled the whole lot of them up with one sweeping dive, and Farr went on by himself. It was the winning play. That was the one wrong-way touchdown I have seen Bill Nelsen, who throws for the Browns, achieve this season, but he did his best to duplicate his triumph when the Browns went up against the Oakland Raiders last week. The Raiders are always worth the watching, for Daryle Lamonica and George Blanda must know as much about what to do with a football as any two men in the world, and they are especially worth the watching when, after a tremulous beginning, they start coming from behind. And come from behind they did against the Browns, from a trailing spot at 0–14, to a victorious spot at 34–20. At 0–14, Lamonica (at least through the lens of a spyglass) looked disgusted enough to turn in his resignation, and not a few of his admirers in the stands were reaching for theirs. Then Nelsen let fly another wrong-way pass. It went an erratic thirty yards to the Raiders' Jack Tatum, down on his sixteen, and, like Farr, he set off on the long way home. He didn't get the blocking that Farr got, but he took the ball to the Browns' eighteen, and there was time enough in the first half for Blanda, rounding out a quarter of a century at his favorite sport, to punch out an easy field goal. (Blanda can throw, too; against the Colts a few weeks ago, he got off a pass for fifty-four yards and a touchdown, not to mention a kick for a thirty-one-yard field goal.) After that came the second half and the Raider deluge, Lamonica throwing the ball to where his receivers were at, as they say; Blanda getting off another field goal; Atkinson collecting another Nelsen pass for a gallop of thirty-one yards and the setup for the winning Raider touch-



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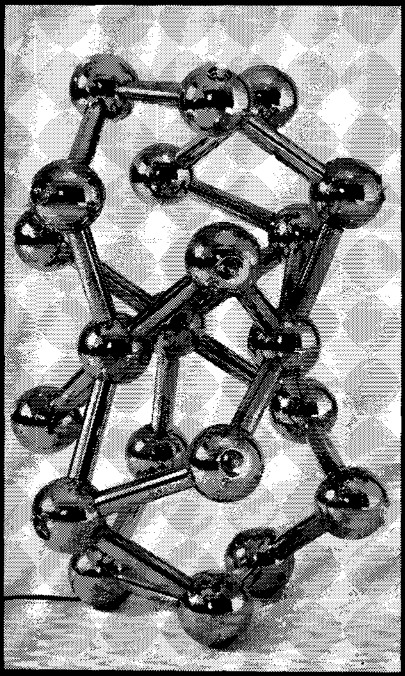

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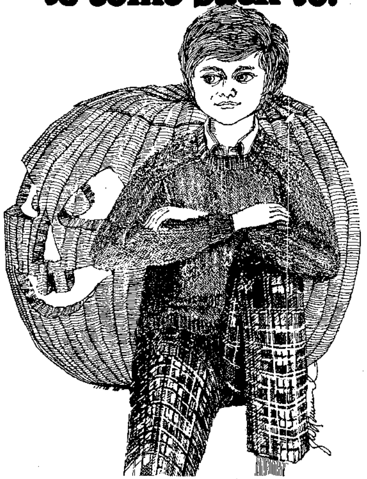

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down. The one notable Brownie maneuver of the half was a fizzling attempt at an end around—a picturesque device that today seems to have been nearly forgotten.

Penn State, by the way, tried an end around in the course of its 42–0 destruction of a dogged Army last Saturday. It would have been a count of 49–0 if a brace of Army tacklers had not knocked the runner, Parsons, galley west and the ball galley east. Michigan, too, has this number in its playbook; an outrider reports that Rather, a Michigan split end, carried the ball on an end around three times, once for a touchdown, in a 21–6 overrunning of Northwestern last month. The best of all, though, was Jim Nance's fifty-yard touchdown run that helped the Patriots down the Jets last Sunday, 20–0.

THE Browns and the Raiders can play to a clientele of eighty-four thousand in a single night, which is more than some universities can expect to entertain in an entire season—a fact that does not diminish the quality of the spectacle offered up by what are now our minor leagues. There were enough errors of commission and omission in the match in Boston between Harvard and Columbia last weekend to reduce the players to the size of the thirteen thousand human beings in the stands—h.b.s who forgive the flaws in others that they find in themselves. Foster, the Harvard quarterback (*the*, that is, until Crone rises from a bed of pain to spell him), is fleet of foot but fraught with arm trouble, such as lofting passes to the wrong man (Kaliades of Columbia, say, who at times seems like a complete defensive lineup). Jackson, fleet of foot and of arm, and Erickson, who is ditto ditto (they quarterbacked Columbia that day), kept getting themselves nipped behind the line just too often. Kaliades, now that we're on the subject, is a footman who ranks with the best—kickoffs, points after touchdowns, field goals. And Faust, a new left-footed soccer-style man who plays for Harvard, needs only to get more lift in his kicks for *him* to rank with the cherished Gogolaks. Harvard won, 21–19, but nobody could be sure of that until the final minute. Faults and all, it was the old college try—and let's keep it in the act. —J. W. L.

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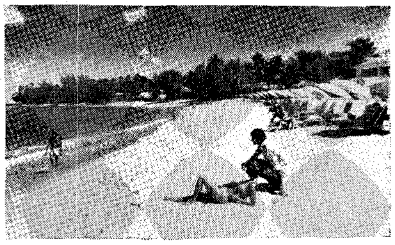

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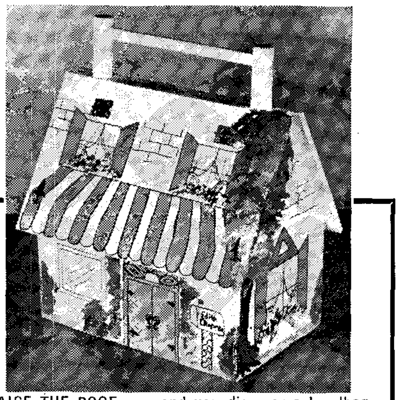

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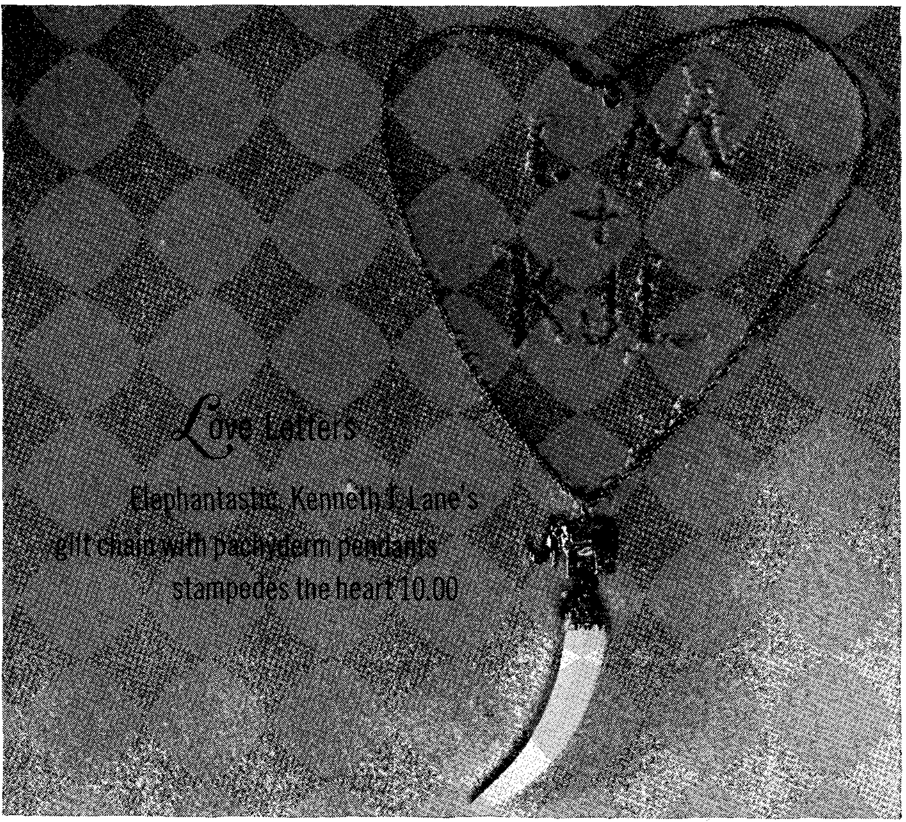
TAKE a Carmen who meets Don José by falling off a donkey, appears after the row in the cigarette factory in her underwear, participates in a floor show at Lillas Pastia's, dresses like a man in the third act, and gets stabbed in the back instead of the front just before the final curtain, and you have something to make you sit up and observe with special interest. And if this Carmen sings and acts her role extraordinarily well, you have a sensation. All this occurred at the New York State Theatre last Thursday night, when the New York City Opera presented a new production of Bizet's masterpiece, with Joy Davidson in the title role. Miss Davidson has the temperament, the looks, and the voice for it, and she sings it with all the passion, abandon, and appearance of fatalism it requires. Her French was not enunciated with the absolute clarity of the great Regina Resnik, but that was the only flaw in a superb portrayal. The other roles were done with almost equal dramatic and vocal skill. Michele Molese, who has been the Don José of many performances by this company, sang the part again, with added power of voice and a considerable refinement of phrasing. Joanna Bruno made a charming Micaela, Robert Hale a sturdy Escamillo, Barbara Shuttleworth an especially notable Frasquita, and David Rae Smith a virile Zuniga, and every one of the lesser roles was sung with great spirit. Moreover, the acting had all the enthusiasm and dedication that a first night at the State Theatre usually brings forth.

The score has been rearranged by Julius Rudel to include many items that are normally cut, and most of them add welcome bits to the drama and the music. All this considerably enhances the choral passages in Acts I and II and makes the death of Carmen less abrupt than it ordinarily is. Mr. Rudel conducted his revised version with admirable artistry, bringing out subtleties that are not often heard and preserving a lightness and elasticity rarely to be found nowadays. The staging, by Tito Capobianco, is remarkably resourceful. I have already mentioned what he has done with Carmen, and



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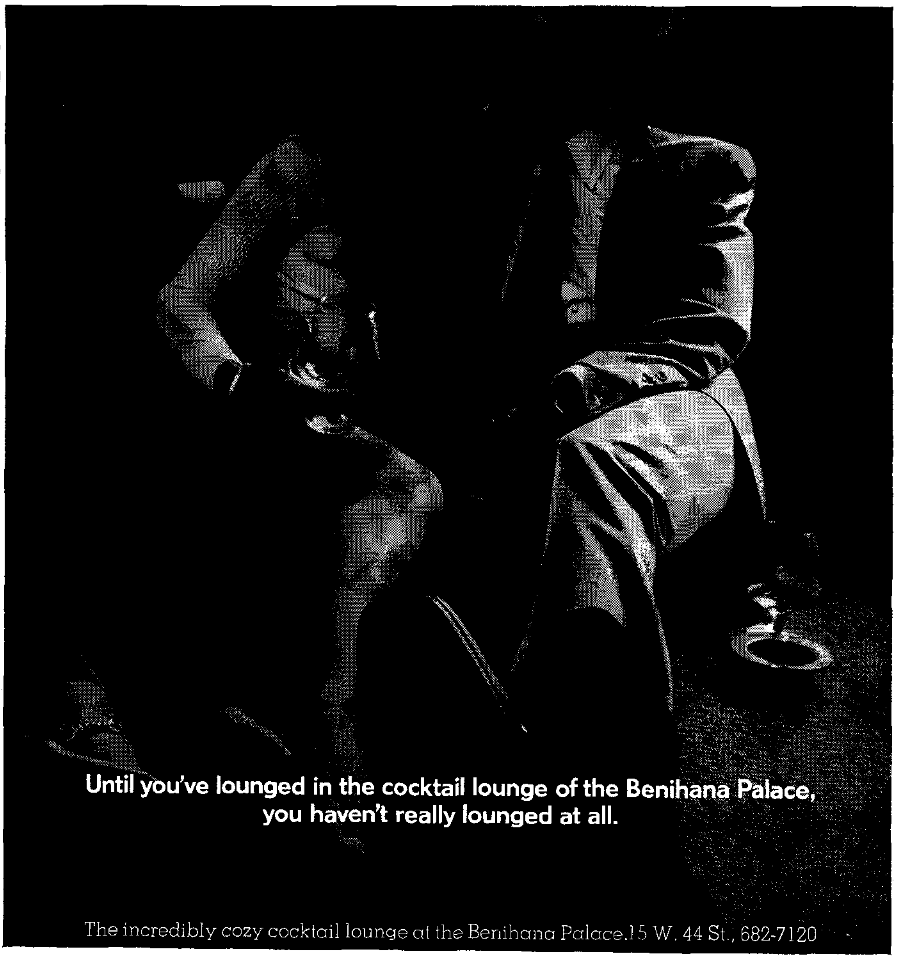

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there are a number of little details that underline emotional moments—Don José has his back to the audience just before the "Flower Song," and turns to face us, looking as if he were emerging from a deep mental crisis, when he begins the aria; at the end, after a long scene of recrimination between him and Carmen, she turns to enter the bullring, utterly careless about what José is doing behind her, knowing that she is going to be killed but taking her death as something foretold in the cards, something inevitable and not even worth a gesture of fear. I thought that Mr. Molese looked rather too healthy and well dressed in this scene, and I was completely baffled by the blindfolding of Zuniga in Act II, but these were small matters indeed, considering the verve and tension that prevailed. José Varona's costumes are magnificent, his scenery is a little disappointing. The sets are realistic, but they are also somewhat dull. However, the new "Carmen" is not to be missed—the best production New York has seen in more than a couple of decades.

LAST Tuesday night, the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, came to Philharmonic Hall with a program that would be hard to beat. It began with Roy Harris's Symphony No. 3, probably his best work, and one that has not been heard hereabouts for a good many years. There was a time, in the thirties, when Harris was regarded as the most American of American composers, and as a seminal figure. But things have changed, and a quantity of excellent works by middle-aged or elderly composers are not performed much anymore, the works of Harris among them. The Third Symphony, however, is a robust work and well worth listening to. Curiously, for a composition with which so much Americanism has been associated, there is obvious evidence of influence by Stravinsky and Prokofieff, whose compositions Harris must have heard during his years with Nadia Boulanger in Paris.

Next came Alban Berg's "Seven Early Songs," sung by Sophia Van Sante, a Hollander making her first appearance in New York. She was billed as a mezzo-soprano, but I would call her a soprano rather than a mezzo. She has a light voice whose best tones are in the soprano range, and she sang these songs with beautiful musical style and considerable emotional insight. The songs filled me with nostalgia. They were written just before the Austrian

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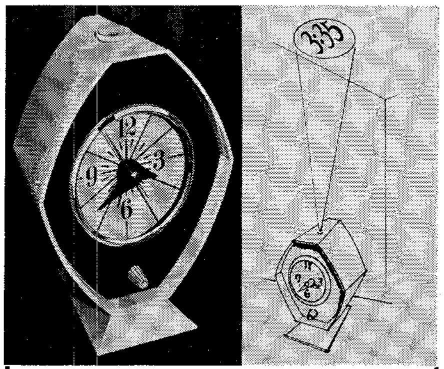

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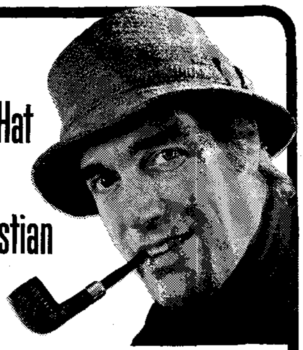
decadence set in, and they are as lovely as anything in the Romantic vocal repertoire. They were followed by the "Song of the Wood Dove," from Arnold Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," a fine work from the same period (though its orchestration was completed later), and Miss Van Sante showed herself to be an accomplished interpreter of that, too.

There was also a new work on the program—"The Lovers," a composition for baritone, mixed chorus, and orchestra by Samuel Barber, with texts in English from mildly erotic verses by the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. A lot has been said and written recently on the topic of who is the greatest American composer of art songs. For me, the distinction belongs without question to Mr. Barber, who draws on the best traditions of both vocal art and musical composition. The first of these songs is a trifle aggressive-sounding, in view of its text, but the others are Barber at his finest, ranging from delicate satire (as in "Sometimes") to deep feeling (as in "Close Your Eyes") and dramatic power (as in "We Have Lost Even This Twilight"). The vocal soloist was Tom Krause, and the chorus was the Temple University Choirs. Both performed their roles with sensitivity and musicianship. In my opinion, Mr. Barber is the closest thing to a great composer among us today. I would like to hear again his opera "Anthony and Cleopatra," though done on a more modest and appropriate scale than that of its ill-fated Zeffirelli production at the Metropolitan. There are many fine things in it. The program closed with Ravel's "La Valse." The polished playing of the Philadelphians under Mr. Ormandy's baton was a pleasure to hear, as it has been so many times in the past.

ON Monday night of last week, I went to Town Hall to hear a recital by the pianist William Masselos. He, too, had an interesting program. It started with Robert Helps' "Recollections," continued with Schumann's "Kreisleriana," and ended with Charles Ives' "Concord" Sonata. Throughout the program, Mr. Masselos proved that he is an accomplished virtuoso with a magnificent technique and an admirable musical mind. His Schumann was the event of the evening, and in this he revealed that he is a master of the Romantic style, giving every nuance the utmost clarity and refinement, and exhibiting both power and restraint when they were called for. The Helps



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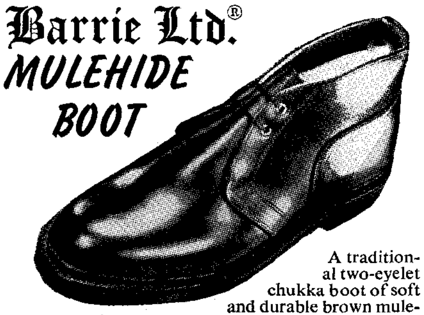

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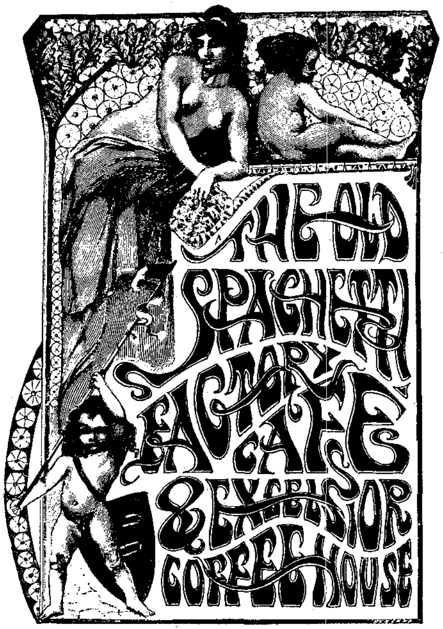

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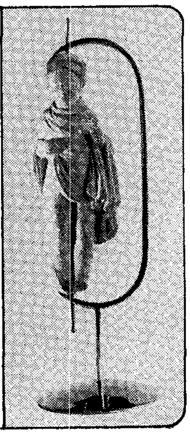

work is a pleasant item, neatly constructed in a sort of post-Debussy modern Impressionist idiom. I have always considered the "Concord" Sonata a touch garrulous and unduly long. It has moments of beauty and moments of carpentry. It is notoriously difficult to play, and Mr. Masselos did splendidly.

I must add a fashion note: Instead of white tie and tails, Mr. Masselos wore a dark business suit, an electric-blue shirt, and a dark-blue tie. I like this kind of informality, and I hope it sets a style.

THE Joffrey Ballet opened its fall season at the City Center on Wednesday night of last week with Balanchine's familiar "Square Dance." The two soloists were Pamela Johnson and Paul Sutherland. Their dancing was spirited and energetic (everything the Joffrey troupe does is remarkably energetic), and the six couples were not far behind them in virtuosity. Then came "Feast of Ashes," a ballet that had already been done by the Harkness company, though I had never seen it before. The inspiration for it was Federico García Lorca's "The House of Bernarda Alba." It recounts the story of a matriarch who manages to mix up the love life of her daughters, the youngest of whom stabs herself after her lover has been murdered by his uncle for reasons peculiar to the morals of a small Spanish town. There is an agreeable score, by Carlos Surinach, and the choreography is by Alvin Ailey. It is a rather gloomy narrative work with touches of that ersatz Spanish dancing that is apt to appear on the ballet stage. It is dramatic, though, and several dancers, including Diana Cartier, Starr Danias, Paul Sutherland, and Haynes Owens, made the most of its drama. But its choreography is old-fashioned; there are ideas in it that reminded me of Martha Graham's "Primitive Mysteries," a work of thirty years ago. The evening ended with Gerald Arpino's "Trinity," a ballet that could bring pleasure to almost anybody—abstract and lively, with a score that is half rock and half imitation seventeenth-century music. Among its many outstanding dancers were Rebecca Wright, Donna Cowen, Christian Holder, and Dermot Burke.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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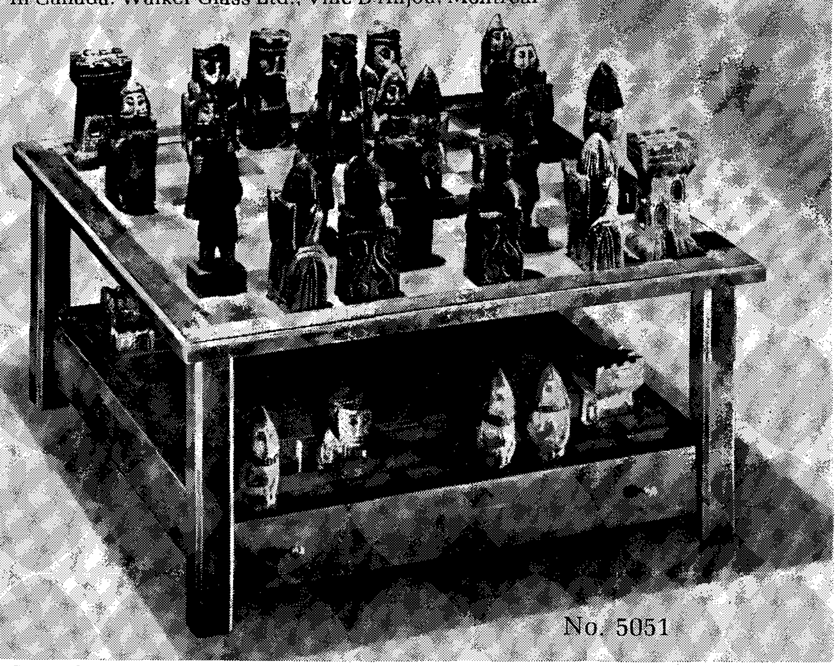
THE RACE TRACK

Riva Ridge in the Bubbly

USUALLY, no great powers of clairvoyance are needed toward the end of a season to single out the most likely colts for the classics the following spring. However, at the moment there is no clear-cut picture of who is who among the two-year-olds, so, if you care, here is one to start your list for 1972—the Meadow Stable's Futurity winner, Riva Ridge, who scored a seven-length victory in the centennial running of the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. Trained to the hour, he came out of the gate on his toes, and that was the closest the six other runners got to him. Governor Max, a good-looking dark bay, who had won all his starts in Chicago, chased him for a couple of furlongs, and then Hold Your Peace had a try, with no better luck. Finally, Chevron Flight, winner of four stakes, took over the pursuit through the last quarter of the mile, which was done in a so-so 1:36⅖, because Riva Ridge didn't have to run any faster.

Riva Ridge is as impressive in the paddock as he is on the track; bay in color, tall and powerful in build, with a good head, although a bit lop-eared, he is altogether an imposing individual. He has an orthodox Meadow Farm pedigree, being by First Landing, who won the Champagne in 1958, out of Iberia, a daughter of Heliopolis. In his seven starts, of which he has won five, Riva Ridge has picked up $236,196, counting $117,090 from the Champagne. After the race, Mrs. John Tweedy, a daughter of the colt's owner, C. T. Chenery, received the big Challenge Cup and a trophy to keep. There were also silver mementos for Lucien Laurin, who trains Riva Ridge, and for Turcotte, who rode him, and there was champagne all around—jeroboams of it.

WELL, Paul Mellon's Mill Reef won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, as it was generally thought he would. It's the first time an American-bred has rung the bell in the French classic, which has become the richest ($448,256) and some say the greatest race in the world. Returning travellers report that it was



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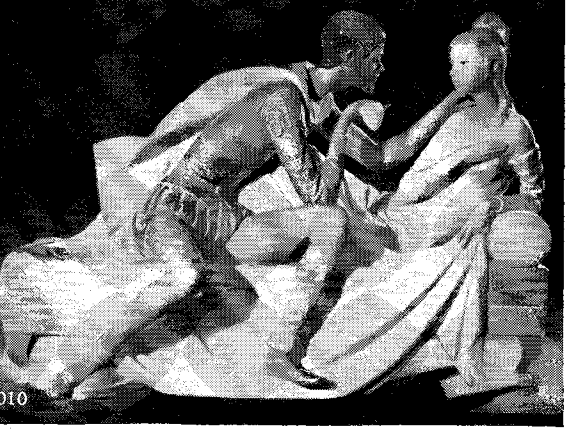

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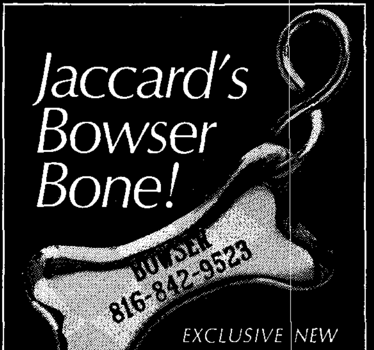

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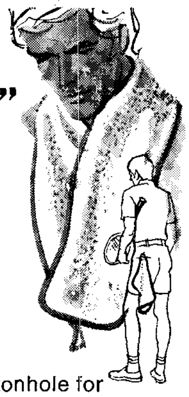

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enthralling—that Mill Reef, ridden with confidence by Geoff Lewis, stayed tucked in behind the leaders until he was two furlongs from home, whereupon Lewis brought him up with a smooth, well-timed run to win decisively by three lengths from Mme. Alec Head's Pistol Packer, who was sired by Gun Bow and foaled in Pennsylvania.

After Mill Reef won the Epsom Derby, British horse-watchers said he was better than Nijinsky; now the French have gone off the deep end, one writer placing him among "the greatest horses of all time" and another rating him the equal of "the finest Arc winner," Sea Bird. They all spoke of his modest size. As a matter of fact, he *is* smallish, but he is beautifully proportioned, and he is possessed of great quality, easy, effortless action, and the ability to go into high gear quickly when called on. By Never Bend out of Milan Mill (by Princequillo), he was sent as a yearling to the English trainer Ian Balding, for whom he has won ten of his twelve starts and roughly $650,000 in pounds sterling and French francs. His only defeat this year was in the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he was beaten by Brigadier Gerard, the best British-bred three-year-old, who is unbeaten in nine starts. It is unlikely that they'll meet again until next season.

Mr. Mellon isn't the first American to win the Arc. Rex Ellsworth did it in 1964 with Prince Royal II, an English-bred colt he bought on the eve of the race, and Dr. Robert Franklyn, a plastic surgeon in Los Angeles, did it in 1968 with Vaguely Noble, another English horse. This year, President Georges Pompidou went to Longchamp and presented a big silver piece to Mr. Mellon. I liked the reported bit about Mme. Pompidou's asking Lewis if it was a hard race and his reply that it was easy for him and much less so for the horse. The little Welshman has come a long way since he was a page boy at one of the big London hotels.

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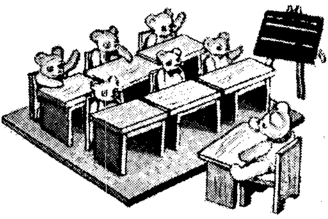

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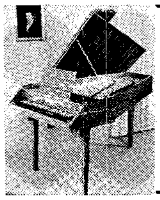

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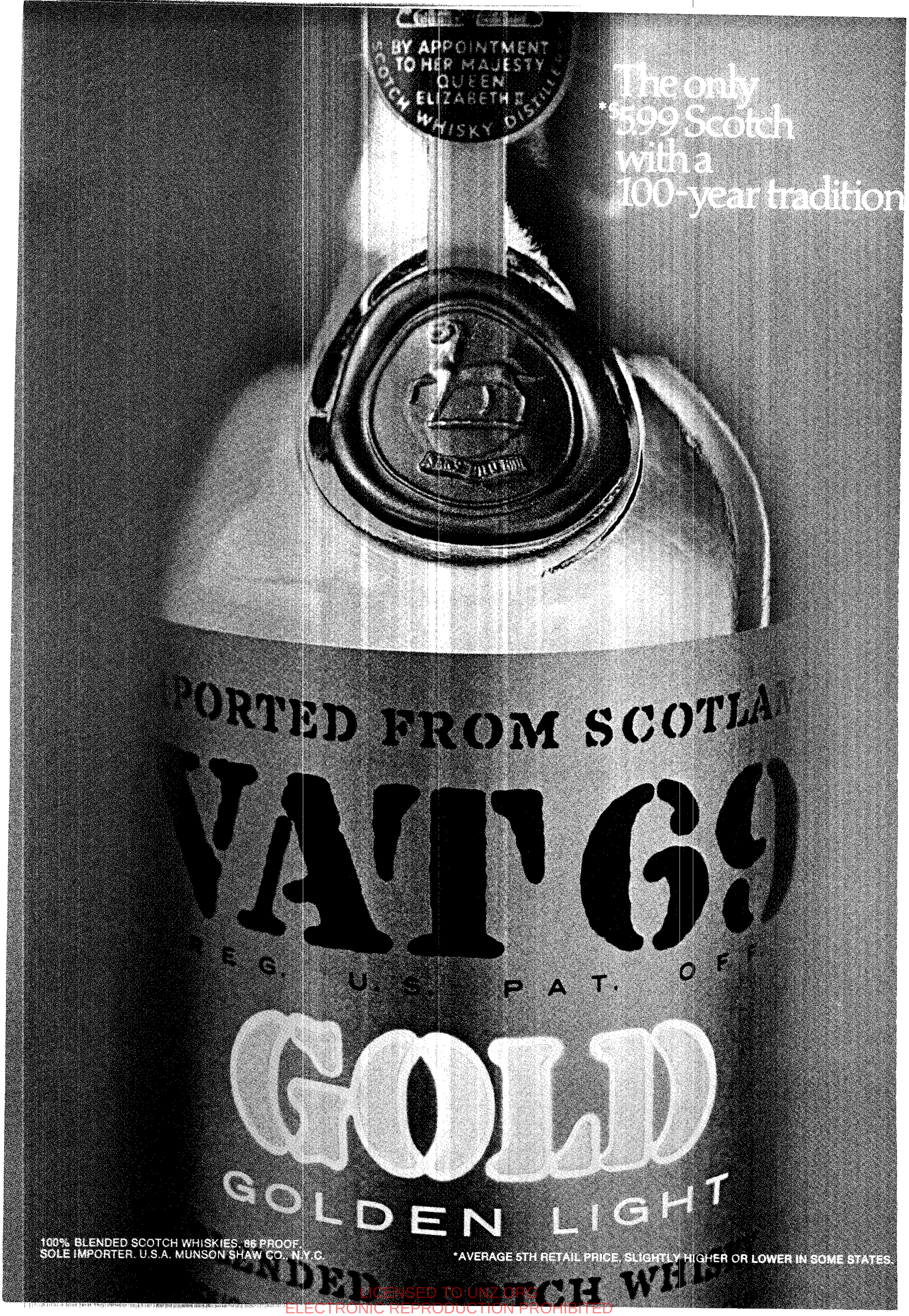
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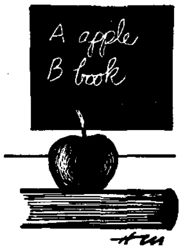
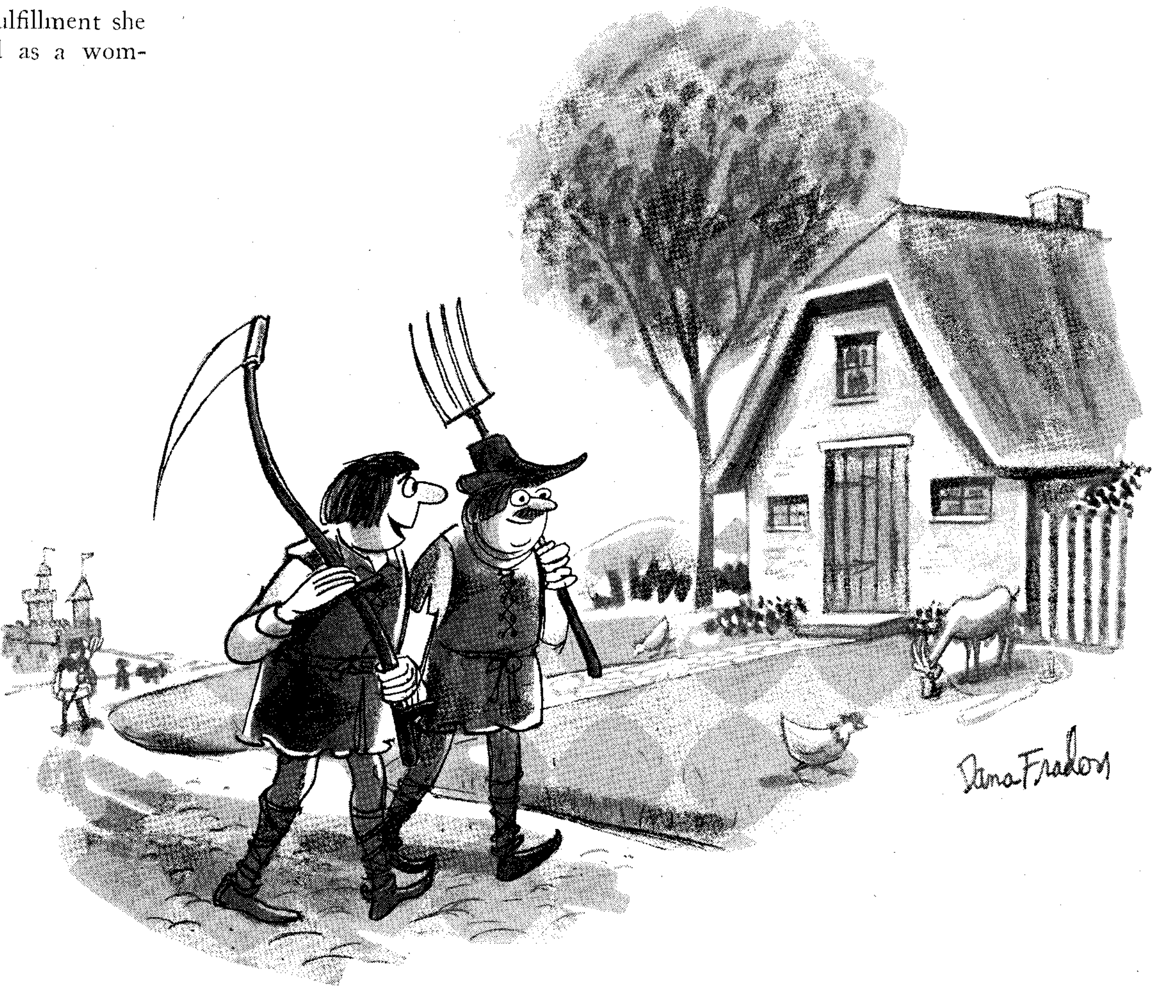


On May 19, 1944, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote to a close friend, Joseph P. Lash, "I must really live in the Big House this year, but whenever I can I want to be at the cottage. . . . I'll never like the Big House but suddenly F. is more dependent, the children & grandchildren look upon this as home & the cottage is just mine, so I must try to keep this lived in & really pleasant. Never from choice would I live here however & never alone." The Big House was Springwood, the Roosevelt place at Hyde Park, and the cottage Val-Kill, which her husband had permitted her to build in a pleasant wooded corner of the property. The other Big House in Mrs. Roosevelt's life—the White House—was also less appealing to her than the cottage, but it stood for duty, which she welcomed, and it held no continuously reverberating overtones of hatred and self-hatred, no sense of the fulfillment she felt she had been denied as a woman, wife, mother, and grandmother. Since she was never very good at slang (and had, moreover, so small a knack for strong language that her occasional use of the word "hell" was known to startle people), it may be that she was unaware of the fact that "big house" was in her day a common term for prison. However unconscious the link in her mind between those two half-rhyming Hudson River establishments Springwood and Sing Sing, prison is what Hyde Park became to her at twenty, as the most innocent, tenderhearted, intelligent, and humorlessly ambitious of brides, and a prison it remained to her for forty years.

To make matters worse—and in Eleanor's private life matters had a way of nearly always turning out worse—the tyrannizing old mother-in-law to whom Hyde Park belonged, and from whom even her world-famous son had in the middle years to beg domestic and financial favors, characteristically managed to continue in residence there after death. The formidable ghost of Sara Delano Roosevelt stalked the tacky halls and tastelessly furnished rooms of Hyde Park, and her doting son saw no reason that it need ever be exorcised; it resides there today, as a part of his bequest to the nation. F.D.R. was nearly sixty when Sara died, but he put a mourning band on his sleeve and may be said never to have fully recovered from her death in the four years of life that were left to him. Like so many eminent Victorians, he liked being tethered by his mother's apron strings; for all his reluctance ever to practice self-examination, he would perhaps have agreed with Freud's dictum that no man who has been his mother's favorite knows what it is to fear failure. F.D.R. was the only child of a virginal matron of twenty-eight who adored her father and had come as close as possible to marrying him by marrying, against his wishes, one of his contemporaries. Franklin Roosevelt was so much hers, especially in the years of the long widowhood that began for her at forty-six (she took a house in Boston in order to be near him while he was at Harvard), that she always thought of him as a Delano and not as a Roosevelt. She was made uneasy by the Oyster Bay, or Eleanor, side of her husband's family because, though interesting, they were so pushing, so noisy, so *public*. If, in the nature of things, her darling had to take a wife, a Roosevelt was certainly better than nothing; the poor creature, orphaned and ugly and ill-at-ease, would be privileged to become Sara Delano's, once she proved capable of producing suitable descendants. Sara Delano was rather annoyed when the first of these de-

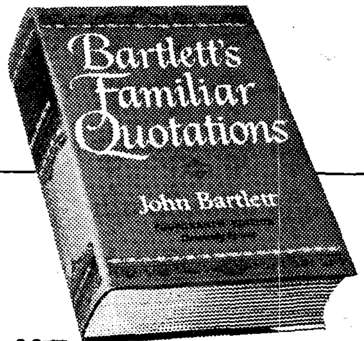


"If it's a boy, we're going to call him either Bodo, Frambert, or Ragenold, and if it's a girl, Merswind, Ermoin, or Ermentrude."

scendants turned out to be a girl; luckily, the second was a boy, and could be given, according to her wishes, her husband's first name.

In her eyes, Franklin Roosevelt's wife would always have a perfectly satisfactory goal in life, which was the perpetuation of the benign, self-effacing, and self-delighting aristocracy that had flourished for generations on the banks of the Hudson, among the only sort of people that Sara Delano thought counted: Delanos, Livingstons, and the like. She was proud of Franklin not because he achieved the highest office in the land—once he had set his Delano mind to it, he could scarcely have failed to achieve this feat, which had, however, the defect of obviously costing an effort to obtain; one had ever so vulgarly to want the Presidency and to be seen to want it. No, she gloried in Franklin Roosevelt for a much simpler and grander reason: he was her son, and for her, as for any aristocrat, that fact sufficed. (The contrast with the non-aristocratic Kennedys is instructive. It is hard to imagine Joseph and Rose Kennedy being proud of their children for any reason except accomplishment. In making accomplishment the criterion of a good life, Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt were both going against their class, as her Uncle Theodore had done before them.) In the hurly-burly of Election Night in 1940, Sara Delano allowed her patrician vanity to betray her, not for the first time and not for the last. Reporters having asked her, in the usual idiotic journalistic fashion, how she felt, she replied, "Am I proud of being a historic mother? Indeed I am." Granted that she must have been parroting a reporter's question, still, what was going on in that imperious mind? She might have said a charming word or two about her good fortune in possessing a historic son, but how dared she accept the appellation of historic mother? One catches a glimpse of a bizarre Holy Family, with Joseph safely put away and Christ and Mary in cozy rapture. Shaking one's head, one thinks, "Bone-breaking old harridan! Who could ever survive such brutal and serene effrontery?"

And then one thinks, "Well, but *did* anyone survive? *Has* anyone?" Thanks to an exceptionally candid, exhaustive, and often heartrending book called "Eleanor and Franklin" (Norton), by the same Joseph P. Lash with whom Eleanor Roosevelt was corresponding so sadly back in 1944 ("Never from choice would I live here however & never alone"), we are able to speculate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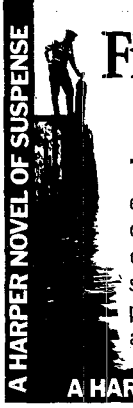

with some confidence on these questions. The Roosevelt marriage was surely one of the most fruitful and sterile marriages on record—a marriage by which the world continuously profited but which left at least one of the parties to it feeling continuously cheated of her due. Being based on her private papers, this is plainly Eleanor's book and not Franklin's, and if there is another side to the story one of his biographers may be able to recount it. The present work could just as well have borne the blood-chilling title "Sara, Eleanor, and Franklin." For what an unacknowledged tug-of-war it was that Sara importunately presided over and helped exacerbate from year to year and then from decade to decade! On the one hand, the handsome, tricky, and never deeply loving Franklin; on the other, the awkward, invincibly straightforward, loving, but unplayful Eleanor. No matter how much she gave, it either was not enough or, what was worse, was the one thing not wanted. She could not bend to him, could not offer him the uncritical adulation that was what he craved from women and was nearly all he craved from them. There was no chance to make such a marriage turn out well; there was only the chance that it could be made to turn out as little badly as possible, but how was Eleanor Roosevelt, at twenty or even thirty, to concede such dire bounds to the promises of life? For she always fiercely hoped against hope; it was a habit inculcated by the relentless, inacceptable disasters of childhood—the beautiful young mother who mocked her and died, the handsome young father who cherished her and became a drunk and was sent away and died—and without the help of this habit of believing that what could not be was just about to be she might not have been able to survive the series of deprivations that made up what the world assumed was an exceptionally rich and fortunate career. "It is a terrible thing to know me," she said once, in reference to the political insults addressed to friends on her account; in another sense she could have said (and must often have thought), "It is a terrible thing to know myself."

In a great poem one reads of "the folly that man does or must suffer if he woos a proud woman not kindred of his soul." With the Roosevelts, it was the ironic case that he wooed a proud woman literally of his kindred and yet totally alien to his soul—wooed her and won her, brought her home to an intolerable dragoness of a mother-in-law, had six children by her in ten years,

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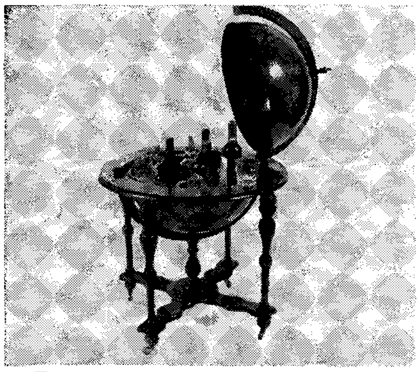

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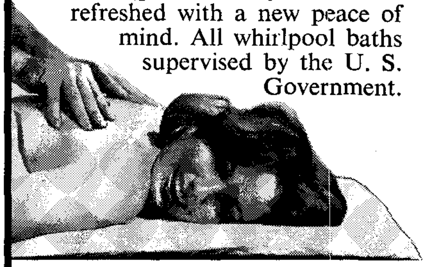

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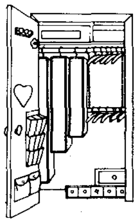

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and was unfaithful to her with the pretty and lively girl who was her social secretary (it was like him to take the easy way and keep everything in the house—mother, wife, and mistress all mingled there together). Even after being desperately crippled by polio, he remained a flirtatious cavalier, seeking and finding—for "relaxation," Eleanor said with contempt—qualities and appetites that were the very opposite of his wife's. She was Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God, and he liked play as well as duty and was awfully good at play. So was Churchill, who had Eleanor to Chequers during the Second World War and appears to have found her a tiresome dinner companion; she wished to debate the question of Loyalist Spain with him and he may have wanted to tell risqué stories.

Roosevelt, growing older, became more dependent, as Eleanor reported to Mr. Lash, but this was not to say that he became more dependent on her. Many married couples grow close in age, in part *faute de mieux* and in part because their temperaments have tended to accommodate to each other over the years. Contrariwise, the Roosevelts drew apart in age, for she remained as stiffly and indefatigably devoted to doing good as she had ever been, and he, as his labors mounted and his powers waned, required the consolation of untroubled social intercourse. It was a cruel fact, however, that the less he saw of her the better he felt. He called in their daughter Anna to act as a buffer between him and the hammer, hammer, hammer of Eleanor's arsenal of unsolved national and international problems. He liked dining with Anna, his secretary Missy LeHand, his cousin Laura Delano, and his former mistress, Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd, who would be smuggled into the White House without his wife's knowledge, while she was off on one of her celebrated journeys, and who, at Warm Springs, was to be in the room with him when he died. On being told of Mrs. Rutherfurd's presence there, Eleanor said not a word.

What a story it is—a melodrama that, even for those of us who have followed its main outlines in the press during much of our lives, is full of surprises. The highest praise one can pay Mr. Lash is that he has proved worthy in every particular of an immense and chancy undertaking. The many judgments he has been obliged to pass on his great protagonists display an exemplary compassion; he was Eleanor Roosevelt's friend, not Franklin's, but in this account of the Roosevelts' diffi-

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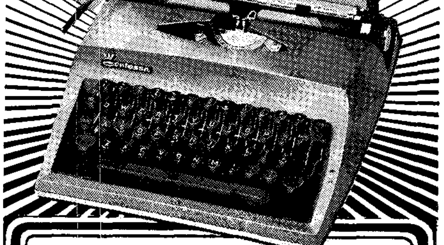

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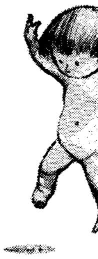

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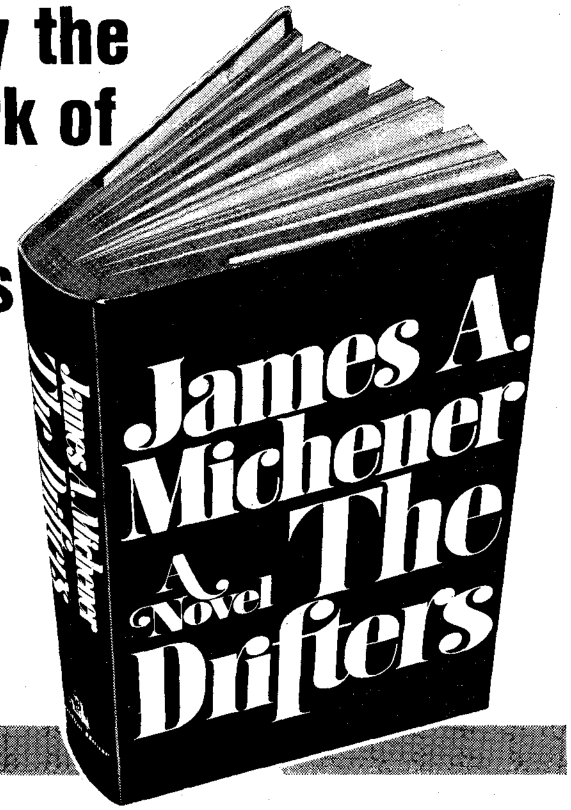
cult relationship he is rarely to be observed taking sides. He has been obliged to write a sad book as well as an inspiring one, and the reader must keep reminding himself that, while "Eleanor and Franklin" ends with F.D.R.'s death, that death marked the beginning of a new life for her. She had seventeen full and notably useful years to live after he died, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Lash will feel moved to write a substantial coda to the present volume, embracing what may have been the happiest time she ever knew. In age, she underwent a remarkable physical transformation. The ugly duckling turned out at last to be a very handsome old lady indeed. Uncanny. But there were things uncannier still. She had hoped against hope, and there was evidence here and there in the world that she had been right to do so. If it had once been a terrible thing to know her, that day had passed. It was no longer a terrible thing for her to have to know herself. She would have been amused—in spite of a hundred past injuries, she might even have been touched—by a mistake that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., her literary executor, makes in his brief introduction to this book. He says of his parents that they were married for forty-five years when in fact they were married for forty. Miserable as the Roosevelts' marriage must often have been, something in it has prompted one of their children to offer them the gift of five extra years together. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

SIEGE AND SURVIVAL: THE ODYSSEY OF A LENINGRADER, by Elena Skrjabina, translated from the Russian by Norman Luxenburg, and with an introduction by Harrison E. Salisbury (Southern Illinois University Press). Three million men, women, and children were trapped in Leningrad by the Nazi siege, which began in September of 1941, and at least a third of them died—of wounds, disease, hunger, or cold. Mme. Skrjabina, then thirty-five years old, survived not only that terrible siege but the evacuation and the peace, and she now lives in the United States. This book, a record of that experience (in which she lost her husband, her mother, an aunt, and an old nanny), is a short, episodic journal, but for all its brevity it is extraordinarily revealing. September 9th: "With each new explosion, the women, many of whom are Com-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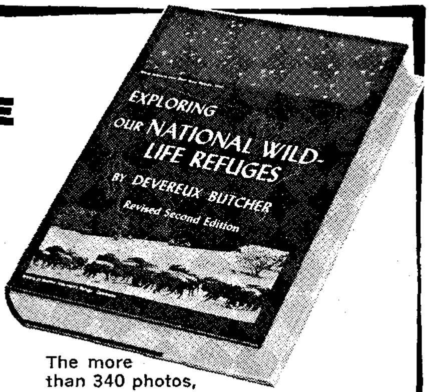
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munists, compulsively cross themselves and whisper prayers." November 7th: "Now people die so simply. At first the person loses all interest in everything; he goes to bed and never gets up again." January 7th: "There is not one living creature besides people who can barely walk left in our house. All animals have been eaten." January 13th: "Corpses line the streets, their bare feet protruding from the snow drifts. Corpses do not need shoes." A valuable human document.

Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich? The Full Story of Bernard Cornfeld and I.O.S., by Charles Raw, Bruce Page, and Godfrey Hodgson (Viking). The huge, dishonest international financial enterprise known as Investors Overseas Services, or I.O.S., collapsed last year, and three English newspapermen start their story about it with the assumption that the reader knows no more about international finance than the most innocent small investor in any of Cornfeld's blue-sky securities. They explain each technical or special point, each legal or financial concept as it arises, and they make their explanations wholly clear and utterly absorbing. The personalities involved are fascinating, too, since they display a great variety of wickedness, from hearty, irresponsible greed to complex and calculating manipulativeness, from self-deception to barefaced lying. The S.E.C. refused to allow Cornfeld to operate in this country, so his companies were formed in places—Panama and Liechtenstein—whose national motto, apparently, is "*Caveat emptor*." The tale has several lessons—for example, that honesty and exorbitant profits are incompatible. Cornfeld's widely publicized vulgar but costly life style should have been a warning, rather than a lure, to investors.

Culture and Society in Italy 1290-1420, by John Larner (Scribners). A concise exposition of what we know—and of what we have a right to think we know—about the social setting of art and literature at the beginning of the Italian Renaissance. Mr. Larner, one of the newer generation of British historians, is adept at letting the evidence speak for itself; we are delighted to examine, among other things, a list of the contents of a nobleman's library, a week's accounting of contributions made toward the construction of Milan Cathedral, and the details of

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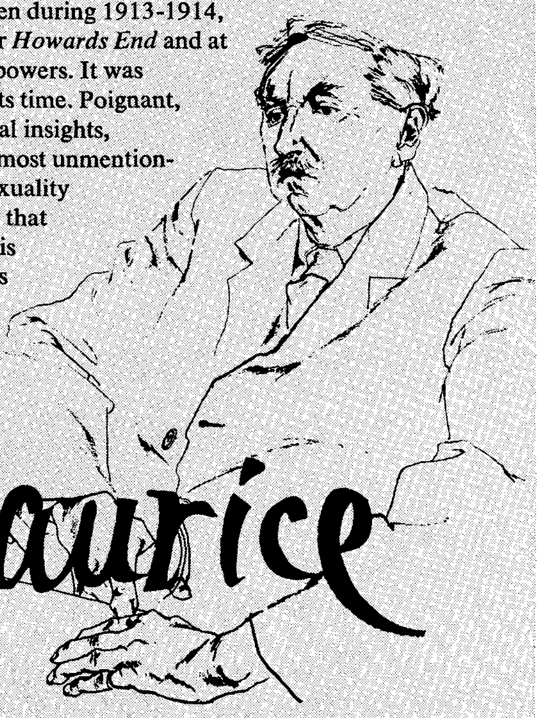

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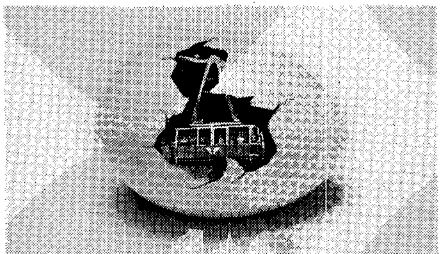

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many contracts between artists and their customers. Although he hesitates to generalize, Mr. Larner concludes that the principal moving force behind the magnificent art and literature of the age was not the Church, or the merchant as individual patron, but the secular government—particularly the republican governments of Florence and Siena. It was an age, he says, when the people of Siena could order a palace wall to be torn down and rebuilt because it encroached sixteen inches onto their beloved (and still beloved) Piazza del Campo.

NOTE: Random House has published "Getting Even," a collection of essays by Woody Allen. Most of the contents of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LOOPHOLE, by Arthur Maling (Harper & Row). A sad young man—just divorced, out of a job, mourning the recent death of a little daughter—answers a summons to Palm Beach from an older, adored, almost parental brother, and arrives to find him in the hospital, critically wounded by a hand that he declines to identify. As is proper, matters worsen. The brother dies, it is discovered that a fortune in bearer bonds with which he was entrusted is missing, an attempt is made to kill the younger brother. Mr. Maling is a highly satisfactory writer—careful with character, careful with setting, careful with credibility.

THE BACKUP MEN, by Ross Thomas (Morrow). A wonderful chase against time and crime is enlivened by the doughty presence of Mac McCorkle and Mike Padillo, who take leave of absence from their posh Washington restaurant to protect the twenty-one-year-old heir to the kingdom of Llaquah, where oil—lots of oil—has recently been discovered. The chase, from Washington to San Francisco, veers here and there, and the action is Mr. Thomas in his best form. Mr. Thomas in his best form is awfully, awfully good.

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Greater protection is needed for the areas designated as preserves. . . . Each year natural areas are lost. The cattail marsh along Cascadilla Creek (behind the riding stable) was all but destroyed in building the synchrotron.—*Cornell Plantations, Ithaca.*

Yeah, but somebody will develop a red-winged blackbird that can nest in a synchrotron.

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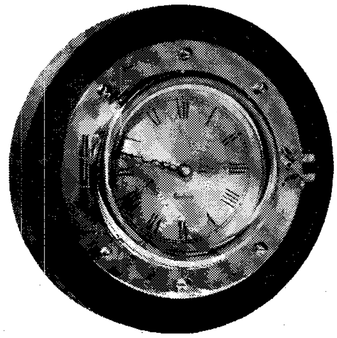

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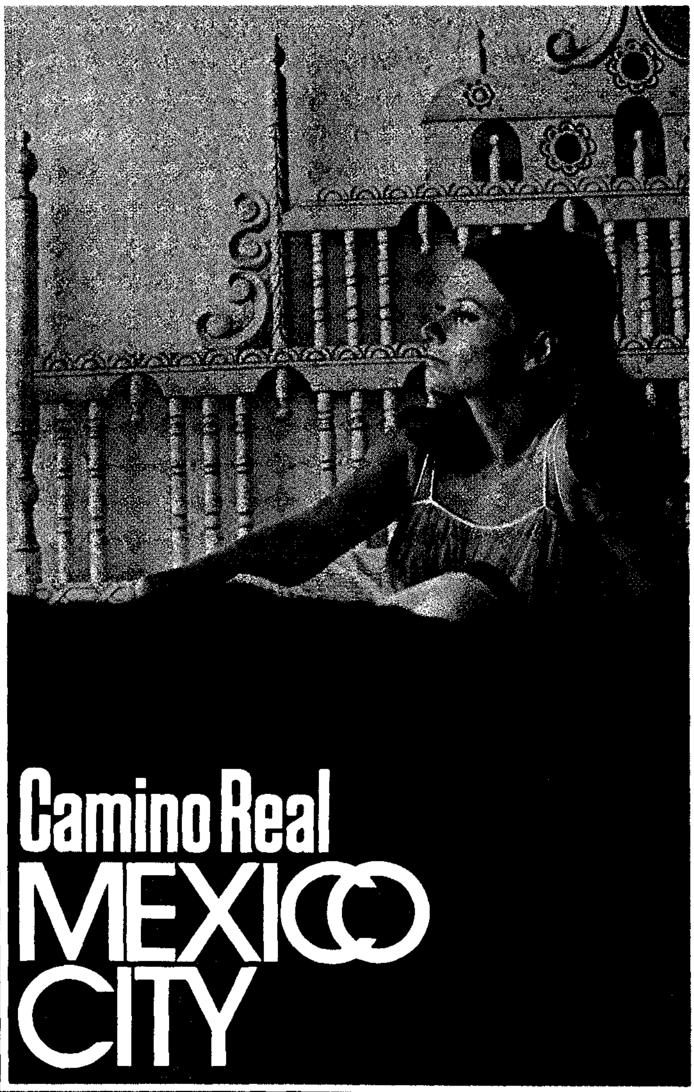

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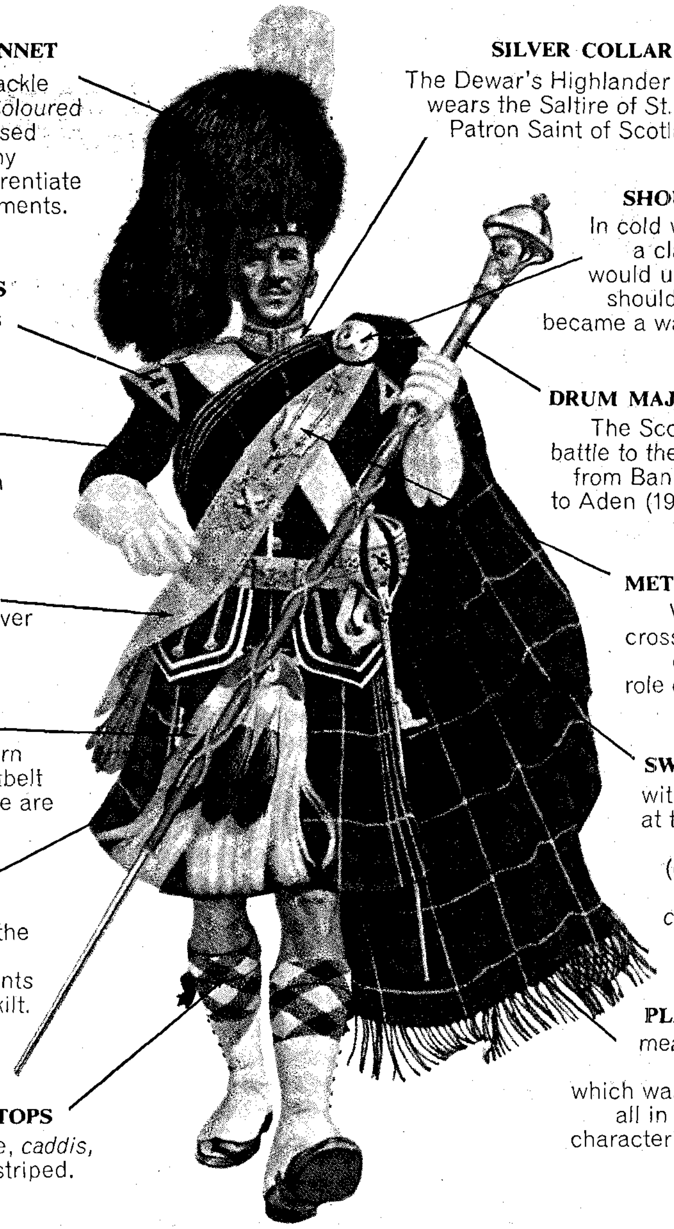

FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis,* meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg,* (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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